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JACKSON AND THE JEWS —page 42

NATIONAL REVIEW

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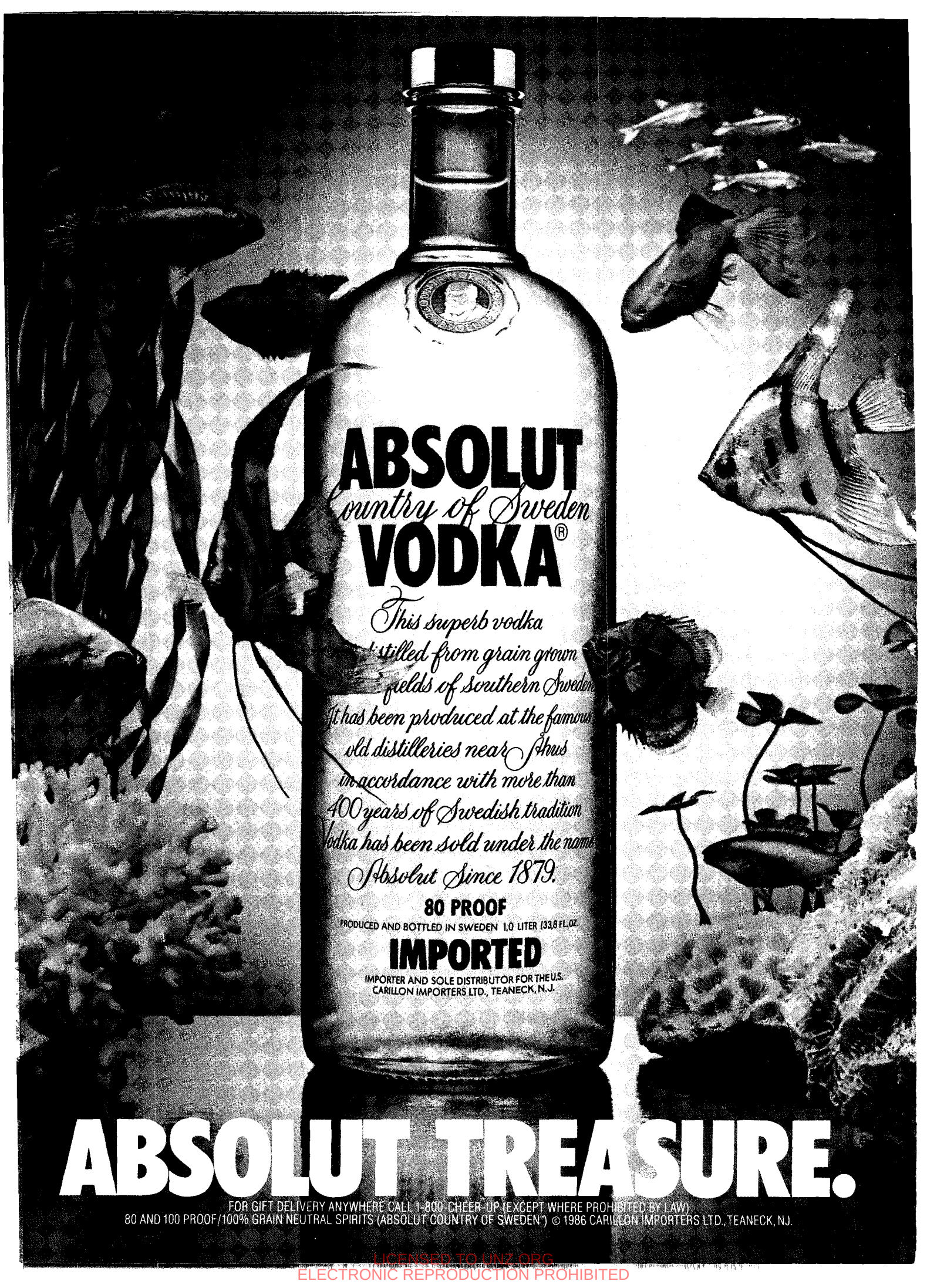
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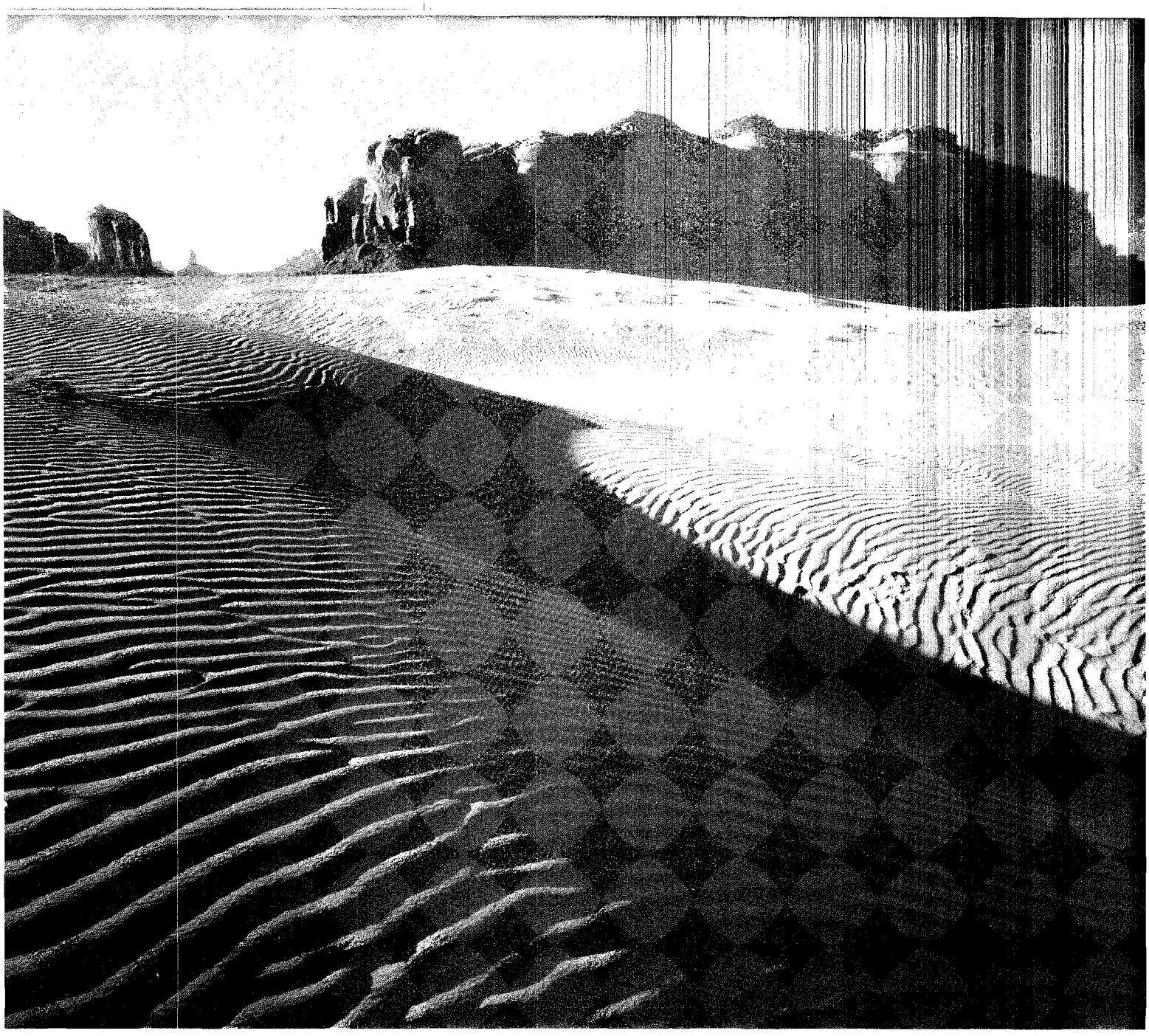

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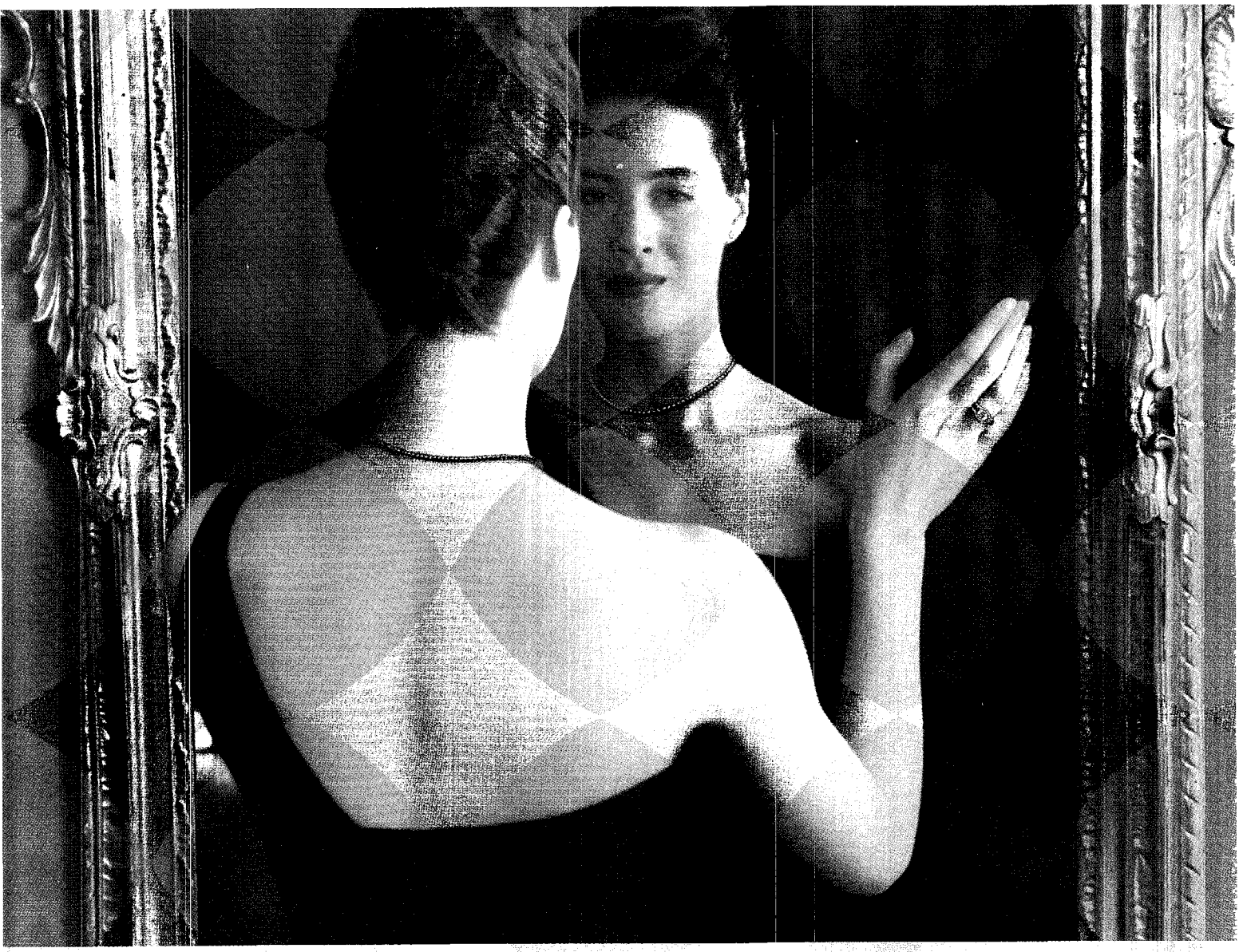

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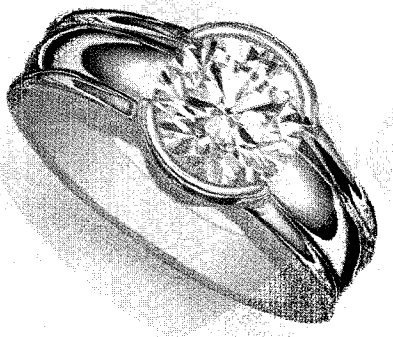

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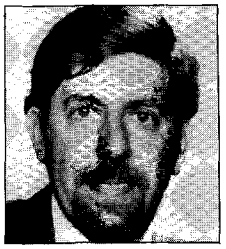
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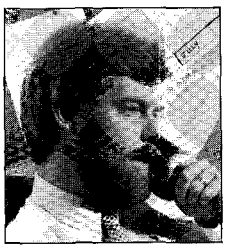
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Cover design by Pentagram

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1988. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct all display advertising questions to The Leadership Network at 212-684-5500.

RATES: $36.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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LETTERS

No Longer Playing Games

I had always been teetering on the seesaw concerning abortion ["How to Roll Back *Roe* v. *Wade*," by Hadley Arkes, Oct. 28]. On the one hand, I was morally opposed: it is simply the unnecessary taking of a human life. On the other hand, as a young, sexually active male, I wondered what would have happened if my girlfriend and I found ourselves facing the dilemma of pregnancy? Could she allow it to interfere with her career—and, more importantly, could we provide adequate care for the child? (No.) My justification: in the first month or two, it is not a human.

Mr. Arkes's article recalls a recent conversation I had with a friend. She said to me, "I cannot vote for Bush because of his stance on abortion. Who is he to decide what I can do with my body?" When she said that she supports *Roe* v. *Wade*, I asked her at what point her body became the protector of *another* body. "Three months," she replied, "like the law (*Roe* v. *Wade*) says." Then I asked her what she thought of the "100,000 abortions . . . performed every year in the second trimester . . ." and of the abortions performed "after . . . the baby emerges." Defiantly, she declared these acts illegal: "There is a point when it simply is killing."

Indeed! But when that point is depends solely on whose scientific word one wishes to believe. But the fact that the fetus at one month is the very same entity two, three, nine months later is reason enough to respect it as a living being. The logic behind the convenience argument of abortion allows us to justify anything for the good of the society—unwanted children, the poor, the homeless. Where would it end?

Thomas Farren
New York, N.Y.

More Brecht than Kafka

David Brooks's assertion that Hollywood politics is based on "insecurity: gut-wrenching fear, heaving up to the level of hysterical desperation" is—pardon the expression—simply bull ["More Kafka than Capra," Sept. 30]. Before TV knocked the props out of the Hollywood contract system, politics there were as ruthlessly liberal and pro-Communist as today, in fact far more so. The author's allusions to McCarthyism are revealing.

McCarthyism had little to do with Hollywood. The famous hearings that exposed Stalin's hand in the movie capital took place in 1947, three years before Senator Joseph R. McCarthy made his famous Wheeling speech. And for all the groans about the blacklisting by the industry of simon-pure idealists, those who suffered the most—and the most permanently—were those anti-Communists who had the guts to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Morrie Ryskind, then among the highest-paid screenwriters, was banished and never worked in Hollywood again. James Kevin McGuinness, an executive producer at MGM, was fired and hounded to his death. Adolph Menjou was a little more fortunate: he was only exiled and had to make pictures in Mexico. Others of lesser stature were simply tossed aside—while the Hollywood Ten continued to work under assumed names.

Long before "insecurity" and "gut-wrenching fear" had presumably taken over, Hollywood was a lush paradise for the Communist Party. Very few survived who would not play the Party's game. The Screen Actors Guild, before Ronald Reagan cleaned it up, was as much an adjunct of the CP as the American Newspaper Guild of the 1930s and 1940s.

The Party and it acolytes survived and maintained their hidden—and not so hidden—influence. Even the disclosure of brutal and official anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union failed to break the grip of the communizers. One would think that in an industry presumably dominated by Jews, Ed Asner's support of Salvadoran Communists armed and financed by the overtly anti-Jewish and pro-PLO Sandinistas would have led to more than a tish and a tush. David Brooks should have entitled his article "More Brecht than Kafka." But the myths die hard, particularly the Red ones—or maybe Mr. Brooks is just too young to know.

Ralph de Toledano
Washington, D.C.

Last Words on Last Temptation

No one can blame John Simon for being driven to distraction by *The Last Temptation of Christ* ["Pale Galilean," Sept. 16]. This does not exonerate the editors for missing several howlers.

First, no one could read Isaiah "from

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the Torah," which is the five books of Moses. Mr. Simon must mean a torah scroll, and may have confused Torah with haftorah.

Second, the "bizarre crouching position, with one leg covering the pudenda" is in fact "the actual method of crucifixion among the Romans" (Werner Keller, *The Bible as History*).

Third, if Jesus "sits down with his followers and a group of Jews," then either Simon is employing biblical hendiadys (e.g., Genesis 3:16 or 11:4), or else he owes us an account of these gentile followers.

Finally, on his complaint that "the populace is only very intermittently out for Christ's blood," such depiction would be historically inaccurate and theologically bogus. In the words of the 1975 statement by the National Council of Catholic Bishops: "The truth is that the (Vatican) Council acknowledged that the Jewish people never were, nor are they now, guilty of the death of Christ."

James J. O'Meara
Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Simon Replies

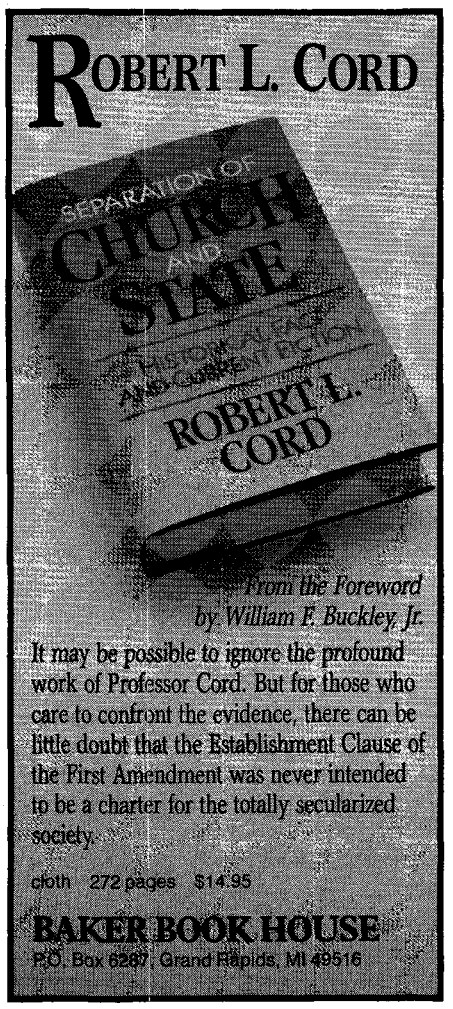
Yes, I should have written "torah scroll" or "haphtarah"—possibly even haftarot(h), haphtara, or hapht(h)orah, acknowledged by *A Supplement to the OED*. But not "haftorah."

If Keller is right, so be it. Why doesn't Mr. O'Meara take it up with the Vatican, though, and all the museums, art works, and crucifixes of this world?

No hendiadys, just common sense. Christ's followers were the beginning of something new, something other than either Pharisees or Sadducees. By the way, my real mistake was identifying Paul as a Sudducee; he was a Pharisee. No correction came in on that.

I don't know about the findings of the various Councils that Mr. O'Meara adduces. I go by the Scriptures, and they're unequivocal on the matter. But, from their point of view, the Sanhedrin and the Jews were right. Like the movie's Judas, they were doing their allotted part.

John Simon
New York, N.Y.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What Constitutes Death?

I do not know whether Sir Alfred Ayer's article, "What I Saw When I Was Dead" [Oct. 14], is a spoof or a serious attempt to evaluate some evidence bearing on the question of the survival of human consciousness after death. The first question to decide is: What constitutes death? Sir Alfred does not indicate what his actual physiological state was when he had an experience he describes as "closely encompassing my death." He obviously was not braindead.

If death is defined as a complete heart arrest, then I have died twice. About a decade ago, I suffered a stroke accompanied by sustained, violently painful hiccups and retching, which led me to request my physician to disconnect my life-support services. At some point I lost consciousness—or more accurately, awareness of where I was—and experienced a succession of colorful images like those that would float into my mental field of vision when drifting off into sleep. Among them was the vision of myself lying in my hospital bed as if I were a spectator. I assumed I was observing my own corpse. I felt unalarmed and noted matter-of-factly that I had died as other images passed before me.

This sense of being a spectator of what was happening to me was not unfamiliar. I have a vivid recollection of an accident that happened to me when I was about five and a half. After letting one trolley car pass, I made a mad dash to the other side of the street, not seeing the trolley that was going in the opposite direction. I was caught by the iron structure in front of the trolley and fell parallel to the direction in which the trolly was moving. The wheels grazed my face and left my clothes in tatters. When it was happening it seemed to me I was still standing on the sidewalk observing a boy being run over. I must have lost consciousness but recovered and rose to my feet to face a distressed motorman who was much more frightened than I.

My vision of myself lying in bed did not strike me as strange. But suddenly I felt a sharp heavy jolt in my chest. For some reason I felt that someone had slammed down on me a heavy, triangular iron that my mother had used to press my shirts when I was a boy. After an interval I felt another jolt as if the iron had been used again. Why I associated the jolt with being struck by a pressing iron I do not know. Oddly enough, although I felt the shock, it was not accompanied or followed by pain.

After the second severe shock I must have lost all consciousness. When I came to the next morning my hiccups had somewhat subsided. I felt that I had awakened from a very deep sleep. I had absolutely no memory of what I had experienced until the nurse said to me in a tone of reproachful playfulness: "You certainly gave us a scare last night—twice." I then learned the meaning of the gong I had occasonally heard in previous days. I was told that when the heart monitor or electrocardiogram machine registers no beat, an alarm summons all medical personnel to the bedside of the affected patient, and efforts are made to resuscitate him or her. My physicians never told me, but they told some of their friends who were colleagues of mine that they almost lost me. My own memory of the experience came back to me when the nurse described what had happened, but I never heard the gong sound or recalled what was done to me to bring me back.

I do not believe that Sir Alfred's experience or mine has any importance for the problem of personal identity since neither he nor I was actually dead, and many people have reported much more weird experiences of dissociation from their bodies without claiming to be or appearing to be physically dead. The question whether the experiences I have had belong to one and the same self has never troubled me. If I have no memory at all of any experiences despite all efforts to recall them, then for all practical personal purposes they are no more mine than the experiences of someone else. I know that I

(Continues on page 78)

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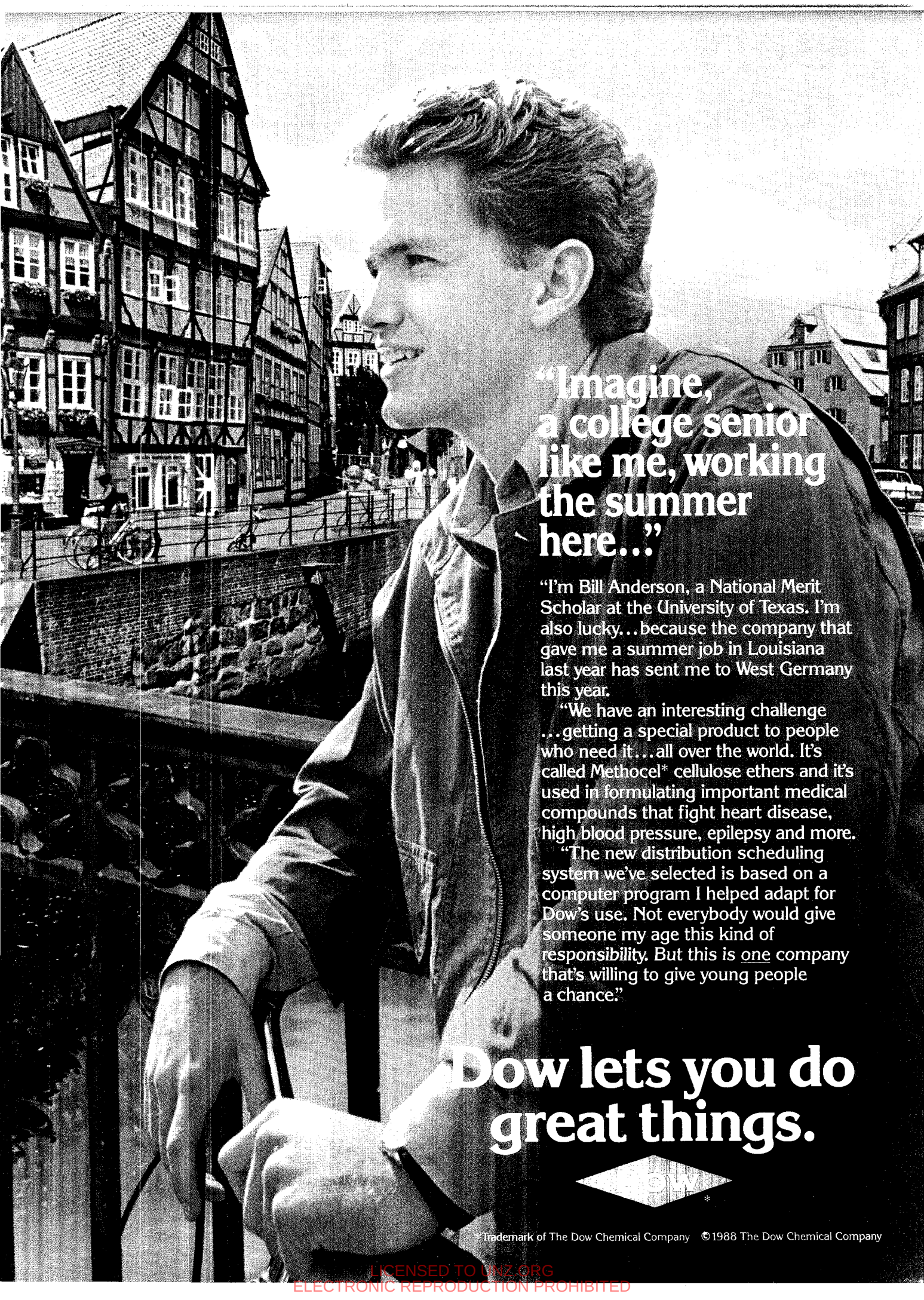
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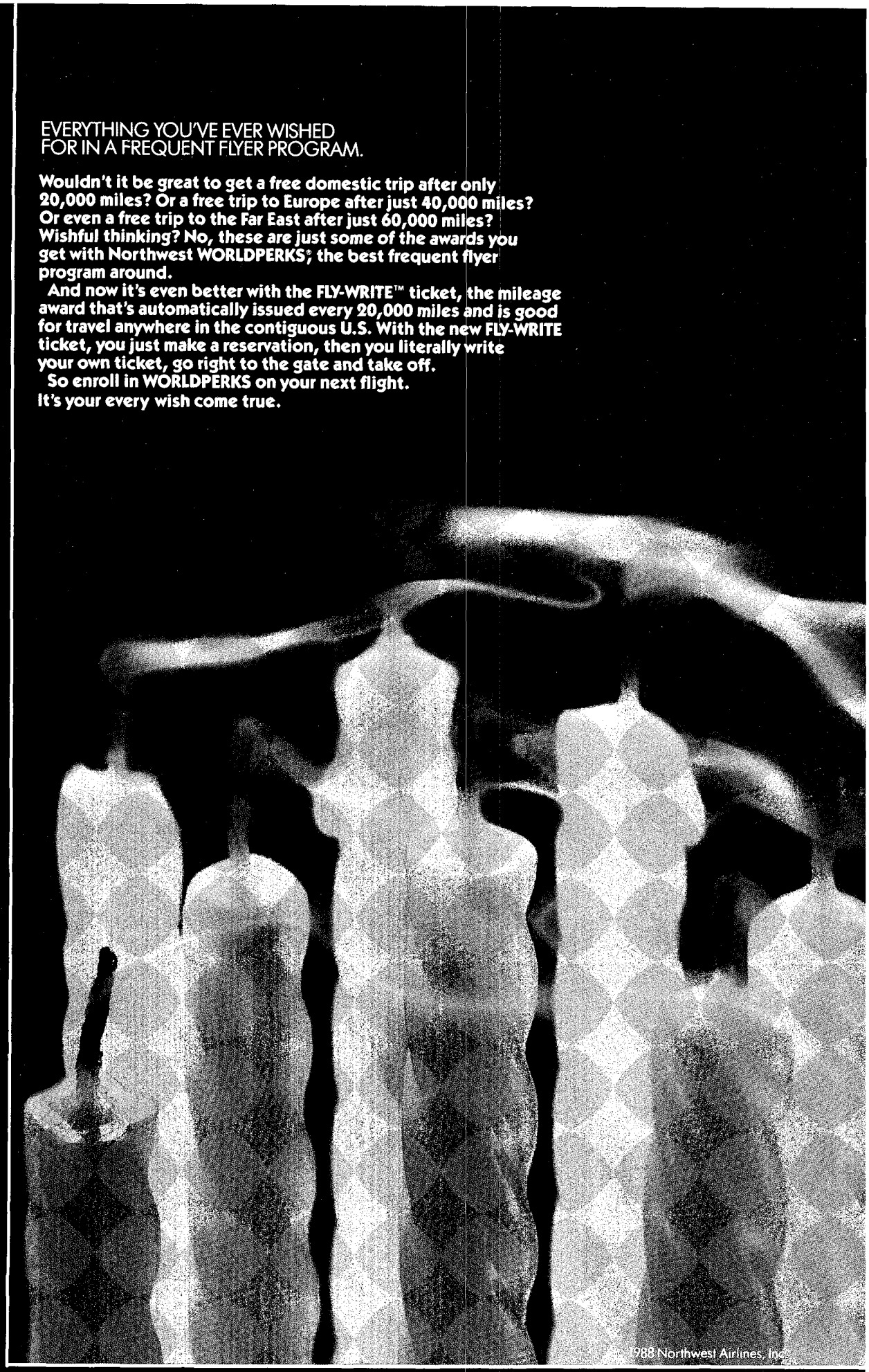

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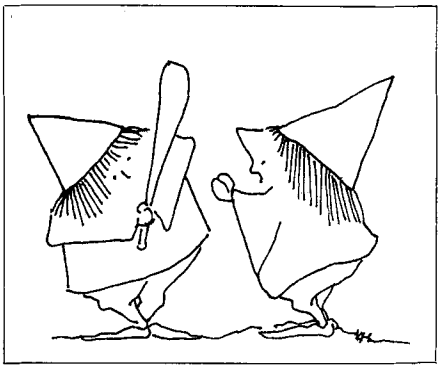
FOR THE RECORD

It's beginning to look like a steamroller. *Christian Science Monitor* rung in top political analysts last week: **Claibourne Darden**: "It's over." **George Bush**, "bar an incredible blunder, has it locked up." . . . **Thomas E. Cronin** (author of *Government by the People*) believes Bush could win 54 to 46, with 330 to 340 electoral votes. . . . **Horace Busby**: "The fat lady has begun to sing." . . . **Richard Nixon**: **Michael Dukakis** is supposed to be surrounded by Ivy League geniuses: "It took a genius," he says, "to blow the 18-point lead he had after the Democratic convention." . . . Post second-debate poll (NBC/*Wall Street Journal*) gives Bush 17-point lead, 55 to 38 per cent. . . Significantly, *Los Angeles Times* poll that has consistently shown Dukakis ahead of Bush in California now gives Bush slender three-point lead. . . . In Maryland, with its 5-to-2 registration edge for Democrats, *Baltimore Sun* shows Bush 48 per cent, Dukakis 44. . . . **James Baker** at Bush headquarters now considering paying more attention to New York State, which had been conceded to Dukakis as result of recent polls. . . . **Molly Yard** of NOW (National Organization for Women) has been driven to sexist remarks by disappearance of gender gap. Women who now support Bush, she says, are doing so because "they aren't paying attention." . . . Bush campaign manager **Lee Atwater** is taking nothing for granted. At post-debate meeting he told staff: "I don't want complacency. I don't want anyone acting smug. No one pull any punches. Keep the heat on. I want everyone to run like we're ten points behind."

Mounting Dukakis problems: the South, and more particularly, Texas. Professor **Walter Dean Burnham**, of University of Texas, says a supporter of gun control, like Dukakis, "doesn't stand a lot of a chance with yellow-dog



"Bush leagues are grass-roots America. There couldn't be a World Series without them."

Democrats who like to put their guns on the pickup roof and go quail hunting." Burnham says Texans are in happy position of being able to vote against Dukakis-**Bentsen** and still have Bentsen as their senator. . . . **Molly Ivins**, political columnist of *Dallas Times Herald*, comments: "Dukakis is an unbelievable stick. There's just no way he can stir up Texas voters at all. Lloyd Bentsen usually looks like he's embalmed and now he looks like the liveliest of the four nominees." . . . Those ads about the packaged Bush have backfired reverberantly. Democratic media expert **David Garth** finds them "plain goddamn silly. To say that Bush is a package candidate—and we're telling you this in a cute packaged commercial that you have to see three times to understand?" . . . Bush ad-man **Roger Ailes** loved them: "I think those commercials only make sense to 25 limousine liberals sitting around the Upper West Side eating quiche and drinking white wine." . . . "Michael Dukakis should file a malpractice suit against his ad agency," said Richard Nixon. . . . The black *v.* Jewish problem in the Democratic Party was brought into the open in Chicago by **Gordon Zachs**, a Republican speaking to a Jewish audience. "You may not like the way I put it, but I'm going to call it the way I see it. In Atlanta, the Democrats traded the blacks for the Jews. And [they] made a conscious decision, not altogether wrong, that . . . they could ignore us and we wouldn't have the guts to cross the river and vote Republican." . . . Some endorsements aren't helping much. *Siberian Express*, newspaper of Montana state prison convicts, says Dukakis's election is vital because "the U.S. Supreme Court is now on the verge of becoming entirely molded by archly conservative philosophies."

Good news, sad news: **Milton Friedman** is one of this year's winners of Medal of Freedom, the highest civilian honor in the nation. Also on the list, the late commerce secretary, **Malcolm Baldrige**. . . . *The Hillsdale Review*, after nearly ten years of publication, is closing down. Lack of funds. But editor **Greg Wolfe** and his men are working on a journal they think has better hope of surviving, *Image: A Journal of Religion and the Arts*, pilot issue 1989. For info, contact Wolfe at 526 Villa Ave., Front Royal, Va. 22630. . . . Invest-in-America National Council President **Louis Milione** died of a stroke in Philadelphia a fortnight ago. . . . Looking ahead: conservative House Republican Study Committee plans more aggressive program in 101st Congress. Its members include chairman **Barbara Vucanovich** (Nev.), **Mike Bilarakis** (Fla.), **Bob Walker** (Pa.), **Bill Dannemeyer** (Calif.), **Larry Craig** (Idaho), and **Buzz Lukens** (Ohio). . . . CREED, which supports Christian movements in Eastern Europe, will hold its annual conference, "The Church and the Triumph of the Christian Faith," Saturday, Nov. 5 (9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.) at Mackay Student Center, Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, N.J. For info, write to: CREED, 787 Princeton Kingston Rd., Princeton, N.J. 08540.

Quips: Boston University President **John Silber** to an angry student (he was angry over changes in dormitory rules) on **Phil Donahue** show. Student: "I'm the one paying your salary." Silber: "You don't pay my salary. You don't even pay your own way." . . . And, in the Rose Garden, as low-flying jet drowned out ceremonial signing of new welfare-reform bill, **Ronald Reagan**: "Does anyone have a Stinger?"

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THE WEEK

☐ Murderer-furloughee-rapist Willie Horton has endorsed Dukakis for President. Must be worried about the deficit.

☐ If Dukakis calls himself "a card-carrying member of the ACLU," it's legit for Bush to call him that, right? No! "A label applied by others can take on a very different implication than one applied to oneself," says *The New Republic*. "For example, blacks sometimes ironically call one another 'nigger,' but for a white to call a black by this term is invariably offensive." Damn. The rules sure are getting complicated this year.

☐ The ACLU, to hear the press tell it, is just a rights organization, whose membership card the governor of Massachusetts happens to carry. Here is a list of positions the ACLU endorses, culled from its own 576-page listing of "Policy Guides" by L. Gordon Crovitz of the *Wall Street Journal*. ITEM: Schools have "no jurisdiction over students' non-school activities." This includes the wearing of electronic beepers, a tool of the drug trade, which some fifty school districts have attempted to ban—over the objections of the ACLU. ITEM: The ACLU "opposes work requirements at government-assigned tasks as a condition of eligibility for welfare on the grounds of fairness, dignity, and privacy." ITEM: "Abolish all covert operations." ITEM: "Military conscription, under any circumstances, is a violation of civil liberties . . . at least in the absence of an extreme national emergency as defined by ACLU." ITEM: "The ACLU opposes tax benefits for religious bodies." ITEM: "The ACLU opposes any restraint on the right to create, publish, or distribute materials . . . on the basis of obscenity, pornography, or indecency." Does that include kiddie porn? Yes. Procurers can be prosecuted as child abusers, but distributers are as clean as Christian Science Reading Rooms. ITEM: "Gay and lesbian couples" should qualify "for benefits and rights enjoyed by married persons, including the right to become foster parents." It would probably be McCarthyism for George Bush to point all this out but presumably he has a First Amendment right to do so.

☐ The crummiest moment in the Los Angeles debate came with the Democrat's second mention of Robert Bork. "We've had . . . dozens and dozens of officials in this Administration," said Dukakis in response to an ethics question, "who have left under a cloud or who have left with a special prosecutor on their arm." Bork was among the officials he cited. In the months-long gang-bang that liberal Democrats undertook to stop the Bork nomination, no one—not Teddy Kennedy, not Joe Biden—sunk low enough to impugn Judge Bork's integrity. It took Michael Dukakis to find the range.

☐ During the last debate, Dukakis hammered at one theme: "If we can get rid of labels . . . these labels don't mean a thing . . . let's stop labeling one another . . . these things aren't 'Left' or 'Right.'" Actually, Dukakis isn't *completely* averse to labeling. Do you know the candidate he has repeatedly described as "conservative"? (As in "a fiscal conservative" and "conservative on some issues"?) Give up? Mike Dukakis. And he's never used this label on Bush or Quayle. He presumably decided to reject labels when he realized there was no hope of swapping them.

☐ Governor, you're no Lloyd Bentsen.

☐ The Contras are dead and so is democracy in Nicaragua, thanks to Congress and the liberal networks that fervently fought U.S. aid to the resistance. In 1979 a day's wages could buy thirty eggs or 12 liters of milk there. Today, under the Sandinista centralized economy, it buys two eggs or two liters of milk. Stephen Kinzer of the *New York Times* reports that

Chester Crocker, Diplomat

In Angola, where the Cubans
  Help the Marxists hold the state,
Mr. Crocker has been working
  Very hard and very late;
Now the State Department tells us
  Crocker's got the Cubans pinned,
Leaving Joe Savimbi twisting
  Slowly, slowly in the wind.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

IT'S HAPPENING again. The stench of political death is rising from the national Democratic ticket, and conservative Democrats, particularly in the South, are quietly edging away from it.

It's not the stampede that accompanied Walter Mondale's 1984 quest. Back then, Democratic sheriffs, state legislators—even governors and members of Congress—conveniently found themselves "scheduling conflicts" when their party's presidential nominee came to town. But the movement away from Dukakis is unmistakable nonetheless, reflecting a sense in the hinterlands that the governor's cause is a lost one.

In Florida, where Dukakis trails Bush by about twenty points, Democrat Buddy MacKay is fighting Republican Connie Mack for that state's vacant Senate seat. Both are popular and respected congressmen. MacKay is leading by a few points—but that could change in the next week.

The MacKay campaign's lack of enthusiasm for the Dukakis candidacy is almost palpable. "We feel an obligation to do our fair share," says Greg Farmer, MacKay's campaign manager. Farmer allows that MacKay showed up at a Dukakis fundraiser just the other week in a manner suggesting a political sacrifice of heroic dimensions. "We're not distancing ourselves from the national ticket," Farmer protests. "We're running an independent campaign yet, at the same time, trying to fulfill our responsibilities. It's a very fine line we're walking."

Some others have jumped that line altogether. Texas Democratic Representative Charles Stenholm has no Republican challenger, but his campaign manager still is taking no chances. "The people in our district don't like Dukakis," Steven Haterius told the *Christian Science Monitor*. "I would just like him to keep his distance from this district. The way people feel here, it would be better for us."

Others have gone further still. The speaker of the Georgia State House of Representatives, Democrat Tom Murphy, recently announced his outright opposition to the Dukakis ticket. "No sir," he told a reporter from the *Atlanta Constitution* when asked if he was still supporting the Democrats' nominee. "I cannot support the positions he has taken."

In all fairness, Murphy said he would not be supporting Bush either, charging that neither candidate is "competent to be President of the United States." He doesn't know, he told the *Constitution*, how he will vote on November 8.

But Murphy's announcement stung the Dukakis campaign. Murphy had been regarded as one of the conservative crown jewels in the Democratic presidential campaign in the South. Although never an enthusiastic Dukakis supporter (he backed Al Gore in the primaries), Murphy had signed on with the Dukakis campaign's Georgia state committee. But he became disenchanted with the Dukakis candidacy, he said, because of the Massachusetts governor's opposition to the death penalty and his support for some forms of gun control.

Actually, there was an even better reason for Murphy's belated conversion. He is facing his toughest political challenge in years back in Haralson County. The state GOP has targeted the race and is providing bundles of cash to his challenger. This is the first time Murphy has faced a Republican challenger since he won his House seat in 1960.

All of which contains a lesson for the Democratic Party. Old party loyalties were tossed out the window with Reagan's election in 1980. Indeed, the most enduring legacy of the Reagan revolution may be the dissolution of ties that bound the (George) Wallace Democrats and, before that, the (Henry) Wallace Democrats to the party's presidential nominee, whatever his ideology.

This constitutes bad news for the Democrats and a massive opportunity for the GOP. A party that cannot coalesce around a single presidential candidate every four years is no longer a party, but a debating society.

Forget the chatter about the Republican Party becoming the presidential party, and the Democratic Party becoming the legislative party. A party that can't elect Presidents because its presidential candidates are outside the mainstream eventually becomes a party that cannot elect legislators so easily, either.

If the Republicans manage a hammerlock on the White House a third time in a row, they will pull disaffected grass-roots Democrats from the fold. The yellow-dog Democrats won't be able to remember why they became yellow-dog Democrats in the first place. And the party that is in tune with the aspirations of a majority of Americans will eventually become America's majority party. CATO

"children beg for food in the streets . . ." and that, in the hospitals, "many patients are severely malnourished infants." Kinzer says that in the countryside hundreds are still arrested for supporting the Contras in the hopes of a last-ditch effort for freedom—even life. Thousands are fleeing the country—doctors, government workers, families, and even the country's home-run champion, Ernesto Lopez. Meanwhile, Alfredo César, one resistance leader, has formed a Democratic Center coalition and is urging other Contra leaders to join him in presenting the Sandinistas with a peace proposal—in effect a surrender to a regime that cannot feed those of its people it omits to imprison. Liberalism marches on—and would be ill-advised to look back.

☐ You've seen the ads, though you may not have known what they were. Rumpled, shirt-sleeved hacks gather in a smoke-filled room to hash out commercials for George Bush. Maybe we'll try the flag again, they say wearily; or is it time for more furlough? They're Dukakis ads, of course, and they've bombed. It takes several viewings to figure out what exactly is going on, and that, for a commercial, is several viewings too many. Why would the governor agree to run such stuff? There are, as Freud said, no accidents. The Dukakis commercials depict a world swayed by slick and cynical political packaging. But that, liberals believe, is the only reason anyone poorer than Lloyd Bentsen would support conservative positions. Strip away "false consciousness" and the forces of progress

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will triumph. Maybe it's a good thing the ads are incomprehensible. As Michael Barone wrote in the *Washington Post*, they drip "with contempt for the ordinary Americans" who, "the ads make clear, are gullible and easily duped." No wonder the Democrats, having lost four presidential elections in the last twenty years, are working on number five.

☐ Jackson's campaigning in the first Stealth bomber.

☐ We've reached the really negative phase of the campaign. Just *listen* to the terrible things liberals are saying about Dukakis: "He brings to the campaign platform all the joy of root-canal work" (Mark Shields) . . . "conducted himself as if he were running for First Dentist" (Richard Cohen) . . . "Knows a lot about government, but not much about politics" (Mary McGrory). What's going on is the preparation of the scapegoat. It won't be liberal ideology that will have been found wanting on November 9, if the voters, the day before, pick George Bush; it will be that nerdy prig with no shoulders (substitute for, *that fish-eyed Minnesotan*, or *that whining prairie preacher*). Shall we set the record straight? Four months ago, Michael Dukakis's primary campaign was the wonder of the world, while George Bush was the man who reminded every woman of her first husband. This was supposed to be the election that would send Reaganism naked into the world, without the Gipper's bedroom baritone and aw-shucks smile. This was the election the liberals were finally going to *win*, dammit. Well, maybe next time (when it'll be, *that wooden ex-basketball player*, or *that New Yorker who looks like a gangster and thinks he's Pope*).

☐ The Civil Rights Act of 1866 gave blacks the right to make contracts, sue, and in general do the sorts of things citizens do. In 1976, the Supreme Court ruled in *Runyon* v. *McCrary*, that this meant that blacks could sue reluctant whites to *force* them to make contracts. Put otherwise: as things now stand, some "contracts" may now be involuntary on one side. So the Court is currently reconsidering *Runyon*, to the dismay of civil-rights groups that equate "civil rights," concretely, with what they deem the best interests of blacks, even if these amount to racial privileges. Nobody thinks the authors of the 1866 law intended anything as screwy as a compulsory contract: the law obliged the states, not private citizens. Arguments about "original intent" are sometimes fruitless, but *Runyon* was a clear case of an interpretation that was simply incompatible with what a law was always understood to mean. The irrationality of *Runyon* is so obvious that liberals, for once, are talking less about justice than about the value of precedent, stability, and *stare decisis*.

☐ Three weeks before the election, two-thirds of the voters in one Maryland poll had never heard of Alan Keyes, the black Republican senatorial candidate. But he held a slim margin over his opponent, liberal Senator Paul Sarbanes, among those who were familiar with them both. In a state where blacks are lockstep Democrats, 15 per cent of black voters say they will vote for Keyes, up from 5 per cent a fortnight ago. Keyes will be wiped out this time—he'll lose the race against the clock—but he's not going to go away. He's an original. When a homeless woman asked what he would do for her, he asked whether she would be willing to work hard if she got the opportunity. "When she replied that she did not like hard work, I told her that in that case neither I nor anyone else could do very much to help her." At 38, Keyes has a PhD from Harvard, has represented the United States at the UN, has been an assistant secretary of state, and commands a formidable intellect. Such independence has caught the fancy of one major politician. Ronald Reagan will be speaking at a Keyes fund-raiser in Baltimore on October 28.

☐ Do student newspapers have the right to condemn anti-Semitism? As the editors of the *Vassar Spectator* just learned, it depends on the color of the bigot. The Vassar Student Association recently shut down the *Spectator* because it ran an editorial that criticized student Anthony Gates for publically describing Jews as "dirty" and "stupid." The reason behind the VSA's decision: Gates is black, and so the *Spectator*'s editorial "polarizes rather than unites the Vassar community in a struggle to eradicate racism . . ."

☐ On the Shroud of Turin, it's probably best to suspend judgment, pending a careful evaluation of the carbon-dating procedures. These tests have dated the Shroud as having been produced circa A.D. 1350,

These Necessary Three

When, as they will, the cups are raised
And Democrats retire, dazed,
We mustn't, in our toasts, eschew
Atwater, Ailes, and Teeter, too.

Though Baker took the con throughout,
Advising when to soothe or shout,
Ms. Estrich fought an urge to sue
Atwater, Ailes, and Teeter, too.

And so, while academics rage
At Bush's move to center stage,
I'll savor those who yearned to screw
Atwater, Ailes, and Teeter, too.

W. H. VON DREELE

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rather than in the first century. But was someone crucified in 1350 in order to produce the image? We know the image was not painted on the linen cloth. We also know that no one then had the anatomical knowledge necessary to produce critical details on the image. And we know that the image was not fully seen until photographed in our own era: many of its details only show up on negative photographic plates. Did some unknown wizard anticipate the invention of photography as far back as 1350? Stay tuned.

□ Mr. Bush, addressing the most advanced problems of modern capitalist prosperity, declares that it will be his top goal to "make sure that everyone who has a job wants a job."

□ Times like this you find out who your friends are. While all the liberals are diving overboard, Willie stands firm.

Let's Make It for Bush

DURING THE political season NATIONAL REVIEW has explored the issues and the candidates. Our point of departure tends to be paradigmatic (that is the purpose of the journal of opinion: to engage in political angelism).

But the election is now upon us. In the past, there have been divisions among the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW as to the correct thing to do, weighing into the question prudence, and strategic resolve. There are times and situations when conservatives feel they need to discipline their party. Connecticut is the current example: many conservatives will refuse to vote for the re-election of Lowell Weicker confident that their act will result, down the line, in an improvement in the Republican Party's fortunes.

But as between the presidential choices there can be no serious question. Not everything about George Bush gives grounds for hope. But his selection of undeniably conservative themes for his campaign should banish any lingering doubts about his central standing in the broad Church of Reaganism. And everything about Mr. Dukakis does give grounds for distress. He has failed to exorcise the ghost of liberal ideology that has clung all too convincingly to his campaign. That being so, his claim to competence offers no solace. To coin a phrase: Competence in the pursuit of liberalism is no virtue.

Since Mr. Bush cannot be credibly denounced as a liberal and since conservatism is now a term of praise, other terms of scorn—social rather than strictly political—have been directed at him. Bush the Gentleman, Bush the Patrician, Bush the Product of Andover and Yale. A healthy response to all of this is that throughout his life, George Bush has been asked to meet high standards. He did this by earning a Phi Beta Kappa key at Yale and by shooting down Japanese aircraft as the youngest combat pilot in the U.S. Navy. His subsequent record is tirelessly repeated but as regularly ignored. He has been present at little and not so little ganglia of crises: At the UN when they kicked out Taiwan. Heading the GOP when Watergate threatened the very life of the Republican Party. Heading the CIA after the great demoralizations of the mid Seventies. In China for the end of the Cultural Revolution and the turn to the right. At the right hand of Ronald Reagan when Reagan detoxified what had been known as voodoo economics and brought an unparalleled period of prosperity.

The challenges he faces are as heavy as the national debt and as inscrutable as the face of Mikhail Gorbachev. But he is guided by Christian principle, American ideals, and a determination to leave a safe and free republic for his grandchildren.

We salute his conduct of the political campaign, and urge our readers to join us in voting confidently for the election of George Bush as 41st President of . . .

— But we are being carried away, and so will close this editorial and recite privately the Pledge of Allegiance, the Lord's Prayer, and then maybe hum a few bars of "America the Beautiful"!

Bush-Dukakis: The Rematch

IT ISN'T OVER until it's over. But the campaign may well have been over after the second Bush-Dukakis debate in Los Angeles. George Bush gave those disposed to support him (the majority, polls suggested) the reassurance they needed after Dan Quayle's shaky performance in the vice-presidential debate.

The Vice President showed more *gravitas* than he had his first time around, without losing the amiable ease he had shown then. Pundits have named this latter quality "likability." But it's more than that. We sense, with some reason, that one sign of the self-confidence we look for in a leader is the ability to lower the volume from time to time, to call off the rhetorical full-court press. George Wallace and John Anderson, to take two very different pols, couldn't do it. Neither, it becomes clear, can Michael Dukakis. When asked whether there was anything nice he could say about Dukakis, Bush praised his opponent's family life. Dukakis, taking his shot at the same question, came up with—nothing: calling to mind Mike Barnicle's crack that the only difference between Dukakis and Pinocchio is that Pinocchio eventually becomes a real boy.

The most important issue of the Los Angeles debate was national security. Here Dukakis shone—like a rotting fish. Andrea Mitchell of NBC News drew first blood. "From Jerry Ford to Jimmy Carter to Ronald Reagan," she said, "there has been a bi-partisan con-

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RIGHT DATA

The World's Largest Debtor?

WE ARE TOLD that the U.S. is now the world's largest debtor nation. And the culprit, we are informed, is the trade deficit and its flip side, the inflow of foreign capital into this country. It is instructive to review the way the transformation from creditor to debtor developed:

INTERNATIONAL INVESTMENT POSITION OF THE UNITED STATES
(In Billions)

Year End:	U.S. Assets Abroad	Foreign Assets in U.S.	Net Creditor/ (Debtor) Position of U.S.
1975	$ 295.1	$ 220.9	$ 74.2
1981	719.8	578.7	141.1
1982	824.9	688.1	136.9
1983	873.9	784.5	89.4
1984	896.1	892.6	3.5
1985	950.3	1,061.0	(110.7)
1986	1,071.4	1,340.6	(269.2)
1987	1,167.9	1,536.1	(368.2)
Average Annual Percentage Change:			
1975-1981	16.0	17.4	11.3
1981-1987	8.4	17.7	NA

In 1981 the U.S. was at its peak as a creditor nation, holding $141.1 billion more in assets abroad than foreigners owned in the United States. Since then the value of foreign-owned assets in this country has risen at an average rate of 17.7 per cent per year, or only slightly faster than the 17.4 per cent clip at which the capital inflow had increased during the previous six years.

The major change since 1981 has been the sharp (nearly 50 per cent) reduction in the rate of capital outflow, i.e., the rate at which U.S. companies and individuals have purchased assets abroad. The improved investment climate following the 1981 tax cut, the subsequent reduction in inflation, and increased economic growth all attracted back to the U.S. investment that otherwise would have gone abroad.

In no sense are foreigners "buying up the country": the $1.5 trillion foreign-investment total represents only 5.6 per cent of total U.S. assets. Foreign-owned businesses reportedly account for about 3.5 per cent of non-bank employment, and foreigners own only about 1 per cent of the privately owned farm land in this country. Although Japan is usually portrayed as the big foreign player, the total Japanese direct investment stake at the end of last year ($33.4 billion) was dwarfed by that of the U.K. ($74.0 billion) and the Netherlands ($47.0 billion).

Moreover, in 1987, the income earned by Americans on their foreign assets exceeded by $20 billion the income derived by foreigners from their holdings in the United States. Assuming a 5 per cent rate of return on investment, this indicates that the current market value of our holdings abroad exceeds that of foreigners in the U.S. by some $400 billion. Thus, the reports of our debtor status may be grossly exaggerated.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

sensus in favor of modernizing the land-based missiles. Now you have ruled out the MX and the Midgetman. . . . What type of land-based missile would you consider?"

Dukakis began his answer by observing that we have 13,000 strategic warheads right now. (He didn't add the peacenik coda, "Enough to kill every man, woman, and child on earth *x* times over," but it was implied—as was the peacenik refusal to wonder how many of those warheads would provide a credible deterrent if they continue to go unmodernized.) He then asserted that "military security" depends on "economic security," which is threatened by the "mountain of debt." He ended by reciting a list of things America needed—conventional forces, housing, health care, job training. He had mentioned the nuclear deterrent, in passing, in one sentence.

Miss Mitchell, plainly unsatisfied, came back to the question later. "Do you somehow see conventional forces as a substitute for our strategic forces?" Dukakis began another dance, envisioning a less tense world in which military spending pressures would perhaps not be so acute. These results, he implied, could be achieved by signing a START treaty, abandoning the Contras ("this fiasco"), and bringing the Soviets into Middle East negotiations. Swell.

The bottom line is that, where national security is concerned, Michael Dukakis doesn't know what he would or should do. His instincts are McGovernite. Margaret Warner of *Newsweek* pointed out, in one of her questions, that he is on the board of some nut group in Boston, Jobs with Peace, that favors a 25-per-cent cut in the defense budget. (This, said Dukakis, was an example of how one can be associated

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with an organization "all of whose particular positions we don't support." Just like the ACLU.) This is the man who went to court, as governor, to prevent the Massachusetts National Guard from training in Honduras; who refused to let his state be used for the GWEN system. In the course of the campaign, some sensible Democrats—all six of them—prevailed upon his issues people to beef up his defense thinking somewhat. But the essential Dukakis remains. This is the man a moderate Democrat like Morton Kondracke of *The New Republic* must twist himself into pretzel shapes in order to see as a soul mate. Others, less patient—Zbigniew Brzezinski, pre-eminently—are simply supporting Bush.

Not that George Bush couldn't use some re-education. His line throughout the debate was the line of the post-Reykjavik Reagan: Peace through Strength. It is a sound proposition, whose value in practice, however, depends on the peace strength achieves not leading to weakness later. Bush defended the great weakening move of the Reagan Administration, the INF Treaty, and he cited, in passing, the still-unfolding Angolan settlement, which seems, at this point, to presage the end of Savimbi.

At least George Bush knows that a game is being played, however he misjudges the plays. Michael Dukakis showed his unfitness for the office he seeks. Dan Quayle wouldn't put such a man on his ticket.

The Liberal's Conservative

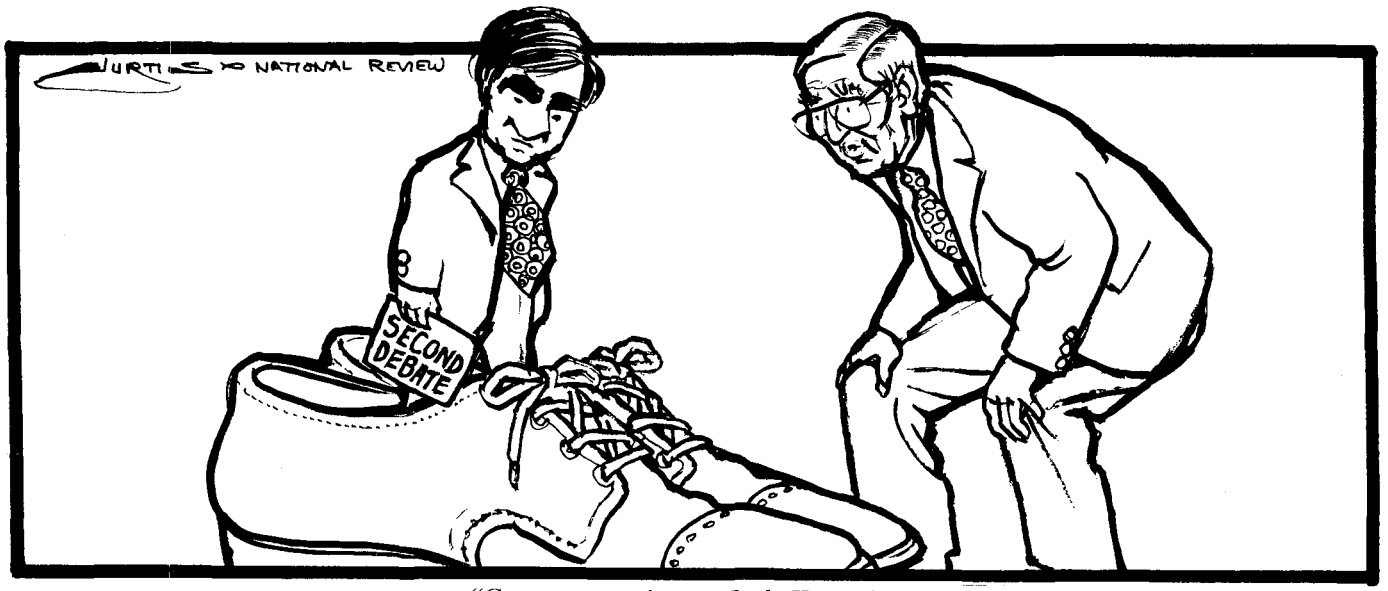
THERE MAY HAVE BEEN less successful vice-presidential gambits—William Miller, we recall, didn't deliver New York for Barry Goldwater—but Michael Dukakis's choice of Lloyd Bentsen looks as if it will be right up there.

Senator Bentsen, you remember, was supposed to carry Texas for the Democrats. Not only Texas, but the rest of the South as well. "I'm tri-lingual," Bentsen likes to tell Southern audiences. "I speak English, Spanish, and Southern." So far, they don't understand, *no comprenden*, they don't get it. The Bush-Quayle ticket leads throughout the Confederacy, while the only thing Southern about Dukakis's Texas campaign is the direction in which his polls have been heading [see "Texas," p. 48].

Bentsen was also supposed to provide the ticket with much-needed ideological balance, by virtue of his high standing with big business, as a senator and as a former businessman himself. Bentsen's most famous business deal, however, has turned out to be the $10,000 lobbyists' breakfast club he formed in 1987, then quickly disbanded when the press turned an unkind eye upon it.

It is no accident that Bentsen was the conservative a liberal would reach for, since he is a liberal's caricature of a conservative—a dug-in defender of the shortest-range economic interests of his backers. "Loophole Lloyd" fought the Bradley-Gephardt tax bill until it proved unstoppable, whereupon he Christmas-treed it with transition rules to help his clients along. As that fight was entering its final phases, he took up the protectionist club, which he flourished in his debate with Senator Quayle. Doesn't everyone in the Senate behave like that? As a matter of fact, everyone doesn't, Bentsen's Texas colleague, Phil Gramm, being a notable case in point.

The main beneficiary of the Bentsen pick, it now seems, will not be Michael Dukakis but Lloyd Bentsen. Under Texas law, Bentsen is able to run for the Vice Presidency and the Senate simultaneously. His unsuccessful bid for the first post will only enhance his value, in the eyes of his supporters (perhaps shareholders is the better term), in the second. "Old Lloyd," they will say to themselves, "he's a *player*."



"Governor, you're no Jack Kennedy."

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APPARATCHIKS AT BAY

NOW THAT the dust has settled in the Kremlin . . . But does the dust there ever really settle before some new crisis stirs it up again? Having failed at the Party Conference in June to make the expected and necessary leadership changes, Gorbachev brought them off in October with a one-day political coup in traditional Soviet style. Gorbachev has emerged from the latest crisis greatly strengthened. But it is still easy to construct a potential majority against him in the Politburo *in some future crisis*, on the basis of those who are only partially and reluctantly committed to his policies. Difficulties threaten from every side—mass discontent, unmanageable industry, obstreperous bureaucrats, a rumbling Eastern Europe, unproductive agriculture, local nationalism, to name a few. In spite of Gorbachev's skills, a smooth evolution is highly improbable.

And though Gorbachev is far more aware of the need for "reform" than are the ruck of the ruling elite, he too is a product of the system, with only one foot in the future. We should not see him as having a completely sound understanding of the problems, or perfectly effective solutions, or the ability to put them fully into effect—let alone all three. We would not imagine this even of a Western statesman with far lesser problems. Politics simply isn't like that (though you might not gather this from Anglo-American analyses of a projected Gorbachevian future).

Meanwhile, what has happened in the last two years?

In one sense—nothing. Two years of plans and resolutions have produced no results. If anything, the standard of living has fallen: it was recently rated by a Soviet economist as between fortieth and fiftieth among the world's nations.

The few practical measures that were adopted were, in any case, inadequate. But even they were sabotaged by bureaucratic resistance. Finally, the important section of the leadership that knows that change is necessary, but had hoped to get results without too much trouble, has now had to face the facts. And this section has rid itself of most, though not yet all, of the political zombies from the Stalin-Brezhnev epochs.

The fall of Dobrynin, small stuff by Moscow standards, has looked more important in Western eyes, and been seen by some as a sop to the hard-liners. But even if Dobrynin was more realistic than the previous foreign-policy apparatchiks, he has not been associated with the "new thinking" as Foreign Minister Shevardnadze has—that is, the verbal (though not yet practical) attitude that the world should not be treated as merely an arena for confrontation and eventual Soviet triumph. The chairman of the new Party Foreign Policy Commission, Politburo member Yakovlev, has been a strong supporter of Gorbachev.

Yakovlev, Shevardnadze, and now Medvedev are the General Secretary-President's real group. But Gorbachev must have assembled a decisive majority for reform among the others. Even men like Ligachev saw the need, though they hoped to effect it using the old party machine. The political weakness of Ligachev and his like was that they had no alternative program. And now that old methods have been proved bankrupt, the leadership as a whole sees (at least for now) that the immediate problem is the bureaucratic machine itself.

THE HUGE SECOND- and third-level feudal bureaucracy in the Soviet Union has defended its privileges in a primitive, semiconscious way. The awfulness of the economy Stalin created is now evident, and understood in the West. Few, however, quite realize the psychological impact of the terror. As the Soviet press admits, the masses were largely beaten into servile-mindedness (though they remain incapable of mindless outbursts). But worse still is the apparatchik at bay. Edward Crankshaw, not long before his recent death, commented on the middle ranks of Soviet officialdom: "Their sycophancy, their barefaced lying, their treachery, their cowardice, are so blatant, their ignorance so stultifying, their stupidity so absolute, that I have found it impossible to convey it with any credibility to those fortunate enough never to have encountered it."

That is the crucial problem the Politburo faces. We must surely sympathize. It has taken two years for its members to work up the nerve to face the monster. But there seems to be a firm intention at last, not merely to enact reforms, but actually to impose them by force on this huge class that would otherwise abort them. It is true that even the most radical measures so far proposed will not be enough. And the next few years will see crises that will certainly shake the confidence of some of the leadership. They will perhaps bring about retreats, compromises, temporary reversions to something like the old system. That will solve nothing: the choice is either evolution or catastrophe. The Politburo will face further critical decisions in a year or two. Meanwhile, at least the path to progress remains open. □

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If It Ain't Broke . . .

JOHN ANDERSON finished second in a few Republican primaries in 1980, then ran for President as an independent, winning 6 per cent of the vote. Not surprisingly, he thinks the election process could be improved, and he has come forward, under the aegis of the Twentieth Century Fund, with some suggestions.

Anderson proposes a National Endowment for Presidential Debates, which would run a series of 12 presidential and vice-presidential debates and "issue conferences." More important than the details of his scheme is its thrust, which reflects the general goo-goo dissatisfaction with this year's election.

Partly the unhappiness is ideological. If Michael Dukakis were ahead in the polls, you'd hear a lot less whimpering. But the unhappiness also reflects an intellectual—almost class—bias.

If elections were games of inside baseball for policy nerds, think-tank placemen, and interest groups and their mouthpieces, then the current process would leave something to be desired. But elections dispose of the affairs of 245 million people. The Founding Fathers envisioned a system of mediating representatives—electors, indirectly elected senators—giving expression to the will of locally grounded elites. For the last two hundred years, the country has moved to a more and more purely democratic model. Neither paradigm grants power to a self-accredited mandarinate.

The present system has revealed some important policy lacunae—Dukakis's ignorance of foreign affairs and defense, Bush's still-disturbing uncertainty with respect to abortion. It has also given us reasonably good pictures of each candidate's character, or—in Gary Hart's case—lack of character. That's good work, and good enough, we would guess, for the country.

A Light in the Dark?

THE HOUSE, SENATE, and White House have ironed out their differences and crafted an "historic" welfare reform. On balance, the reformed system will probably do less damage to the people it aims to help than does the current system, largely because the reform attempts to address some of the problems conservatives have been pointing out for years. Welfare rules will no longer effectively require an unemployed father to abandon his family so that the mother can qualify for relief. Workfare has made it into the bill, at least in principle, and some disincentives for going off welfare have been removed. And the bill tightens enforcement of child-support awards.

Bernard Shaw Did It

He posed the fatal question
  That did Dukakis in;
It wasn't tasteful, granted,
  But a belaying-pin
Could not have zoned him better
  Than Mr. Shaw, who asked
The rape and murder query
  That left the man unmasked.

W. H. VON DREELE

It is hardly a conservative dream. It diminishes the states' flexibility in setting their own guidelines, while giving the federal bureaucracy another chance to expand, in order to meet the need for training and counseling for workfare beneficiaries. And the working poor who never go on welfare may well end up subsidizing the benefits retained by those who go off it.

Still, the major opposition to the bill came from House liberals. In the words of Representative Augustus Hawkins (D., Calif.), it represents "an unacceptable deviation from traditional principles of fairness and democracy." In other words, it begins to reflect the more serious conservative critique: welfare payments don't lift people out of poverty; they keep them trapped there. Charles Murray's new book, *In Pursuit: Of Happiness and Good Government*, demonstrates it all masterfully: "People *need* to be self-determining, accountable, and absorbed in stretching their capabilities, just as they need food and shelter." The incentive to achieve those goals is precisely what the Great Society removes. Sensible welfare reform would put it back. This reform is a useful first step, no more.

Franco II

GENERAL PINOCHET gambled on a plebiscite, and, much like Charles de Gaulle in 1969, he lost. Yet Pinochet and his cohesive armed forces are not likely to buckle before an emboldened opposition. He or another representative of the present government could stand in next year's election. And maybe win—as Salvador Allende did—in a three-way split.

The Chilean economy has sustained truly impressive growth for most of the past 15 years. Growth rates average 5 per cent, unemployment stands at 8 per cent, and inflation has leveled at 10 per cent—a far different figure from the 1,000-per-cent inflation that plagued the sunset of Allende's regime. It was this increasingly open economy that opened the door to political liberalization. As Pope John Paul II noted in 1987, Chile's politics "were in transition": an evolving authoritarian system capable of the change that has

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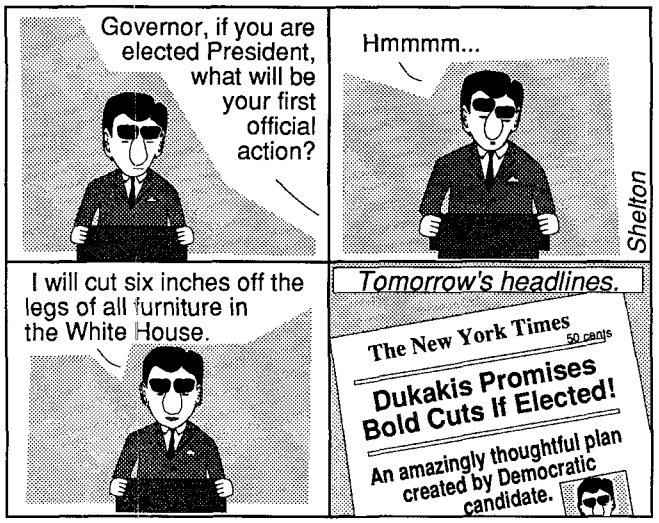
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now occurred. Chile's democratization stands on economic ground firmer than that of Argentina, Brazil, or Peru.

The No vote of 55 per cent this time reflected a generic opposition, but no one should discount the strong Communist and extreme Left influence in the campaign. Middle-class moderates have a consuming desire for stability and democracy. To the extent that the Communists accelerate political instability, moderate opposition votes will be swayed. And a candidate from a united Right—whether it is General Pinochet, another military candidate, or a civilian conservative—would start from the advantage of proven economic success. As Foreign Minister Ricardo García has said, "The objective of our government is to establish a modern and free society based on an open economy." Most Chileans desire this—even many of those who voted No.

AIDS's Rights—and Ours

CALIFORNIA PROPOSITION 102, if passed, would, among other things, compel doctors to report to health authorities those patients who test positive for the AIDS virus or whom they reasonably believe to be infected. This has prompted the usual hysteria—that doctors would be required to report patients if they dressed or acted in a notably "gay" manner, that the requirement would, in general, promote anti-homosexual witch-hunts, and so on.

Such fears are quite unfounded. Are they genuinely felt even by those who broadcast them? We doubt it. Very few people feel anything other than great human sympathy for those who have contracted a painful, terminal disease. But most do not extend sympathy to the virus itself or, by extension, to those who spread it through either viciousness or (culpable) ignorance.

Only one rational argument has been advanced against the proposal: that fear of disclosure would deter people from being tested in the first place and so "drive AIDS underground." But AIDS is *kept* underground by existing law, which prevents possible AIDS carriers from being informed of their condition. Unintentionally and in good conscience, they may spread the disease further. On balance, it should be plain that AIDS will be checked better by disclosure than by silence. But this is a matter on which reasonable people may disagree.

What is not a matter of legitimate dispute is our habit of granting AIDS the status of the first terminal disease with full civil rights. A virus has no civil rights. People do—but they do not include the right to spread that disease to others.

Weicker Watch

THE BIG NEWS, as we go to press, is the *Hartford Courant* poll. Suddenly: Weicker's lead in Connecticut has disappeared. It had been 24 points; then, up until this last poll, 14 points. Now, reports the *Courant*, he and Attorney General Joe Lieberman are dead even, with 39 per cent of the voters behind each of them.

Joe Lieberman is a Democratic liberal, in the tradition of Abe Ribicoff. Lowell Weicker is—well, you explain it. *New York Post* columnist Ray Kerrison reported recently that Lowell Weicker was one of two senators who supported a bill that would have given money to New York's Gay Men's Health Crisis to promote safe erotic sex for homosexuals. Money would have gone to promote " 'healthy sadomasochistic sex, waterplay,' and the use of photographs as a 'sexual-achievement tool.' " Money also would have gone to "dispel the myth that heterosexuality is better than homosexuality."

If Weicker can prove that, surely the voters of Connecticut can prove that Lieberman is to be preferred over Weicker.

Franz Josef Strauss, RIP

"HAVE YOU EVER," asked the "King" of Bavaria, "tried to nail a piece of jelly to the wall?"

As Franz Josef Strauss's guest at lunch in Munich, I had asked him whether he had ever tried to explain the Soviet threat to Chancellor Helmut Kohl. That answer, from the irreplaceable leader of the conservative Christian Social Union (CSU), was typical of the man and symptomatic of the extreme frustration he felt after his double failure: to win the federal elections in 1980, and to be given control of foreign affairs in Kohl's 1983 coalition.

Refusing another portfolio (finance and defense were on offer, and he had done both), he returned to his fief in Bavaria, to sulk in his tent. In recent years, this extraordinary man, the most gifted *Bundeskanzler* post-

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war Germany never had, amused himself (but dismayed his supporters) by demonstrating his ability to negotiate West German credits for East Germany, and by co-piloting his plane to Moscow to meet Mikhail Gorbachev.

Strauss's career was blighted by the *Spiegel* affair of 1962, now known to have been a highly successful KGB ploy designed to force Strauss to quit as Dr. Adenauer's defense minister. History decreed that his exceptional talents would never reach full fruition.

—Brian Crozier

NOTES & ASIDES

Memo to: Bill
From: Milton Friedman

Did you catch this? President Reagan in remarks during presentation of National Medals of Science and Technology, July 15, 1988:

> "And now the computer and the microchip. Indeed, I often reflect that it was not too long ago when sand was just the stuff beaches were made of. In fact, one of the lines in my old speeches said if we put the government in charge of sand, there'd be a shortage."

And we have done so and there is a shortage—as witness the recent American-Japanese agreement on microchips.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In "Notes & Asides," *NR*, August 19, you quote a definition of *swinge* in response to Mr. McCracken.

You need a better dictionary. The *OED*, volume Su-Sz, page 338, defines swingeing as "very forcible, great, or large; huge, immense. Chiefly, now only, *colloq.* or *slang*. . . ." Surely you did not reject this on pedantic grounds? I fear rather that you are becoming careless.

Please keep up your standards. Like, we need all the respect for the English language that we can get, you know?

Yours truly,
R. H. Lyddane
Exton, Pa.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Sam McCracken's complaint about an editor's having excised an "e" from his "swingeing" and your response reminded me of a remark by an English teacher who had the respect of many of us at college.

She said, "If you use a rare word, not commonly understood by most people, you should explain its meaning. Otherwise you are literarigant!"

According to my dictionary, "swingeing" as a transitive verb form means: "to punish with blows; beat; whip." But the word is *archaic*. If it is used as an adjective it means: "1. huge; very large 2. extremely good; first rate," and as such is a British *colloquialism*.

Referring to Shoreham with either interpretation in mind sounds to me like a literarigant expression.

Yours truly,
Robert N. Hanson
Torrance, Calif.

Come on, Hanson, you can't get away with that. Anyway, isn't it "literarrogant?" Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

I was completely nonplused to see the word "Jacksonians" on page 19 of the July 22 issue of your magazine.

If you will please refer to page 684 of the *American Heritage Dictionary*, 1985 edition, for which you are a member of the usage panel, you will find:

"Jacksonian—of or pertaining to Andrew Jackson, his Presidency, etc. . . ."

Kind regards,
Robert M. Cardwell
Ormond Beach, Fla.

Dear Mr. Cardwell: Alas, if the *AHD* had a 1988 edition, "Jacksonian" would be defined as "of or pertaining to Jesse Jackson, his non-Presidency, etc." By the way, it's a horrible thought, but wouldn't you agree that more Americans could identify Jesse than Andrew? Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have always thought that a picture of you, placed next to my pictures of the President and Jack Kemp, would perfect my bedroom. I never knew how I could get one until recently, while watching coverage of the New York gay-rights march, I saw one of the lesbian liberators carrying your image. This struck me as being a bit (pardon the pun) queer. Upon further inspection, however, I observed a caption that read "William F. Buckley Jr., Public Enemy." If one of these Looney Leftists could obtain a poster of you, then why couldn't I? So, I am hereby beseeching you to aid me in my quest for your picture. The one on the cover of *Right Reason* is my favorite.

Cordially,
David Abrami
Orlando, Fla.

P.S. I checked with the FBI and it seems that you are not considered a public enemy.

Dear Mr. Abrami: One of the ways to get my picture as on *Right Reason* is to buy a copy of *Right Reason*. Or, you could join the lesbians. But—to spare you either indignity, I will send along a copy. Cordially,
—WFB

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SENATE HANDICAP

EIGHTY-EIGHT has been a bad year for Senate Minority Leader Bob Dole. His bid for the presidential nomination was hit by a blizzard of negative advertising in New Hampshire, and now his hopes for Republican control of the Senate look bleak.

Thirty-three Senate seats are up for grabs this year, 18 held by Democratic incumbents, 15 by Republicans. One seat is being vacated—by Republican Paul Trible of Virginia; and Chuck Robb, the Democratic former governor, looks prepared to win by a landslide, yielding the Democrats one sure pick-up from the GOP.

But 13 other races are hot. Here's the handicap, alphabetically:

California: Incumbent GOP Senator Pete Wilson faces Democratic Lieutenant Governor Leo T. McCarthy. Wilson has raised and spent $8 million so far in building a good, but not commanding lead over McCarthy, who has funds in reserve to wage a competitive campaign. Wilson should win, but the wild card is the presidential contest. If either George Bush or Michael Dukakis lights a fire under California voters, the Senate race could be decided by coattails. Pick Bush to carry California narrowly, and Wilson to be re-elected.

Connecticut: Veteran incumbent Lowell Weicker should hold this seat for the GOP in a contest with state Attorney General Joseph Lieberman. Weicker has widespread support, and with Dukakis unlikely to carry Connecticut by a large margin, Lieberman can't count on coattails.

Florida: Democratic Congressman Buddy MacKay faces Republican Congressman Connie Mack in a contest over the seat vacated by Democratic Senator Lawton Chiles. While many predict a close race, Mack's philosophical ties to the Reagan-Bush Administration should give him easy access to the Bush voters, who will give this state to the GOP come November.

Minnesota: Republican incumbent Dave Durenberger is vulnerable. His opponent, state Attorney General Hubert "Skip" Humphrey III, is hitting Durenberger on the drug issue, education, and other social concerns in a socially conscious state. It's a close call, but leaning Humphrey.

Mississippi: Conservative GOP Congressman Trent Lott is finally headed toward the Senate. Retiring veteran John Stennis vacates a Democratic seat, and Democratic Representative Wayne Dowdy needs 90 to 95 per cent of the black vote to beat Lott, whose black voter appeal is substantial. That, and the likelihood of Bush's campaign carrying Mississippi, make this race right for Lott.

Montana: President Reagan has stepped into this battle. Democratic incumbent John Melcher is vulnerable, but has a 7 to 1 spending advantage. The missing ingredient in a Republican win has been funding for challenger Conrad Burns. Reagan hopes to help raise money, but it is probably too late.

Nevada: GOP Senator Chic Hecht has trailed Governor Richard Bryan in the polls since January. Bush will carry Nevada by a large margin, but not enough to salvage Hecht.

New Jersey: Pete Dawkins was the GOP's best hope for an upset against incumbent Democrat Frank Lautenberg, but Lautenberg's negative advertising wave appears to be working.

North Dakota: Here is another case where Reagan has stepped in to help with the fundraising. Democratic Senator Quentin Burdick turned eighty this summer, and GOP challenger Earl Strinden will harp on age and health as issues. Still, Burdick is popular. Even the Gipper probably will not be able to turn the trick.

Ohio: Incumbent Democratic Senator Howard Metzenbaum has been given a battle by Cleveland Mayor George Voinovich. Still, Metzenbaum maintains a large lead. With Ohio a toss-up state presidentially, Voinovich cannot count on Bush coattails.

Washington: Thanks to the fringe liberalism of the Democratic candidate, Representative Mike Lowry, this tight race looks marginally hopeful for former GOP Senator Slade Gorton.

Wisconsin: Republican challenger Susan Engeleiter, State Senate minority leader, is giving Democratic candidate Herbert Kohl a run for his money. Kohl, owner of the Milwaukee Bucks basketball team, was ahead, but a tough campaign from Senator Engeleiter has resulted in an infusion of PAC contributions.

Wyoming: The Democratic challenger, State Senator John Vinich, is shooting for an upset against GOP incumbent Malcolm Wallop, and missing. With Wyoming safe Bush territory, Wallop can count on coattails.

THE LIKELY OUTLOOK for the 101st Congress? Fifty-six Democratic seats, 44 Republican, a net loss of one seat for the GOP. The wild card, of course, is coattails. Reagan stunned pundits in 1980 by sweeping in a horde of GOP candidates who upset incumbents in races written off by the peddlers of conventional wisdom. Some hopeful GOP analysts see the same dynamic at work in 1988, with Bush's attacks on Dukakis's liberalism slopping over onto Democratic candidates in general. Indeed, the ideological quotient in this race is particularly promising (in terms of coattails) in the South and West. That is where the GOP might gain more seats, although a 1980-style turnover of control of the Senate is unlikely.

Thus Bob Dole broods. He is doing all in his power to raise funds for candidates. What irony: the bright spot in Dole's hopes for more GOP gains in the Senate is the success of his archrival, George Bush. □

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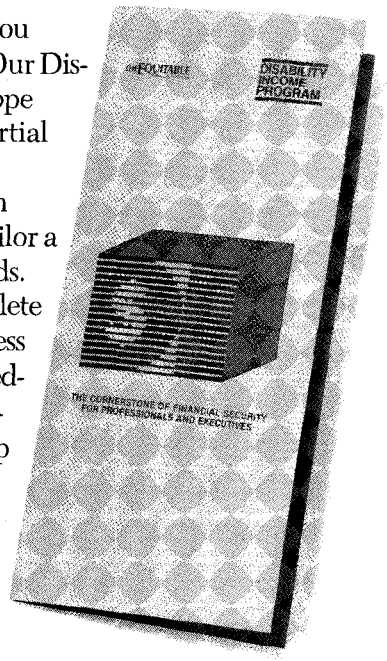

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THE VIEW FROM EUROPE

SHOULD GOVERNOR DUKAKIS make it to the White House, he may cherish the thought, in his sea of troubles, that at least he will have one staunch ally in NATO: Andreas Papandreou, the Greek prime minister. In September, Papandreou survived heart surgery, having come to London in the company of a comely and much younger friend, Dimitra Liani. Whether this relationship was fueled by the ex-stewardess's undoubted beauty, or by her previous close links with the KKE (Greek Communist Party) is unclear.

The ethnic link between the two men is obvious, each the obverse of the other: Dukakis, of Greek immigrant stock; Papandreou, Greek-born but a naturalized U.S. citizen, who had to recover his Greek nationality when the rule of the Colonels collapsed and he came home to start his rapid climb to the top.

More important, both men are liberals of the most worrying sort. In this context, Papandreou leaves Dukakis way behind, and the question is whether that is merely because the Greek premier has had the time and opportunity to do his worst.

Under Papandreou, Greece's Socialist government has had little in common with the Socialist governments in France, Spain, and Portugal. Soviet penetration of the media has been startling, and not confined to the notorious tabloid *Ethnos*, which has been a vehicle for undiluted Soviet propaganda. The government-sponsored "peace" movement has been at the disposal of Moscow. To cap it all, Papandreou felt the need, last January, to go to East Berlin to discuss disarmament with the East German leader Erich Honecker. I can't imagine why. (Or alternatively, I can.)

Where would NATO stand with Mr. Dukakis in power? Europeans are worried by what they read and hear of his views on nuclear weapons and on SDI. They note that he is tougher on South Africa (no threat to the U.S.) than on Cuba (which even John F. Kennedy found threatening). They note that he is passionately against anti-Communist guerrillas (in Nicaragua or in Angola), and against any use of force by the United States (unless sanctioned by the United Nations).

Much of this is less worrying to Europeans than to *NR* readers or me. President Mitterrand decided that being indignant about the Contras or about apartheid was an easy way of making his Socialist Party believe he was a true socialist. But on defense, Mitterrand's Republic is a staunch ally: outside the integrated command of the Alliance, but with it in reality, possessing its own authentically independent deterrent and ready to guarantee the territorial integrity of Germany.

What of Prime Minister Thatcher? The question answers itself. European heads of state or government are expected to hold their tongues while the American voters pick their new leader. But it is hardly likely that the Iron Lady would find much in common with a President Dukakis; unless, of course, on coming to the highest office, he should decide to turn conservative. (Such things have been known to happen: look at Felipe González of Spain, that "Socialist" proponent of the market economy.)

In London, some years ago, Vice President Bush addressed an invited audience in the City of London's Guildhall. I can report, in all sincerity, that he made an excellent impression, appearing tough and forthright on the things that matter to Europeans in the American context: on NATO, on defense, on standing up to the Soviet threat.

So, if the question were: "Is Bush your ideal President?" the answer would be "No." But if it were: "Is Bush the best President we can hope for?" the answer would be a fairly resonant "Yes."

Either way, Europeans have reasons for apprehension. The sad fact is that, collectively, the Western Europeans are weak and wimpish when it comes to the (literally) most vital question of all, which is survival in the face of the Soviet threat.

Although a Thatcherite on most issues, I have often been critical of the prime minister on foreign affairs (her attitude to the liberation of Grenada, for instance). But she was essentially right in her forthright speech in Bruges, Belgium, on September 20, which so shocked French Socialist European Commissioner Jacques Delors. One passage, in particular, is relevant to the U.S. presidential election: "We must strive to maintain the United States's commitment to Europe's defense. That means recognizing the burden on their resources of the world role they undertake, and their point that their allies should play a full part in the defense of freedom, particularly as Europe grows wealthier."

THAT REALLY IS the crunch. The late Jean Monnet's dream of a "United States of Europe" was wildly premature. Until French Premier Mendès-France killed the European Defense Community in 1954, Europeans were on the right lines. Any talk of one Europe is illusory unless Europeans tackle their own defense, and are ready to pick up the tab. The Europe of the Brussels bureaucrats pleases Delors, but is an obnoxious concept so long as Europeans continue to be so largely dependent on American muscle.

The weakest link is West Germany. And possibly the weakest leader is Chancellor Kohl. With a weak or isolationist President in the White House, the outlook would be perilous. Even the West Germans, I believe, would opt for George Bush, if they had the vote. □

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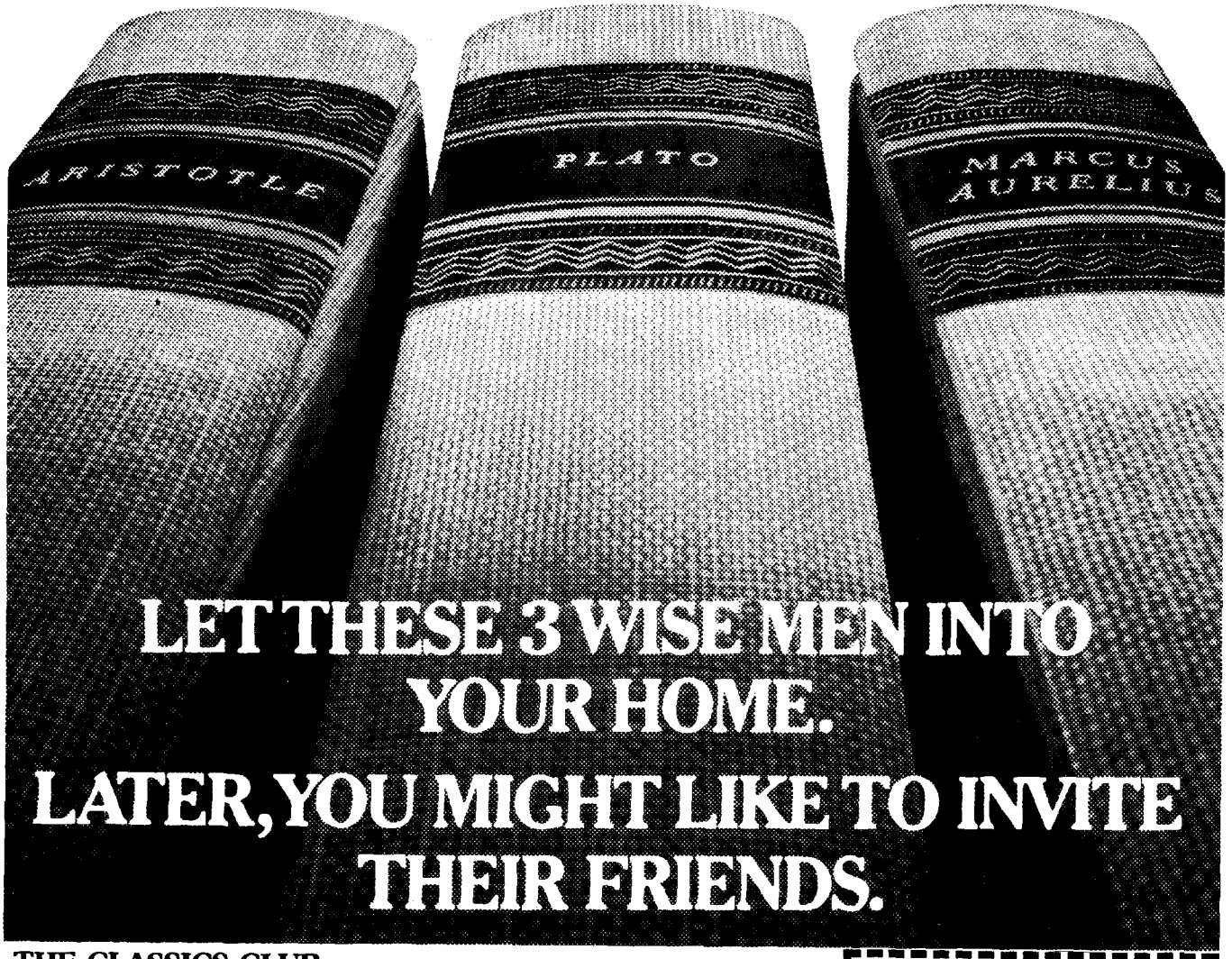

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BATTLE OF THE NETWORK STARS

With the candidates as straight men and the issues as subtext, the national elections have finally achieved the media status of *trashsports*. If the presidential campaign ever went to series, some guy in the promo department would want to call it the *Battle of the Network Stars*.

The mother of network innovation, this season and every season, is desperation. Desperation for viewers, desperation for people who will put the mass back into the medium and the con back into the game. For most of the decade now ending, the network share of the television audience has been dropping steadily, quarter by quarter. Think of it as a leveraged buyout gone bad, when the leverage begins to work against the owner of the network. The advertiser demands "make goods" when the spot he was sold fails to deliver the promised number of eyeballs. So the revenues are soft.

Over on the expense side, the International Olympic Committee doesn't want to hear that you bought the rights based on audience levels from the *last* Olympics. (Seoul was down more than 20 per cent from Los Angeles.) The NFL doesn't want to hear that story, either. Neither does Agatha Christie's estate or the cartoonist who draws the little blue guys known as Smurfs. And don't bother trying to renegotiate with J. Daniel Rather, the millionaire news personality. A deal's a deal, right? Faced with this kind of a squeeze, network executives do what any sensible people would do—they talk louder, tap-dance faster, show a little more leg, and turn on their friends. In a word, or at least a digital-effect logo—it's Campaign '88. Political news as a *trashsport*.

How bad is it, this network problem? Take the case of America's favorite neighbor, Bill Cosby, whose program has anchored NBC's Thursday-night lineup for years. Well, *The Cosby Show* opened its fifth season a few weeks ago and pulled a 24.2 Nielsen rating (equivalent to a 40-per-cent share of those watching television). A year ago, Cosby began his season with a 31.5 rating and a 51-per-cent share. Friday morning must have been a fun time at the NBC sales department.

And look at the political season, that window of civic pride between Labor Day and Election Day. We're finally concentrating on politics, we tell ourselves. Preliminary data suggest that the redundantly hyped Bentsen-Quayle debate did a 32-per-cent share of the national audience, which may sound like a heavy draw until you compare it with a 38-per-cent share for the first Dukakis-Bush debate and a 45- to 48-per-cent share for Reagan-Mondale. (It may not be fair to include the titanic 71-per-cent share from 1980. There was only a single debate that year—not counting John Anderson's—and it took place late in the campaign. America was captivated by the Bill Cosby of politics.)

Where have all the people gone? They have voted with their fingers, zapping the remote control on their sets to cable, to PBS, and to OFF. They have moved with breathtaking speed from a television environment of scarcity to one of abundance, and, in doing so, they have exerted a water-torture pressure on the networks. That pressure has brought out the best in just about as many broadcasters as anthropologists would have predicted—so let's salute the grace-saving few, those broadcast journalists, network and otherwise, who have kept the professional faith.

—ABC's Brit Hume and Jeff Greenfield, to date, have owned this election. Hume is a graduate of the Jack Anderson shop, and he knows how to report. He learned how to talk to cameras later. Greenfield is a lawyer by training, lefty in his predispositions, fanatically curious about politics, a reader. The best pair of post-liberal guns.

—Bruce Morton and Bob Schieffer of CBS, the aging veterans, have been on the campaign trail nonstop for more than a year. Solid, scrupulous, embarrassed when their colors show. Next best.

—Among anchormen, Peter Jennings puts out the most professional nightly report. He doesn't overwrite like Rather or write down like Brokaw. Perhaps his Canadian background provides the sense of detachment.

—True, Tom Brokaw won Olympic gold as a self-promoter and scooped the world by discovering 65 million U.S. children in poverty, but he has been tireless, ubiquitous, and serious. (You feel soggy after the Los Angeles-New York red-eye? Brokaw flew from the Olympics in Seoul to Winston-Salem to cover the first presidential debate.)

—Okay, Dan Rather gets a point for declining to be a debate panelist. He figured, rightly, that he would be a sore-thumb part of the story.

—CNN sought to move up in class this year by becoming the network of political record. With some success. Hard-charging Mary Alice Williams in New York and increasingly visible Washington columnist Bob Novak are two of the reasons.

—The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour has been good and grey but there's something to be said for goodness and greyness when coverage elsewhere reduces to horse-racing and gaffe-chasing.

—C-SPAN showed some enterprise, easing its cameras into the nooks and crannies of the process. (C-SPAN caught Joe Biden's fatally self-aggrandizing comments, one of the biggest scoops of the political year.) Founder-anchorman-bottlewasher Brian Lamb deserves much of the credit.

According to *NR* projections, the winner is ABC. □

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody.* Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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CAN YOU BELIEVE THEM?

IT IS OFTEN difficult to give compelling proof of media bias, since journalists can't be monitored in a laboratory, but a convincing case emerges from our study of network coverage of the Democratic and Republican conventions. Each received fifty-plus hours of prime-time coverage, and of course the nature and purposes of the two conventions were essentially the same. But the networks treated the two very differently. An examination of labels used to describe party officials, officials chosen for interviews, the questions posed, and controversies highlighted at both conventions proves conclusively that the networks eagerly acquiesced to the agenda of the liberal Democrats only then to relentlessly attack conservative Republicans.

In New Orleans, descriptive labels were applied to Republicans aggressively (214 times), and 85 per cent of the time they were called conservative. In Atlanta, on the other hand, the media shied from labeling the Democrats. Descriptive adjectives were used only 86 times; amazingly, 48 per cent of the labels used were "moderate" or "conservative." CBS used the term "moderate" as often as "liberal" to characterize Jesse Jackson. In fact, the networks virtually refused to use the dreaded "L" word at all, labeling Dukakis a liberal only 13 times during 49 and a half hours of network coverage, or approximately once every 3.8 hours. For Jackson, the numbers were even more remarkable: he was described as "liberal" just nine times, or once every five and a half hours.

The harshest descriptive adjective used to label the Democrats was "liberal" or "progressive," while the Republicans were called "hard-right conservatives," "hard-rock conservatives," "rock-hard conservatives," "hard-right people," "far right-wing," and the "conservative odor." Ever heard Democrats labeled as "the far left-wing" or "the liberal odor"?

The networks' choice of interviewees during the conventions also exposed their political agenda. In Atlanta, a vast majority (76 per cent) of the individuals chosen for interviews came from the liberal wing, and enthusiastically promoted the leftist agenda of the Democratic Party. On the other hand, 41 per cent of the people given air-time to express their opinions at the Republican National Convention represented the minority moderate-to-liberal faction of the party, including Congresswomen Lynn Martin, Claudine Schneider, and Nancy Johnson; Senators Lowell Weicker and Nancy Kassebaum; and Governor Tom Kean.

THROUGHOUT THE entire Democratic convention only one prime-time interview with a Republican (Bush Campaign Manager Lee Atwater) was conducted, though the Republican Party had dispatched an official Task Force for the sole purpose of offering commentary during their opponents' convention. For their part, the Democrats sent no one to New Orleans—it wasn't necessary. Using satellite technology, the networks found and granted live interviews to a slew of Democratic spokesmen, including vice-presidential candidate Lloyd Bentsen, former presidential candidate Jesse Jackson, Dukakis Campaign Chairman Paul Brountas, and Dukakis Campaign Manager Susan Estrich. Predictably, they all used their forums to blast the Republicans.

And when the reporters conducted their interviews, what questions did they ask? During the Democratic National Convention, 667 questions were posed by the networks to people on the floor or in the booth. The vast majority dealt with milquetoast issues, such as reactions to speeches, comments on the popularity of the ticket, and other mundane matters. Only 49 questions dealt with Republican-agenda issues, or questions Republicans would want to see asked. For example, NBC's Chris Wallace asked Senator Al Gore: "You campaigned against Dukakis and your other opponents saying they're soft on defense. Aren't Republicans this fall going to be able to use that same argument?"

But when those same reporters traveled to New Orleans they had a different set of questions in mind, insisting that Republicans respond to Democratic-agenda issues on 128 occasions, or two and a half times as often. For example, NBC's Tom Brokaw demanded of Senator Dan Quayle: "You're opposed to abortion in any form. You also have opposed the ERA and you're opposed to increasing the minimum wage, which is important to a lot of women out there. Aren't you going to have a hard time selling Dan Quayle to the women of the country?"

But the most blatant illustration of the media's double standard and political agenda during the two conventions dealt with their coverage of political controversies. To be sure, both parties carry political baggage that, when raised by the media, can be problematic. A short list of Democratic controversies would include the many (and growing) faces of the Jim Wright ethics investigation; the Lloyd Bentsen PAC fundraising scandal; the controversial Dukakis prison furlough program; the unraveling Massachusetts "miracle"; and Jesse Jackson's history of ethnic slurs and pro-Communist speeches. Throughout the entire coverage of the Democratic National Convention, the networks raised the Jim Wright ethics probe three times and the Lloyd Bentsen PAC fundraising scandal once. No other controversy was raised.

It follows then, that a balanced media would apply the same bland cov-

(Continues on page 78)

Mr. Bozell is the chairman of the Media Research Center, publishers of Mediawatch.

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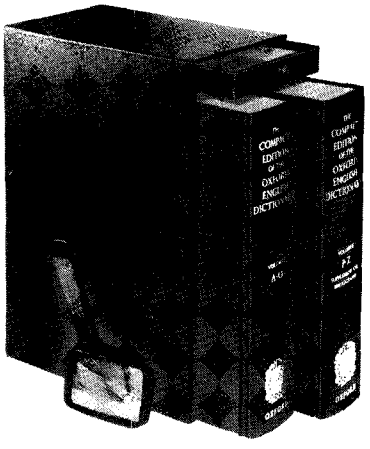

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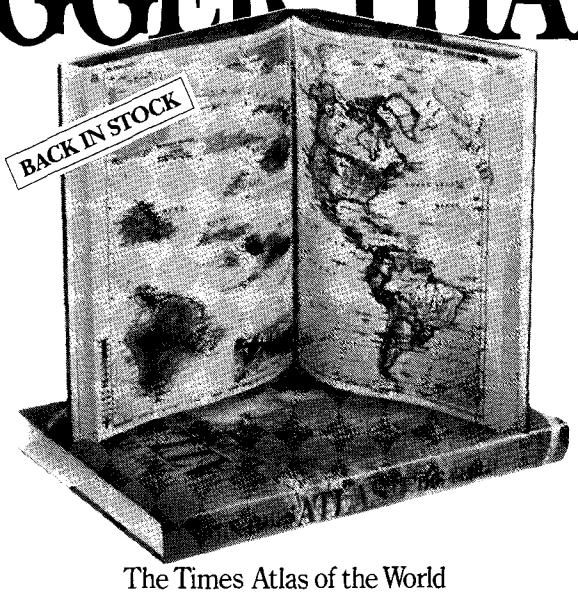

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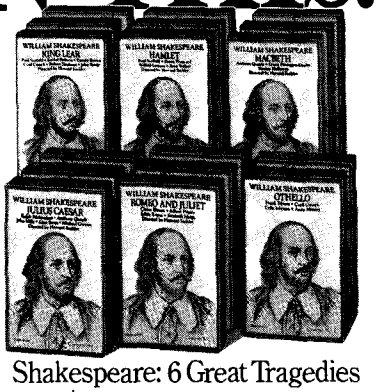

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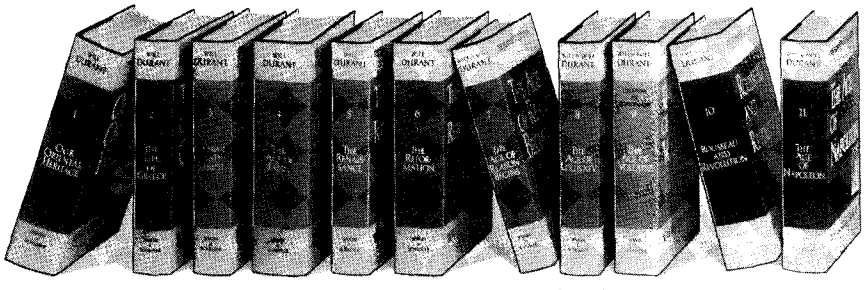

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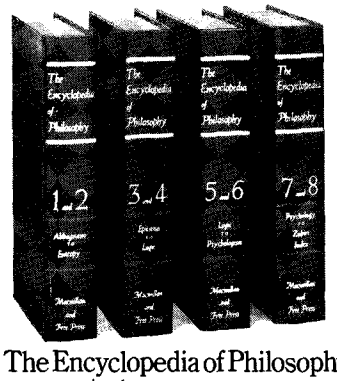

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Mike Dukakis is *competent—by his own standard.*
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"Social Justice" at the expense of the common man.

The Iceman Cometh

DON FEDER

Michael Dukakis has one ambiguous asset in his quest for the White House: an almost invulnerable ego. In his own mind, he doesn't make mistakes. His rigidity is legendary. When he made one of the major gaffes of this campaign—denouncing foreign ownership of American industry in what turned out to be an Italian-owned factory—he insisted afterward that "it wasn't a faux pas." Nobody else agreed.

Dukakis's ego suffered one shattering blow when he lost his first gubernatorial re-election bid to Edward King in 1978, but it seems to have made a full recovery. No fact can pierce the armor of his self-assurance, and unlike most politicians, he is undeterred by adverse public opinion. If the American people favor a mandatory Pledge of Allegiance in their schools, they are wrong. His state supreme court tells him so. And his opinion is only fortified by the fact that the court is dominated by his own appointees.

This is why the Duke can unblushingly offer himself to the nation on the theme of "competence"—even though an August opinion survey found 56 per cent of Massachusetts residents rating him "an ineffective governor." Only 36 per cent approved his performance. By September, the polls showed the Democratic nominee in a dead heat with George Bush in his own backyard.

Dukakis may think he's been an outstanding governor, but this is definitely a minority opinion in Massachusetts. His failure to excite the admiration of those who know him best should send a signal to voters in other parts of the country.

Dukakis drones on about the "Massachusetts Miracle" —the economic renaissance allegedly wrought by his brilliant policies. These claims are widely disputed. Even economists generally sympathetic to his programs acknowledge that the business boom of the early 1980s was due to factors beyond his control, including the stimulus of increased defense spending on high-tech industry and the effects of relatively stagnant population growth. Lately, the miracle has lost its luster, with the elimination of more than 100,000 manufacturing jobs and other gains in unemployment.

Far from being a snow-belt Shangri-La, Massachusetts is one of the most unlivable states in the union. In the past twenty years, the quality of life in the Bay State has declined decisively, due in no small part to the interventionist policies of the man who has governed it for half that period.

The state legislature recently came back into session, over the governor's objections, in an effort to deal with the crisis of auto-insurance rates. In the past two years, rates have risen 32 per cent, and the insurance industry has requested a 19.2-per-cent increase for 1989. Even without that increase, Massachusetts has the fourth-highest auto-insurance premiums in the nation.

Not that insurers are making a mint off Massachusetts motorists. The industry as a whole is losing a million dollars a day in the state. After a number of national firms retreated from the field, the state began to block the departure of others. (In an unprecedented move, the insurance commissioner renewed the licenses of local agents selling the insurance against the companies' will.) Still, many insurers are so frantic to leave that they've paid exorbitant bribes, in the form of contributions to the state's high-risk pool, for the privilege of departing. One hundred million dollars was extorted from The Kemper Group in this manner.

The genesis of the emergency lies in the state's no-fault law, enacted in 1967. The man behind it? Then-state representative Michael Dukakis (D., Brookline). The irresponsibility engendered by the no-fault law contributed to making the Massachusetts motorist the tire-screeching terror of the highways. The state has the highest liability-insurance claim rate in the nation—more than half its drivers are in the high-risk category.

Along with the no-fault law came massive state intervention in auto insurance. Rates are set by the state's insurance commissioner, resulting in startling inequities. High-risk inner-city drivers are subsidized by suburban and rural motorists. For a typical insurance package, an 18-year-old male in Charlestown—part of Greater Boston—pays $2,458, while the same insurance costs his counterpart in Hartford $3,673, in Philadelphia $6,672, and in Los Angeles $7,880. The difference is picked up by residents of Marblehead, Gloucester, and Waltham. This rate redistribution is a reflection of Dukakis's sack-the-middle-class philosophy.

Mr. Feder writes for the Boston Herald*; his column is syndicated by Heritage Features.*

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The Legends of Mikey Harvard

(with apologies to Damon Runyon)

IT COMES ON A crisp day in October, in the town of Boston and I am in Boston to see the playoffs between the Red Sox and the Oakland A's. Ordinarily, I will not go around the corner, much less leave Manhattan, to see a baseball game. But I am a guest on this trip of Mr. Meyer Marmalade, and I am always willing to visit novel places when I am the guest of someone else. This Marmalade is a most superior character, who makes his living by placing bets on contests of skill. He has a bet on Oakland to win the pennant, and he loves to see these contests.

As I come to learn, Meyer Marmalade grows up in a place called Brookline, which is practically part of Boston. Meyer still feels close enough to his home town that he feels mildly disloyal in betting on Oakland. But Meyer thinks that business is business, and he especially thinks that the Red Sox cannot win this playoff unless they clone Mike Greenwell, and this they do not have time to do, even if the series goes to seven games.

At any rate, we are going to supper one night, at the Copley Plaza, when we suddenly find ourselves in the middle of a reception for the governor of the state, who is now running for President. The room is filled with contractors and other high-rollers doing business with the state. These parties wish to be there in person to make anonymous contributions to the campaign. I do not find this company uplifting, but I am tempted to stay when I see the governor himself walking among the guests, shaking hands, and giving everyone a medium hello. I am about to shake his hand myself, when Meyer pulls me away and says, "Why, this is no one but the character I know in school years ago, and if we stay, I will be asked to make a contribution or even pick up the check for his supper."

Hadley Arkes is Edward Ney Professor of American Institutions at Amherst College.

This does not seem to me a kindly way of avoiding a friend from school, even if he is running for President, but Meyer explains to me as follows. It seems he comes to know the current governor when they are both students at the Harvard Law School, and the governor is then known around town as Mikey Harvard. His real name is in Greek, but he comes by this tag because it is said around and about that he is more Harvard than Greek. In fact, people think he is more Harvard than Harvard. This Mikey Harvard, when Meyer knows him, is no laughing matter. In fact, he is as comic as an insurance salesman; and the only funny stories about him concern his cheapness in spending his own money. When he is elected governor, he shows he is a frugal type by riding to the office on the Boston T.

Some parties say Mikey is being cagey in teaching a lesson—namely, that he will be very tight in spending the bank notes of the public. But this is by no means the case. The scribes who watch the political scene say that, since Mikey loses the governorship and comes back, he becomes no mean hand at dishing out public money. In fact, the public payroll grows more than somewhat. But Mikey says that this is only because so many selfish gees insist on cutting taxes.

I am sure that Mikey Harvard is merely trying to be helpful, but Meyer says that is the problem. Mikey Harvard, he says, thinks that anything good happens only because he is in motion. Mikey tries to put the chill on the scheme to cut property taxes; he also claims that the Reagan tax cuts are unfair. But when the cuts in taxes bring good times, Mikey is sure that he himself makes the whole thing happen. It may be a good thing, says Meyer, that Massachusetts suffers a decline in population. "Why, if more citizens are born into the state, Mikey will surely take credit."

All of this makes sense to me, but I am surprised to learn that a character such as Meyer Marmalade should do time at the Harvard Law School. Meyer says it is a long story, but after he gets his degree, he finds he is still too tender for the ways of lawyers. Besides, he learns at law school that law seems mainly to do with predicting the outcome of contests, and balancing gains and losses. "And if that is what the law is," he says, "I find I do better spending my days among the professionals in making predictions and placing bets. There are certain things, after all, that bookies will not do. And they can be trusted more, I think, than the characters I see these days around the Harvard Law School. You may remember some of them, perhaps, from the hearings on Judge Bork."

Meyer is sure that if Mikey Harvard is elected President, there may be nobody left around the Harvard Law School, since many of the professors will become judges. "For myself," says Meyer, "I prefer the company of the citizens collected in Mindy's restaurant in Manhattan. When Harry the Horse gives you his marker, he will not welsh if he can help it. And it will not occur to him to wonder whether the net balance of social utilities may be higher if he welshes just once or twice. In fact, I am proud to say that there are very few utilitarians among the gamblers. Of course, a citizen who is not careful about his company may find a few lapsed characters from Critical Legal Studies. But they can generally be spotted playing gin rummy, because no one in this man's town goes in for gin rummy as a steady proposition."

"But Meyer," I say, "you are a businessman who does not let sentiment get in the way of his judgment. What odds do you lay on Mikey Harvard?" "We come back again next year," he says, "to see the Red Sox lose the playoffs again. And it is 12 to seven that we find Mikey Harvard playing gin rummy in Brookline."

—HADLEY ARKES

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If auto-insurance rates are high, real-estate prices are unconscionable. Preening on the campaign trail, Dukakis avows: "We gotta decide whether or not we believe decent affordable housing for the people of this country as [*sic*] the birthright of every American citizen. I believe it is." Yet in the governor's hometown, the cost of habitation is positively indecent.

According to a recent survey by the Boston Redevelopment Authority, only 6 per cent of the city's residents can afford to buy a median-priced house. Over the past decade, the cost of the average single-family home statewide has increased 77.9 per cent, to $147,800 ($175,800 in the Boston area). Of 63 cities surveyed by the National Association of Realtors last year, Boston had the second-highest costs for an existing single-family home.

Rental housing has followed this trend. Only San Francisco, San Diego, and Washington, D.C., posted higher rents in 1987.

Dukakis may think he's been an outstanding governor, but this is a minority opinion in Massachusetts. His failure to excite should send a signal to voters elsewhere.

Unreasonable zoning laws, which the state has fostered, are one factor in the high cost of housing. Rent control is another. Boston, Cambridge, and Brookline (the governor's hometown) all have stringent controls. In the past two decades, artificially low rents have discouraged construction of new rental units. (The latter currently are outside controls, but developers reasonably fear they might be included at a later date.)

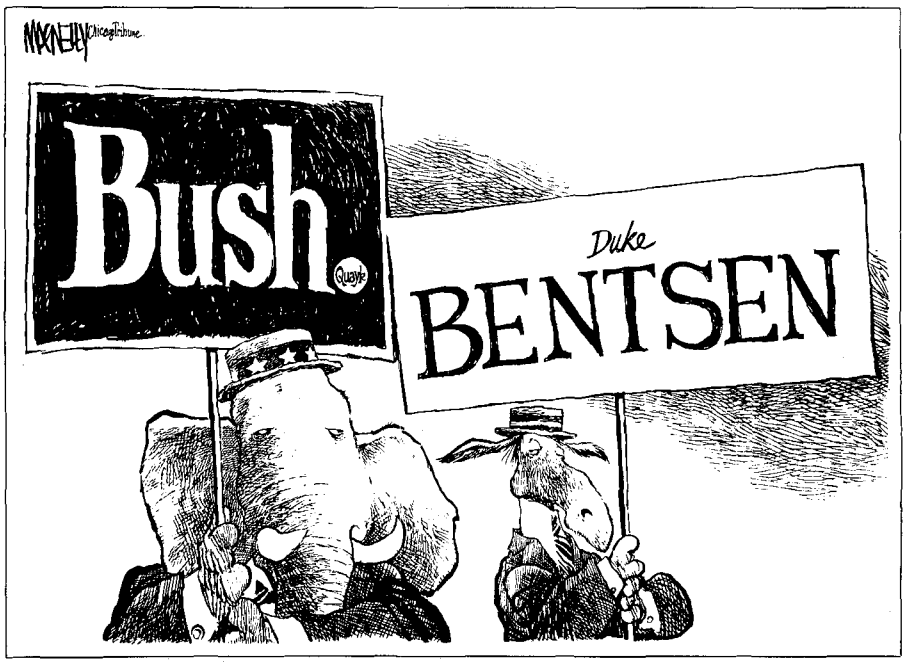
The result is soaring rentals on the few new units that are built, as well as on older, decontrolled apartments. Rent control also has spurred condominium conversion, taking many units off the rental market. Once again, the young Duke had a hand in molding the monstrosity. Brookline's rent control was adopted at the town meeting in 1969. A long-time resident of the community recalls town-meeting member (and state representative) Michael Dukakis rising and making an impassioned plea for tenant socialism. It was a ten-minute oration that swayed the gathering. If affordable habitation is indeed a birthright, Mike Dukakis has helped to rob Bostonians of theirs.

Rent control is not the only example of Dukakis's statism, and auto insurers are not the only fugitives. Dr. James J. Siragusa, president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, reports that whereas five years ago 90 per cent of Massachusetts-born doctors who did their residencies in the state remained to practice medicine there, today half are leaving. Established physicians are joining the exodus, or taking early retirement, resulting in, for example, the loss of 20 per cent of the state's orthopedic surgeons since 1983. There is only one neurosurgeon for the entire Connecticut Valley.

The Massachusetts Medical Association has declared the state "an undesirable location in which to practice." At its December 8, 1987, meeting the AMA House of Delegates unanimously passed a resolution calling for "a moment of silence in memory of the loss of freedom in what was once referred to as the cradle of liberty, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." To such complaints, Catherine Dunham, director of Dukakis's Office of Human Resources, contemptuously replies: "We are not going to roll the clock back. We couldn't if we wanted. The doctors are going to have to grapple with the realities."

Among the realities physicians confront in Massachusetts are two unique laws. In 1984, the state legislature passed a measure, with the governor's blessing, prohibiting doctors from trying to recover the difference between Blue Shield allowable rates and their customary fees, a practice known as balanced billing. The following year, a similar prohibition was passed for Medicare payments—which generally are 30 per cent lower than physicians' standard fees—regardless of the patient's ability to pay. Massachusetts is the only state with such strictures. And if that wasn't enough, the state legislature periodically threatens to make acceptance of Medicaid patients a condition of licensure, to close off the last avenue of escape. In consequence, doctors in Massachusetts earn substantially less than their colleagues elsewhere—$17,000 a year less, in the case of internists.

The medical community also complains of what Dr. Barry Manuel, associate dean of the Boston University School of Medicine, calls "undue scrutinization" by the state's Board of Registration. Doctors doing hospital rounds are



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On The Democrats' Agenda

ALTHOUGH THE Democratic Party Platform has been widely described as not containing anything of substance or significance —"bland" is the word most frequently used—that description is simply not accurate. On the contrary, the platform contains nearly the entire liberal agenda, which, as before, reflects the goals of the various interest groups to which the party is responsive—labor, women, blacks, environmentalists, etc. Following is a sampler of specific items that Governor Dukakis should be called upon either to defend—in detail—or to repudiate.

LABOR

Full-employment economy. Presumably this contemplates yet another "jobs bill," with government creating, or subsidizing the creation of, jobs as in the ill-fated Humphrey-Hawkins effort of a few years back.

Major overhaul of the labor law. The AFL-CIO's objective is revision of the National Labor Relations Act to make employer resistance to unionization and to union wage demands difficult or impossible. The platform calls for an "effective law that guarantees [all workers] their rights to organize, join the union of their choice, and bargain collectively with their employer free from anti-union tactics." Since the National Labor Relations Act already provides those rights, the platform evidently aims at something more, and the clue is provided by the phrase "free from anti-union tactics." "Anti-union" in this context means *anything* that hinders the achievement of labor's objectives. Thus the platform proposes changing the present law so as to make difficult or impossible any employer resistance to union efforts.

No substandard wage competition for public contracts. Since the AFL-CIO believes that the only legitimate "standard" is the union contract rate, this plank proposes to compel all government contract work to be performed by union labor, at union rates, and subject to costly union work rules, rather than to be performed by the lowest responsible bidder without regard to union status.

FEMINISTS

Adoption of the Equal Rights Amendment.

Pay equity for working women. There already exists a law—the Equal Pay Act—guaranteeing women equal pay for equal work. This plank goes further and embraces the concept known as "comparable worth," whereby government—rather than the employment market—will determine the relative worth of particular occupations to an employer and the wages the employer must, therefore, pay for such jobs.

The fundamental right of reproductive choice should be guaranteed regardless of ability to pay. Abortion-on-demand at taxpayer expense.

ECONOMICS AND BUSINESS

Demand special commitments in exchange for bailing out financial institutions that are failing. Another Jacksonian section, this one envisions providing "crucial credit" to otherwise non-credit-worthy borrowers and projects—the latter also to be aided by "reformed [and] expanded community reinvestment" laws. In other words, a condition for rescuing a failed bank will be to require it to make still more bad loans!

Assure equal access to business enterprise to every citizen. This open-ended promise is found alongside a pledge to assure access to government services, employment, housing, etc. It is not clear just how much government intervention is contemplated to ensure people ("regardless of race, sex, national origin, religion, age, handicapping conditions, or sexual orientation") who would like to be entrepreneurs that they will be helped to enter "business enterprise," but it can be assumed that new and expanded programs for "minority business" will be required.

MINORITIES

A solid commitment to affirmative action, including goals, timetables, and procurement set-asides.

Return of federally held foreclosed lands to minorities. Can it be that this really envisions some sort of banana republic-type land redistribution? Any suggestion that land seized from A by government foreclosure should be given to B needs to be exposed.

FARMERS AND FARMS

Break up corporate farms. The platform states: "We believe that all Americans, producers and consumers alike, benefit when food and fiber are produced not by a few large corporations and conglomerates but by hundreds of thousands of family farmers obtaining a fair price for their product." Consumers benefit from lower prices, regardless of who provides them. Jackson is probably ignorant of this. Is Dukakis?

ENERGY AND ENVIRONMENT

Dependable supplies at reasonable prices. This means government controlling the supply and price of energy commodities, the Democrats having evidently learned nothing from our previous experiences with price controls and supply allocations.

New, environmentally sound manufacturing and farming technologies. This is proposed as a cure for the "poisoning of our air with acid rain, the dumping of toxic wastes," etc., which allegedly have characterized the Reagan years. But who will decide what is "environmentally sound"? Who will enforce the decision, and how? And who will bear the cost?

THESE PLANKS NEED to be challenged, exposed, and rebutted. It is not necessary that everybody read the platform as containing *every* one of the above items. Admittedly, some of them took some degree of exegesis. The intention of this exercise is simply to demonstrate a) that there is more to the Democratic platform than met most commentators' eyes and b) that it is no accident that they were fooled.

—F. A. O'CONNELL

Mr. O'Connell has specialized in labor law for more than thirty years.

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accustomed to giving informal assessments of patients' conditions. A requirement that such observations be recorded has inhibited the evaluations, for fear of malpractice suits. Lack of candor by examining physicians works to the detriment of both patients and doctors.

Doctors who continue to practice in the state are dejected. "I've never seen such a group of dispirited people in any field as I see in the medical profession [in Massachusetts]," says Dr. John C. Molloy, an orthopedic surgeon in Boston. Consumers will eventually feel the impact of this bureaucratic war on medicine, in the form of declining quality and availability of health-care services.

ANOTHER INCIPIENT Massachusetts crisis involves energy. This summer, New England was hit with a series of brown-outs, power reductions of 5 per cent. To cope with the cutbacks, one Friday in August, Boston's City Hall was closed and workers at four downtown office towers were sent home before noon. Summer peak power requirements rose 1,600 megawatts over the same period in 1987. Since 1975, the region has experienced a 30-per-cent increase in consumption of electricity. For the past four years, demand has grown at 4.5 per cent, compounded annually.

Yet for all Dukakis's taxing and spending, everything in the state seems to be either broken, understaffed, in short supply, or below standard quality.

New England is the most energy-poor region in the country, having neither coal, on-shore oil, natural gas, nor significant hydro-electric power. Charles Gray, chief counsel of the National Association of Utility Regulators, observes: "The accepted wisdom here in Washington is that New England is the region likely to have a capacity crisis before anywhere else. New England more than any other region of the nation needs new energy sources."

The only possible new energy source is nuclear power, but Michael Dukakis is a dedicated nuclear-phobe who is doing everything short of dynamiting reactors to sabotage nuclear plants in the region. In an effort to rationalize his prejudice, the governor declares the Chernobyl disaster convinced him of the inherent instability of energy from the atom, which is akin to saying that the sinking of the *Titanic* had proved one of the intrinsic hazards of cruise ships.

For the past several years, Dukakis has successfully blocked operation of New Hampshire's Seabrook plant by simply refusing to submit evacuation plans for the six Massachusetts communities within a 15-minute radius of the facility. (The NRC planning regulation was intended to give states and localities input into drawing up evacuation plans, not a veto over operation of nuclear plants.) Because of this Naderite obstructionism, a $3.2-billion facility with a 1,100-megawatt reactor sits idle. Dukakis also opposes restart of Massachusetts's own Pilgrim plant, closed since 1986, with the capacity to generate 670 megawatts annually. In mid October the governor announced the state would sue to block restart of the facility, should federal regulators move in that direction.

Dukakis further favors a moratorium on offshore oil drilling on the Georges Bank in the North Atlantic, and has sued the Department of the Interior on a number of occasions to prevent energy development in the area. Just how the governor thinks his state should meet its future energy needs is anyone's guess. As businesses begin relocating to areas with more reliable power sources, the "Massachusetts Miracle" will erode yet further.

The governor's environmental concern seems to swing from absurd overcaution, in the case of nuclear power, to sublime indifference, in the case of the polluted Boston Harbor. Last year, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration rated the harbor the most contaminated in America. Each day, 450 million gallons of sewage and fresh water are pumped into the ocean off the Massachusetts coast. Whenever it rains, untreated human waste drains into the harbor from overflow pipes in more than one hundred locations, leaving a sickening trail of brown slime in the water.

POLITICIANS AND THE PUBLIC have been aware of the problem since the Sixties. In his first campaign for governor (1974), Dukakis engaged in the smug stump rhetoric that has (deservedly) come back to haunt him: "Massachusetts has shamefully neglected its great harbor for decades." In keeping with that tradition of laxity, Dukakis continued, as governor, to ignore the troublesome situation. In 1972, the administration of Frank Sargent, his Republican predecessor, signed an agreement with the EPA, committing the commonwealth to build a new secondary-treatment plant for sewage, to be operational by December 31, 1980.

In 1977, Congress amended the Clean Water Act to allow waivers from the mandate to move forward with secondary treatment, for areas that could demonstrate that their sewage discharge does not "interfere with the attainment or maintenance of that water quality which assures protection of the public water supplies. . . . " The provision was intended for West Coast cities that discharge into deep Pacific waters, rather than those disgorging waste into the shallow waters of the East Coast. Nonetheless, Dukakis filed for such a waiver in 1978. In 1983, the EPA at last rejected the application. Now it appears that Boston may have a secondary treatment plant by 1999.

Why the procrastination? Ken Bruno, local toxic-waste coordinator for Greenpeace, discloses: "I have heard him [Dukakis] claim that we simply didn't have the money at the time." Didn't have the money? But Dukakis did find the funds to build his own political empire—an amorphous bureaucracy worthy of a people's republic. During his second term alone he hired ten thousand new state workers. And the number of "consultants" employed by the state—mostly recruited from Massachusetts's countless academies—has burgeoned beyond reckoning. "The cost to taxpayers," the state auditor (a Democrat, by the way) reported

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in 1987, "has increased 300 per cent in ten years, from $126 million in 1975 to $384 million last year [1986]. And ridiculous as it may sound, no one knows how many consultants are on the state payroll." Meanwhile, Boston Harbor was filling with human and industrial waste.

Boston householders will pay the price for this neglect. It is estimated that in eight years the average homeowner, who now pays $300 a year for water and sewer services, will see his annual bill soar to $1,200. The candidate who touts his record as a problem-solver par excellence truly proved his administrative abilities with the handling of this fiasco.

Massachusetts citizens often wonder what their taxes purchase in terms of government services. Combined state taxes are the fourth highest in the United States, 43 per cent above the national average. Personal income levies are the second highest, 141 per cent above the national average. Dukakis has proposed and signed increases in almost every major state tax: personal income, sales, corporate, excise, new-business income, banking, estate, meals, room occupancy, hotel, tobacco, alcohol, and gasoline. He favored an amendment to the state constitution to permit a graduated income tax. He opposed Proposition 2½ (which cut property taxes) as well as a cap on state taxes. And he has increased state spending by 79 per cent since 1983.

Yet for all Dukakis's taxing and spending, everything in the state seems to be either broken, understaffed, in short supply, or below standard quality. It throws a weird light on Dukakis's carefully cultivated image as a competent manager.

To cite but two examples, the state's prisons and mental hospitals are a head-hanging disgrace. In March 1986, the Public Citizen Research Group released a study ("Care of the Seriously Mentally Ill") that ranks Massachusetts 41st in the quality of care afforded the insane. None of the state's seven mental hospitals is federally accredited. In the past year, patient advocacy groups have questioned the circumstances of nine deaths at the Worcester State Hospital and seven at the Danvers State Hospital. In 1985, with the looming threat of a federal-court takeover of the system, the state approved a renovation plan. But to help offset anticipated deficits in his 1988 and 1989 budgets, Dukakis withdrew some $17 million the legislature had allocated for this purpose.

At the Dorchester-Mattapan Community Health Center in Boston, a visitor this summer saw clogged toilets, bathroom sinks stinking with stagnant water, and patients sleeping on bare mattresses on the floors. In the Waltham State Hospital, as many as twenty patients sleep in each dormitory room, sharing a single shower. These rooms lack air-conditioning, and many have sealed windows. During this past July and August, inside temperatures soared to 93 degrees. Says Edward M. Murphy, commissioner of the state Department of Mental Health and a Dukakis appointee: "If the private psychiatric hospitals we license did this, we'd close them down."

The state's low rating in mental-health care is all the more strange considering that since 1975 the budget for the Department of Mental Health has risen from $198 million to $878 million. But this record hasn't stopped Dukakis from bewailing the Reagan Administration's "lack of compassion."

Massachusetts prisons are no better. A riot in the Essex County House of Corrections this August, in which eight inmates were injured and one wing of the 144-year-old structure destroyed, underscored the problem. Little wonder Dukakis released so many murderers on furlough: there's no place to put them. The state's prison system consistently ranks among the three most overcrowded in the nation. Of the state's 13 prisons, three are twenty to 49 years old, eight were built from fifty to 99 years ago, and two structures have seen their centennials.

The governor's token effort to improve prison conditions seems as much a means of rewarding his supporters. In 1986, Dukakis decided to build a prison in the rural community of New Braintree, over the objections of the Massachusetts inspector general, and requested a $10-million appropriation to purchase the site. Six months earlier, two Dukakis cronies (one of whom later "maxed out" in campaign contributions) had acquired the property for $3 million.

DUKAKIS DOESN'T CLAIM infallibility. He probably feels he would be the first to acknowledge a mistake, in the unlikely event that he ever made one. But to those who think he has already made quite a few, his attitude seems insufferably arrogant, not to say disastrously rigid. His conviction of his supreme "competence" is of a piece with his elitism and his liberal ideology. He fancies himself an expert who doesn't need the opinions of lesser mortals, such as voters. He takes a punitive attitude toward taxpayers and the private sector. Ruling in conjunction with his fellow experts—his supreme court, his hand-picked cronies, his myriad of "consultants"—he has created a sort of New Class political machine.

The waste and inefficiency of this machine are glaringly visible to ordinary citizens, yet the "Massachusetts Miracle" is touted by its public-sector beneficiaries, to whom a swell share of the state's wealth is routinely funneled. "Waste" is often in the eye of the beholder. Protected against the stern judgment of the marketplace, state employees who share Dukakis's collectivist ideology don't feel that money going into their pockets is wasted at all. His arrogance is also theirs. Their "competence" too is self-validated, immune to any test but their own expert judgment.

One of Dukakis's serious faults, says Michael Barone of the *Washington Post*, is "an over-reliance on supposed experts." Barone continues: "Dukakis is in trouble politically—trouble he didn't anticipate—because he relied on expert criminologists who assured him it was progressive to give weekend furloughs to murderers sentenced to life-without-parole and on expert legal scholars and judges who argued that he had to veto the law requiring teachers to lead students in the Pledge of Allegiance. Sometimes the experts are wrong and ordinary people are right—particularly when you're running in an election in which ordinary people cast 99 per cent of the votes."

Only within the closed circle of ideology can Dukakis be called "competent." This probably explains the high rating he awards himself, when he's clearly a failure in terms of ordinary experience. The Americans for Democratic Action may generally approve of the way he has governed, but when he promises to do for America what he's done for Massachusetts, America should recoil at the prospect. □

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GEORGE HERBERT WALKER BUSH

If Bush makes it to the Oval Office, how willing or able will he be to build an establishment with conservatives in it? For the past eight years he's seen what works. That should be all the encouragement he needs.

The Establishment Man

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE DAY AFTER George Bush and Michael Dukakis first met to debate which of them was better qualified to go to the White House, I went to look at their houses.

Governor Dukakis's house in Brookline, the one whose garage contains the famous snow-blower, is only thirty minutes from Logan Airport by car, so I went there first. Brookline was the location of America's first country club —which is to say, the first place rich WASPs built to flee the advance of social-climbing ethnics—in this case, the Irish. When an English golf writer made a humorous reference to this fact in a piece on the 1988 U.S. Open, which was played in Brookline, Boston's Mayor Flynn went ballistic. (Even now, the ethnic resentments of Boston make New York look like the Peaceable Kingdom.) The Irish soon found the way to Brookline, however, along with, as the world now knows, some Greeks.

Dukakis's street was neat and slumbrous. The only sign that a resident was seeking higher office was a Secret Service man, reading a magazine on the Duke's front sidewalk. There are two small apartment buildings on one end of the block. The rest is houses, sixty years old or more, with odd little turrets and widow's walks, sharing their tiny lots with tall trees. A few of the driveways were unsurfaced, which I took to be a sign of chic. Plastic trash bags lined the curbs, bulging with pine needles and chestnuts. The bumper stickers on the parked cars—SAVE THE WHALES, WE'RE HORSE PEOPLE—must have been supplied by Lee Atwater.

An hour and a half, and a rung up the social ladder away, lies George Bush's summer house in Kennebunkport. From any distance, the Maine coast is bleak: pine trees giving way to flat nothing. Only in the ditches, filled in September with asters and touch-me-nots, does it brighten up.

The Bush house is around the corner from the harbor mouth, on Walker Point. Walker, as it happens, was the maiden name of George Bush's mother, Dorothy. His father, Prescott, in marrying her, married up. The Vice President himself only bought full title to the house a few years ago. Here, the Secret Service had blocked the driveway with saw-horses. Back of these stood two fieldstone gateposts with bronze light stands—original work. The house has been so added to it's hard to guess its Twenties shape. On the grounds, you can glimpse a swimming pool, a tennis court, a flagpole. On this street there was some rubbernecking, but still no fanfare. An elderly Englishman squinting through a pair of binoculars asked me if there was anything special hereabouts. I told him, George Bush's house.

"Rilly," he said, surprised.

George Bush vacationed in Maine, but he grew up in Greenwich, Connecticut. (He was born in Milton, Massachusetts—not far from Brookline.) Walt Harrington, writing about Bush's background in *The Washington Post Magazine*, spoke of "homes visible from the road only when the leaves were off the trees." This is not true of the former Bush home in Greenwich, which is plainly visible, atop a wide, sloping lawn, between the rhododendrons and the maples. The house is grey stucco, bulky, and *bürgerlich*. You could make the porte-cochère from the street with a good chip shot. Here George Bush grew up; here his father made his penultimate career move, into a partnership at Brown Brothers, Harriman.

The cabbie who took me past the old Bush house threw in Bush's mother's and his brother's houses as extras. Jonathan Bush's street was half-lined with roadblocks, alternating left and right, with warnings to drive slowly on account of children. I asked if this was a private street. The cabbie wasn't sure. "When the whole street's wealthy, they consider it private." Then, a supply-side sentiment, with an apposite spin on it. "What the Democrats don't understand is, when you raise taxes, it hurts the little guy. It doesn't hurt the rich."

THE POINT OF ALL THIS political real estate is simply that George Bush was bound to figure in one elite or another, if he had the talent and the inclination. There was a good chance that the elite would be political: Prescott Bush's last move was into the United States Senate; he supported Ike in the GOP donnybrook of 1952. The Bushes were not uppermost crust: you could, after all, drop Walker Point and Grove Lane into the Rockefeller demesne at Pocantico Hills, and never find them again. The Bushes, father and son, worked for their money—or, more precisely, worked to keep it and make more of it. (Some people, not all of them liberals, become surprisingly

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Back at the Club

THIS SPRING I was the after-dinner speaker at a convention held by one of the two main GOP clubs in California. Pat Robertson, still in the race, was the main luncheon speaker. Perhaps a hundred Robertson supporters had shown up. The word was they were trying to take control of the club.

They failed—there weren't enough of them. But it was interesting to note the discreet indignation of the party regulars; it was obvious that they regarded the Republican Party as *their* party—outsiders not welcome. If the event was any guide, the GOP is still stuck with the problem that those who run it would rather lose the election than lose control of the party.

At one point I quietly mentioned to one of the regulars that the GOP should make it its goal to get rid of affirmative action. He gave me a worried look, as though he feared that a federal judge might come bursting through the door and throw us all in jail if I kept up that kind of careless talk: perhaps we weren't sufficiently representative of the community as a whole or something. (I doubt if we were.)

In my remarks I expressed sympathy for the Robertson people, suggesting that the GOP was still dominated not so much by people who didn't want to win the war as by people who didn't know they were in a war. I added that the Democratic Party had been taken over by people who no longer believed in the rule of law; their agenda was one of unlimited government, and anti-American at its core. (Cheers from the Robertson corner, uneasy looks elsewhere.)

Later I was invited to meet with the Robertson people. They were younger than the regulars. It was clear by this time that their efforts to pressure the club had failed. What should they do? They couldn't bear to go home quite yet. I gathered their previous involvement in politics had been minimal, although some were disaffected Democrats.

These were the people the Vice President's son, Neil Bush, referred to last fall as "cockroaches" who "issued from the baseboards of the Bible Belt." They may have lacked sophistication, but their great merit was that they did know there was a war on, manifested, for example, in abortion and in the liberal hostility toward the idea that the U.S. should be defended. Ready for combat, they were being kept off the team.

If President Reagan's recent Cabinet appointees (cleared beforehand with Bush) are any guide, a Bush Administration will be business as usual for the GOP. The country-clubers will arrive in Washington ready to take orders from the bureaucracy and (unconsciously) the *New York Times*.

Most GOP appointees in recent decades have regarded Washington as a place where they can improve their résumés and enjoy a change of pace from Rotarianism and Wills & Estates. They see themselves as managers—the Democrats being unaccountably short on management skills. They accept a division of labor as though it flowed naturally from the two-party system itself: the Democrats decide on policy and the Republicans manage it. Businessmen see this as inevitable. Unlike the Democrats, they "know how to meet a payroll." A handful of Reagan appointees have shown that the agenda can be wrested from the Democrats. Bill Bennett and Jeane Kirkpatrick come to mind. But few Republicans who were not once themselves Democrats dare try anything so risky.

In Washington (as your run-of-the-mill GOP appointee has tended to see things), underlings will tell you what has to be done day to day. Tread carefully, however. Stray off the path of virtue and the *Washington Post* will fire a shot across your bows. Always remember you're a guest in the Democrats' town. Go to a Brookings seminar or two, maybe even risk a rendezvous at the Heritage Foundation. (But do steer clear of the Far Right—Richard Viguerie, Jesse Helms & Co.) Maybe one day you may even receive a dinner invitation from Katharine Graham.

The GOP has remained so immune to conservative influence for so long because there have been so few politically active conservatives: not enough to attain critical mass within the party. In the Nixon years, when Howard Phillips was battling the Office of Economic Opportunity and Pat Buchanan shocked Washington with his back-talk to the Ervin Committee, conservative activists in the Washington area could easily fit into one room and sometimes did—usually in outer Arlington. Today the conservatives, at full strength, could fill a house or two in McLean, Virginia.

Assistant Attorney General Stephen J. Markman, hunting in recent years for candidates for the federal judiciary, concluded that there was a "missing generation" in American political life. Within a certain age group (approximately 45 to 65) it has been hard to find qualified Republicans who understand the difference between limited constitutional government and goal-oriented judicial policy-making. Probably we are looking here at the long shadow of the Depression and World War II, which in succession delegitimized conservatism and encouraged the belief that good policy is by definition bi-partisan.

THE GOOD NEWS is that the younger generation moving into the party is much more conservative than the get-along businessmen they are supplanting. This is true even of the baby-boomers. Those who have abandoned the leftist causes of their youth have retained the enthusiasm of their youth, and many are now disposed to give battle to their former Sixties comrades.

The next generation includes a large number of conservative activists. I suspect therefore that it is only a matter of time before they take over the Republican Party and, at last, take on the Democratic Party. But it hasn't happened yet. Dare one hope, nonetheless, that the end of the Reagan Era will also be the end of the Eisenhower Era? —TOM BETHELL

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enraged when you point this out.) But George Bush, living where he lived, growing as he grew, could claim charter membership in any establishment going.

The politically relevant question, if the voters let him grow into the Oval Office, is, How willing or able will he be to build an establishment with conservatives in it?

Conservatives are not, in truth, the best establishment-making material. "The Right," says Burt Pines of the Heritage Foundation, "does not like to settle down and march through institutions. It wants to do the job and get out. If George Bush were to say, I want to create a community of prestige—of people who are reflexively asked to comment by the press; who, when they go overseas, are treated as dignitaries, and when they go to parties, are treated as celebrities; who, when they send an Op-Ed piece to any of the ten leading newspapers, the burden falls on the editors to say, I won't run it—one could devise a strategy by which George Bush does it.

> *'George Bush has not only served this President well, but has become a strong advocate for that agenda. He has gone well past what could be called lip service.'*

"First, there are hundreds of presidentially appointed advisory boards and panels. They don't have much power, but they credential. Second, use George Bush's public and private appearances over eight years to enhance the stature of various people. When you send the secretary of state to New York, and he gets an invitation to address the Council on Foreign Relations, the secretary says, 'I'd like to do it, but I'm addressing the Committee for the Free World.' If you have a strategy, in eight years you can do it. It's easy, it's free."

Governing, of course, is less easy. For years, conservatives judged George Bush's disposition—to turn to them for tasks easy or hard—to be slight. "His natural bent," Irving Kristol offered, "is to be someone like Governor Kean. Maybe his natural bent will bend."

But these days it is possible to turn up surprising numbers of conservatives who are more sanguine. "In 1980," says John Sununu, governor of New Hampshire, "I was a Reagan supporter because Reagan appeared to be more conservative [than George Bush]. He had a longer record, starting with the Goldwater speech, that made him a focal point for the conservative agenda. George Bush has not only served this President well, but has become a strong advocate for that agenda. On issues conservatives say are important to them, he has gone well past what could be called lip service."

Sununu, of course, is a partisan; if he is not rewarded with a Cabinet post for his services to George Bush in the New Hampshire primary, then there is no gratitude in human hearts. But it is possible to test the cool view and the hopeful view with specific instances.

The conservative sectaries who are uneasiest with Bush are the right-to-lifers. The Wake Forest debate was discouraging. Bush repeated his convention pledge—adoption, not abortion—but fell with a thump into the trap, laid by one of the reporters and sprung by Dukakis, of seeming to consider criminal penalties for women who have abortions. "In Church law, common law, American law until *Roe*, it was the abortionist that was supposed to swing, not the mother," says Jim McFadden, publisher of *The Human Life Review*. "Why he doesn't know that, I don't know. The message he exudes to the activists is that it's an issue he doesn't care about. Most of them I'm in touch with are working for him, but they're bitching."

AN INTERVIEW BUSH gave a *New York Times* reporter in August on SDI sent tremors through the ranks of the strategic defenders. In a long talk with Gerald M. Boyd, Bush called SDI "very expensive," and admitted he was "not at the point where I am prepared to say, go forward this minute" with even partial deployment. The *Times* headlined all this, BUSH IS CAUTIOUS. Strategic-defense advocate Gregory Fossedal notes that "the strategic-defense crowd all endorsed Kemp." Bush "likes SDI as a research program. How ready does he think it has to be?" Kim Holmes, of the Heritage Foundation, who submits papers on the subject to the Bush campaign, admitted to being "a bit perplexed" when the *Times* interview first appeared. "I became less concerned the more I got the impression that the *Times* had its own agenda"—that is, fishing for quotations that could make Bush seem hesitant. "We are still not exactly sure where George Bush would head with it. But people were not exactly sure where Reagan was heading with it."

"Does Bush know in his gut," Burt Pines asked me, "that SDI is important because it reduces the Soviet Union from a superpower to a big Third World country? I don't know. On the other hand, Bush understands the arguments [for it] in a way Reagan doesn't."

Conservatives can also point to successes in getting Bush's attention. Two of these were tactical. The conservative community first learned of Governor Dukakis's Pledge veto from a *Boston Globe* reporter, who mentioned it to a

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The Good Steward of the CIA

GEORGE BUSH served for fifty weeks and four days, from January 30, 1976, as director of the Central Intelligence Agency—the first politician to the post. His job was to protect Gerald Ford against surprises on the intelligence front. From the moment Richard Nixon stepped into Marine One in August 1974, Ford was running for election. As polling day neared, Bush was to be an important element in the campaign. Both the President and the Agency needed a DCI who would not be panicked by any new media stampede.

Bush was tough. His war record, his achievements—in Texas and in Republican politics—all spoke for him. Chairman of the Republican National Committee during Watergate, he had impressed Republicans as a caring man who had not quailed under fire. The almost complete abolition of secrecy had made the post of DCI—and the Administration—extremely vulnerable. So the party's troubleshooter was put in charge at Langley.

Bush was not appointed to politicize the Agency; instead he went there precisely because its position had become intensely political. The political essence of his tenure was underlined when, on January 20, 1977, he became the first DCI to leave because of a change at the White House.

Bush himself claims that he had responded to the call of duty; that the post was a political dead end. But in Bush there is a strong element of the *faux naif*. He acts dumber than he really is. At the beginning, the old hands on the Hill saw it as a step to the Presidency and insisted that Ford announce that Bush not be his running-mate in 1976. Bush, despite his denials, obviously saw the job for what it was too. "Give Frank Church a call," he said. "Tell him I'm a tame elephant."

The country had lost confidence in those apparently responsible for its management. The Agency was for many a synecdoche for embarrassment, inefficiency, and arrogant elitism: all qualities associated with what had gone wrong in Vietnam and with Nixon. Bush's job was to put that behind Ford and the Agency.

One of his first acts was to shake up the Agency's leadership. The Hill and the country were in general agreement that the top brass should be seen to pay for the painful revelations and worse suspicions plowed up by investigations by the press, Congress, and presidential commissions. Within six months of Bush's arrival, 11 of the 14 top Agency administrators had been changed.

He was nevertheless mindful of his constituents, restoring morale in the Agency by listening to the professionals and making it clear that the buck stopped with him. E. Hank Knoche, a pleasant, fun-loving longtime officer, became his deputy, signaling to those inside the Agency that Bush had not lost confidence in the whole enterprise, and to those watching outside that nothing very dangerous was likely to be initiated. It was a message appreciated by a staff that had had enough excitement, and by Republicans with an incumbent President in an election year. Bush handled Congress with the skill of an ex-member, appearing on the Hill 51 times in less than a year, drawing on the capital of his friendships and connections to take the heat off the CIA.

The extraordinary intra-Agency Team A/Team B ("Cassandra") debate about Soviet resources, capabilities, and intentions took place during 1976. It was a major political and bureaucratic challenge to the CIA's status and reputation, mounted by a formidable coalition of neoconservative intellectuals and movement conservative opponents of the détente consensus of the early 1970s. Bush loyally sided with Team A's view, which was not gravely alarmed.

Bush saw the President every week. He made a point of being non-partisan, while proving himself to be an effective political operator. He went to the Agency to make it as ordinary as possible, to impart a steadiness of tone, and in weeks he conveyed that identification with the Company which his successor, Stansfield Turner, failed to achieve in four years. Also within weeks, both he and Langley were out of the headlines.

Bush did not attempt to leave a personal mark. The closest he came was giving the British access to satellite surveillance of the Soviet Union and other parts of the world. He was acting politically again. Following the inquiries into the CIA, allied intelligence outfits had become very nervous of continuing to cooperate. Four Latin American secret services had actually broken their contacts with the Agency. Bush was seeking to demonstrate the value of cooperation with U.S. intelligence.

THE CIA HAS GIVEN Bush his main executive experience so far. He displayed loyalty, uprightness, and efficiency. Intelligently and worthily uncreative, he was not asked to be otherwise. He showed himself, however, to be more capable than he looked, with that strong sense of obligation downward which energizes and renews battered institutions, and generates strong personal followings. He proved to be a classic custodian: making sure all was ship-shape on his watch. His people knew that they would not be served up piecemeal to posturing politicians and excitable journalists. He did more for Agency morale than any DCI since Allen Dulles, and was rewarded with the Agency's loyalty and liking, and its long-term support. Many CIA people rooted for him in 1980; Dan Murphy, a deputy director, became Vice President Bush's chief of staff.

As 1976 wound down, Bush had to brief the President-elect. His team was explaining a particular problem due to come to a head around 1985. Carter held up his hand: "I don't need to worry about that," he said, looking at Bush. "By then George will be President and he can take care of it." —JOHN RANELAGH

Mr. Ranelagh, historian and television executive, is the author of The Agency—The Rise and Decline of the CIA.

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Washington conservative who prefers to blush unseen. The blusher passed the tidbit to Representative Newt Gingrich, who fed it to the Bush campaign. Gingrich's high standing with the Bushmen is something of a phenomenon. They began to look kindly upon the Georgia congressman when his crusade against Jim Wright took the spotlight off Ed Meese, and the heat off them. Gingrich, for his part, says, "I've only seen George Bush for thirty minutes this year." But the Bush campaign "is the most open bureaucracy I've ever worked with." When the furlough issue was fed to the Bush campaign by the Washington conservative *apparat*, the Bushmen brought in Grover Norquist, an old conservative hand, to manage it.

> *'I'm fairly upbeat about a Bush Administration. I think Bush really learned a lot in the last seven years from having lunched with Ronald Reagan alone.'*

There is general satisfaction with several of the campaign's regular personnel. Jim Pinkerton and Debbie Steelman in the policy shop draw high praise, as does the rhetoric of Peggy Noonan. "The reason Bush speeches sound like some of the same old stuff," says Gingrich, "is that they're the same old stuff." At the topmost level, the selection of Dan Quayle, the ensuing steeplechase apart, smoothed many a feather. "I know of a number of major conservative organizations," says Paul Weyrich of the Free Congress Foundation—and he cites evangelicals, anti-abortionists, and right-to-workers—"that are backing the ticket because they feel faith was kept with them" in the vice-presidential pick.

Sununu cites Bush's child-care proposal as an "excellent example" of conservative-issue success. "Child care will be a major social issue in the Nineties. George Bush worked aggressively to present a program that would spend money, not on the child-care industry, but on children." The Bush program is not a Reagan-era holdover, but "started as a clean sheet of paper." It is now "purely a George Bush program."

At the Polyconomics Church of the Supply Side, Jude Wanniski is guardedly optimistic. He is no fan of Treasury Secretary Nick Brady, and says of Jim Baker that "he has gone back and forth between Keynesians and supply-siders." The most important task of a Bush Administration, Wanniski thinks, "should be to shake up the world economic bureaucracies. The World Bank, the IMF, the State Department, and the Treasury Department are still selling austerity abroad. We need a supply-side *perestroika*." If Dick Darman were to become under-secretary of state for economic affairs, under Jim Baker, Wanniski would leap and dance.

He notes that Bush, in the Wake Forest debate, claimed the advice of Stanford's Michael Boskin, whom Wanniski likes, and of Harvard's Martin Feldstein, whose gloomy prognostications he deplores. "Feldstein's influence has diminished because of forecasting flaws. We're now in the 71st month of recovery. I'm fairly upbeat about a Bush Administration. I think Bush really learned a lot in the last seven years from having lunched with Ronald Reagan alone."

REPEATEDLY, ONE SENSES conservatives discovering the virtues of what was, six or seven years ago, a despised species: pragmatists. Bush, Paul Weyrich told me, "is not an intellectual in the sense he cares about issues philosophically. But he's very curious who's on which side, and why they're there, and how things come about. Jack Kemp already knew everything; Bob Dole was cynical. George Bush has a certain naïveté that is refreshing. One can bring him pieces of information which he seems interested in absorbing." Lee Atwater, Weyrich says of Bush's campaign powerhouse, "understands pragmatically that conservatism is the majority of the country. If you say, 'If you do this, these people will be angry,' that computes."

Gingrich offers a similar opinion of Bob Teeter, Bush's washed-in-the-bloodless moderate pollster. "Teeter understands the value of polarizing the Center-Right against the Left in a way he didn't even five years ago."

That is fine for the campaign season. But what about the following four, or eight, years? Burt Pines worries about a narrow victory, of the kind Richard Nixon won in 1968. "Nixon's reaction then was to reach out to the Left. Ronald Reagan spent his first term undoing not what FDR did, but what Richard Nixon had done in *his* first term."

The way to keep pragmatists in line, the Washington Right is saying, is pressure. "You couldn't use conservative networks in the Reagan Administration to oppose Ronald Reagan," Weyrich says regretfully. "Whatever he did, they still couldn't bring themselves to oppose the old man." A Bush White House "will lack the ability to quiet conservative unrest. If the networks are used, he may feel some heat."

Gingrich, it seems to me, deserves the last word. "All winning an election does is give you permission to get into the middle of the wrestling match."

As Russell Kirk used to say, Amen to that. The moment Ronald Reagan won in 1980, lights began going out all over the conservative mind, at least in those sectors of it that controlled political will power. He was our man. That was all on earth we knew, and all we needed to know. The high point, or low point, was the last *NR* editorial on the TEFRA bill—the Dole tax hike—of 1982, which the White House had finally decided to support. After weeks of hammering it, passionately and learnedly, we fired our last salvo—to which we tacked a P. S. saying that, though it was dumb, Reagan had invested precious political capital in it: therefore, pass it. (What about *our* capital?) Who said A, said Q.

George Bush, bless him, can't get away with that. I wonder if he will even try. He is an honorable man, who stabs a fellow in the front, never in the back. The patriotism that took him straight from Andover to the Pacific still burns in him. Most important, he is a politician. His 26-year career in the Republican Party coincides exactly with the ascendancy of the conservative wing. He has seen what works. Why shouldn't it be his future? □

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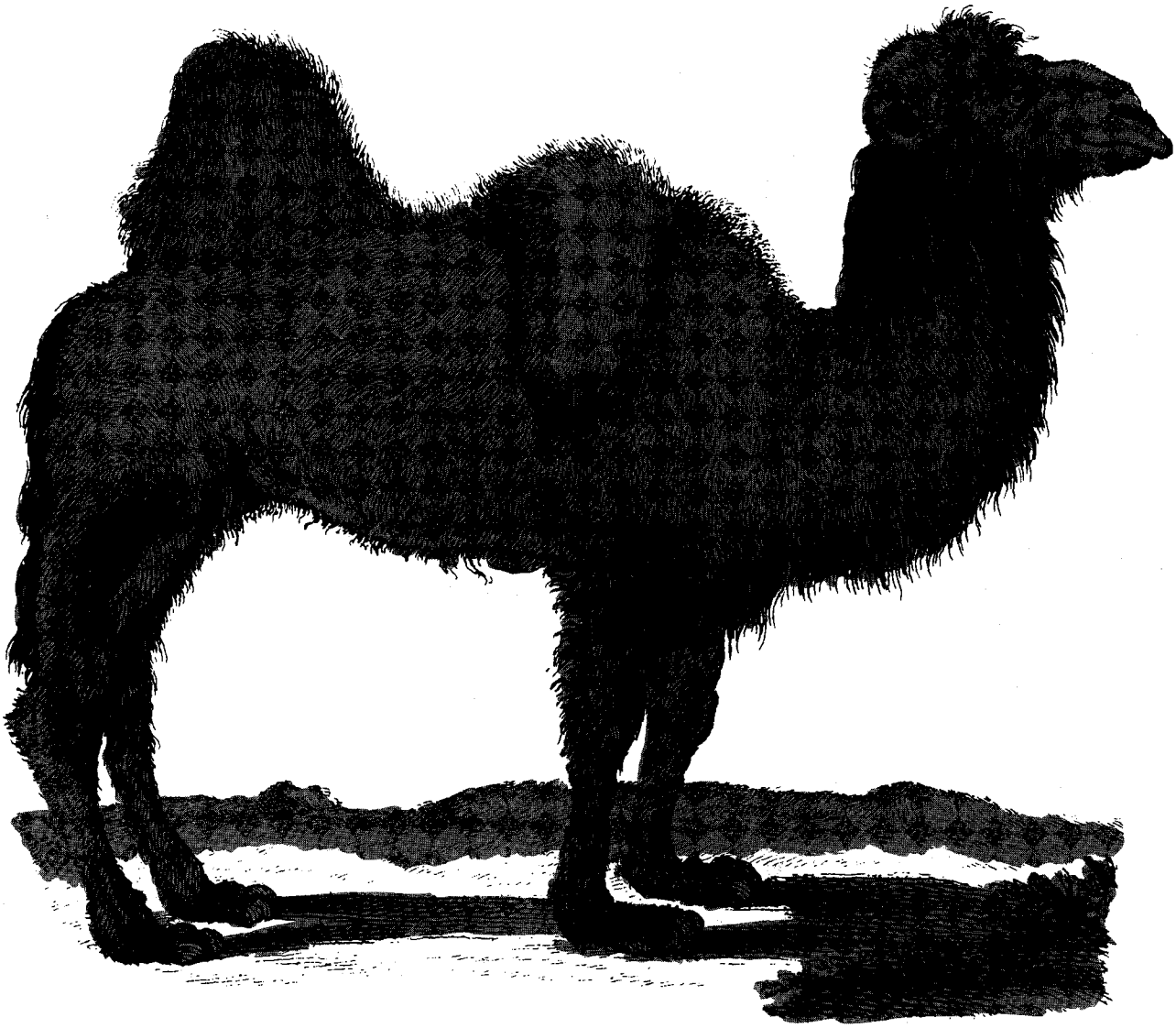

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Temptation

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And could, with the current deductions,
  Produce such a fabulous pot
That pols of whatever persuasion
  Would yield to the maddening sight
Of cash coming out of the windows,
  And do a dark deed in the night.

W. H. von Dreele

"OSHA has gone too far in ordering us to use parachutes."

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JACKSON, THE JEWS, AND THE DEMOCRATS

In recent weeks, accusations of anti-Semitism have been launched against the Bush campaign. Exposing and uprooting anti-Semitism should be a major concern for Jews and non-Jews alike, but where should the concern be focused? On the Republicans—considering the culpability, significance within their party, and treatment accorded Fred Malek? Hardly. Consider instead the Democrats, keeping in mind Jesse Jackson's culpability, his significance within their party, and treatment accorded him. Speaking as a Jew, I am saddened and alarmed by what Jackson shows about the Democratic Party, and by how Jews have reacted—or failed to react—to the threat he poses.

On nationwide television Jackson was asked why he would not repudiate his old comrade, the anti-Semite Louis Farrakhan. He answered, "It isn't necessary." On July 26 the *New York Times* published "Anti-Semitism in Chicago: A Stunning Silence," by Professor Eugene Kennedy of Loyola University. It began: "Virulent anti-Semitism has gripped Chicago's black community. Nobody morally powerful enough to try to combat it, including the Reverend Jesse Jackson, who lives here, has attempted to do so. It is so poisonous that the Reverend Andrew Greeley, a Roman Catholic priest and writer and a Chicagoan, has said, 'If I were Jewish, I'd be terrified.' . . . Why has he [Jackson] remained silent? As he campaigns for Governor Michael S. Dukakis, what conclusions can Jewish voters in Chicago—indeed, across the nation—draw from that silence?"

By coincidence or by design, alongside Professor Kennedy's piece was a report by columnist A. M. Rosenthal of a telephone call to him from Jackson. Rosenthal had written that Jackson "prides himself on reaching out to Cubans, Koreans, Mexicans, just about everybody, but has never found it in him to reach out so eagerly to Jews." Jackson told Rosenthal, "It is not true that I have not reached out to American Jews. . . . I have reached out time and again, and sometimes I reached out in pain." The reach has not extended to repudiating Farrakhan.

Three days later the *Times* ran a story from Chicago by one of its reporters, under a headline referring not to anti-Semitism but to "Black-Jewish Hostility." It contained a statement from a certain Steve Cokely that said, "The AIDS epidemic is a result of doctors, especially Jewish ones, who inject AIDS into blacks." Louis Farrakhan says that Cokely is a fine fellow—it was in a series of "lectures" in Farrakhan's headquarters that Cokely delivered his observations about Jews—and that the reason why Jews do not like what he said is that "the truth hurts."

As for Jackson, the *Times* reported him as saying that he "had spoken out against anti-Semitism . . . including at a campaign appearance earlier this year in suburban Skokie, where a synagogue had been defaced with swastikas by neo-Nazis. Mr. Jackson, who said he did not know Mr. Cokely, said it was 'time to consider the source and move on. . . . I don't see anyone holding press conferences condemning Koch,' " Mr. Jackson added. (New York Mayor Ed Koch had said that a Jew would have to be crazy to vote for Jackson in the Democratic primary.)

Farrakhan and Cokely draw from an immemorially murderous language: Jews kill (drink the blood of) Gentile children; Jews conspire to rule the world. A Chicago priest says that if he were a Jew he would be terrified. A Chicago rabbi is made of sterner stuff: he says it is necessary for blacks and Jews to "de-demonize" each other. "We have our fringe Jews, too, capable of making racist statements." With a rabbi like that to defend Jews, do Farrakhan and Cokely need to attack them?

Jackson is often admiringly described as a populist. (Jews might remember that another leading populist, Tom Watson of the early Populist Party, was responsible for the only anti-Semitic lynching—of Leo Frank—ever perpetrated on American soil.) Imagine a white populist with a record like Jackson's, *mutatis mutandis*, and with Jackson's power and position in the Democratic Party and in future Democratic Administrations. Imagine that the white populist was asked why he would not repudiate an old comrade who still headed, say, the Ku Klux Klan. Suppose he answered, "It isn't necessary."

Would his denouncers be denounced for divisiveness? When Mayor Koch said what he said, the sky fell on him. Would the sky fall on a black mayor for saying that blacks would have to be crazy to vote for the white populist with the KKK friend? Would liberal blacks vie with each other in favorably comparing their own sanity and black loyalty with the mayor's, insisting that to vote for the KKKer's friend is the tolerant, non-divisive thing to do? Would the black establishment be silent? Would Mario Cuomo chide the black mayor and praise the KKKer's friend? Would not a single important Democrat say a word for the black mayor? (Even Albert Gore, whom Koch supported in the primary, did not come to Koch's defense.)

Mr. Himmelfarb, author of Jews of Modernity, *is a former research director of the American Jewish Committee, former editor of the* American Jewish Year Book, *and former contributing editor of* Commentary.

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Would Harvard administrators blame the black mayor for tension between their black and white students?

We know the answers to these questions. In San Diego in 1980, a KKKer named Tom Metzger won the Democratic nomination to the House of Representatives. Thereupon Democratic leaders urged the Democrats in his district to vote Republican. Democratic leaders have refused to concede the legitimacy of LaRouche victories in primaries and in elections in Illinois and Texas. They would disown any friend of Metzger's who said that "it isn't necessary" to repudiate him. But the same Democrats cannot and will not say anything against Jackson.

Editorialists who opposed Robert Bork's nomination to the Supreme Court snickered at what they called his "confirmation conversion." Now the same people assure us that today's Jackson is better and nobler than yesterday's, and that tomorrow's will be better and nobler still. If self-serving assurances fail to convince you, they claim that you are small-minded, mean-spirited, and, above all, divisive.

Opposing Jackson is equated with opposing black people; specifically, Jewish opposition to Jackson is thought to be wrong because it will lead black people to conclude that Jews are their enemies. This despite the fact that Jews vote for black candidates *more than any other white group does*, whether for Tom Bradley in California or for Harold Washington in Chicago. In Chicago, Washington's first Republican opponent was a Jew. After that election, I thought, "Only in America! Only in America do Poles vote for a Jew more than Jews do." And Jackson and Farrakhan are from Chicago. Yet their propinquity to those Jewish voters has not helped much.

The United States today is not significantly more anti-Semitic than it used to be. Instead, the danger is that the United States is now less anti-anti-Semitic, more non-anti-Semitic. The Jackson phenomenon both registers and encourages the change from anti-anti-Semitism to non-anti-Semitism.

HISTORIANS WHO HAVE studied the Germans who voted Nazi sixty years ago tell us that while most may have not especially liked Jews, neither were they especially anti-Semitic. They voted Nazi because they thought the Nazis made sense, reasoning something like this: "Does it really matter that Hitler is anti-Semitic? We all have our eccentricities. Forget personalities and concentrate on the issues—jobs, the plight of the farmer and the small merchant, hard times for the little man. On the issues, the Nazis make sense, so let's vote for them." That is how non-anti-Semites can justify voting for an anti-Semitic candidate.

On the Other Hand

I SUPPORT the Republican Party candidates in the 1988 election and would like to urge other members of the black race to do so.

I hold this position because the greatest enemy facing the black race in 1988 is the white liberal. Most Republicans are not liberals. The only thing worse than a Democratic liberal is a Republican liberal—and thank heavens, there are only a few of those left. The only thing worse than a white liberal is a black liberal, and the only thing worse than a black liberal is a black opportunist—better known collectively as the black elite.

I support the Republican Party because the key to the American dream is citizenship, with all of its rights and privileges, and also with all of its responsibilities and obligations. With the Republicans, full citizenship for the black race may be possible. With the white Democratic liberal policies, full citizenship for the black race can never be.

I support Republicans because I believe that abortion is wrong.

I support Republicans because I believe that handing out sex devices in our schools is wrong.

I support Republicans because I believe that divestment in South Africa is wrong.

I support Republicans because I believe that handing out diplomas to black Americans who have not been taught what that diploma represents is wrong.

I support Republicans because I believe that handing out welfare checks to able-bodied men and women is wrong.

I support Republicans because I believe that state lotteries and the no-fault divorce laws are wrong and that the Republicans may be willing to change them, whereas I know that the liberal Democrats will not.

And lastly, I support Republicans because until some twenty years ago, the lowest unemployment in America existed among young black males. This was a reality because 60 per cent of all young blacks were employed in black "mom-and-pop"-owned businesses. The white liberals and their black elite cohorts have destroyed black businesses because they want to keep the black race in a condition of dependency.

Why should the black race listen to me? I am the James Meredith [who was the first black man to enter the University of Mississippi] and received a degree in history and political science. In 1966, Walter Cronkite announced that I was dead from an assassin's bullet while on a "walk against fear." I still bear the scars and pain of the three shotgun blasts.

During 1988 Black History Month, the white liberal-black elite coalition succeeded in getting 11 of my speaking engagements canceled at colleges and military bases. They did not want my message heard.

I have dedicated my life to the task of finding the way to make me and my kind full citizens, complete with all the tools necessary for competitiveness. I have learned a lot, and want others to have the benefit of my knowledge.

James H. Meredith
Cincinnati, Ohio

This letter appeared in the Washington Times *on Sept. 7, 1988.*

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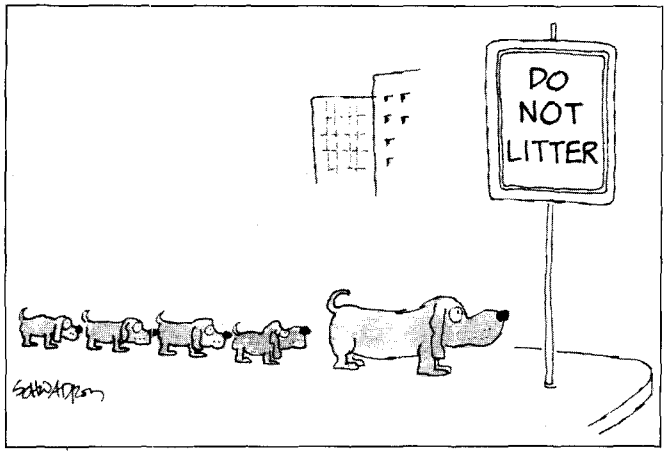
A national survey conducted for the American Jewish Committee reveals that American Jews do not ignore anti-Semitism. Consider their responses over time to this statement: "Anti-Semitism in America is currently not a serious problem for American Jews." In 1984, 40 per cent of American Jews agreed; in 1988, the figure dropped to 14 per cent. In 1984, 47 per cent disagreed with the statement. By 1988, the figure had increased to 75 per cent. These responses show a dramatic rise in Jews' perception of anti-Semitism as a current serious problem, to three-quarters from less than half. One would think Jackson had something to do with it.

Now, consider how Jews have responded to questions about Jackson. In 1984, they were asked, "Do you think Jesse Jackson is anti-Semitic?" Seventy-five per cent responded yes; 8 per cent no; and 18 per cent said they were not sure. In 1988, they were asked, "Is Jesse Jackson anti-Semitic?" Fifty-six per cent of respondents said that he was anti-Semitic; 11 per cent said he was not; and 33 per cent said they were not sure.

The chief difference between the 1984 and 1988 responses is a shift from certainty to uncertainty—not denial—that Jackson is an anti-Semite. In some measure that may be due to the change in the wording of the question. The same person who answers yes to "Do you think Jesse Jackson is anti-Semitic" can answer "not sure" to the question "Is Jesse Jackson anti-Semitic?" But saying "not sure" could be a way of saying, "I don't want to be sure."

Even in 1988, however, five Jews still said that Jackson was anti-Semitic for every one who said that he was not. In another survey, Jews were asked, "If Jesse Jackson is the Democratic vice-presidential candidate, which of the major parties will you probably vote for in the 1988 presidential election?" Forty-four per cent said they would vote Republican; 25 per cent said Democratic; 30 per cent were uncertain; and 2 per cent said they would not vote at all. Only one in nine Jews would deny that Jackson is an anti-Semite, but more than half would either certainly or possibly have voted to put him that famous heartbeat away from being President. What would the nominee have to be like for Jews *not* to vote for him?

Still, the figures on voting in the Democratic primaries show some evidence of Jewish opposition to anti-Semitism. Nationally, 8 per cent of Jewish voters in the Democratic primaries voted for Jackson, or one in 12: from 4 per cent in New Jersey to 14 per cent in California. Jews were less likely to vote for Jackson than other whites, less likely than white Protestants, less likely than Catholics, and less likely than liberals—though Jews tend more than others to describe themselves as liberal.



Now, this shows only that while Jews are in practice less anti-anti-Semitic than they should be, gentiles are even less anti-anti-Semitic. Jews and gentiles alike must realize that anti-anti-Semitism is more than a special interest of the Jews. Hitler was a calamity for Jews first and foremost, but in the end for gentiles too. If more Germans had been anti-anti-Semitic rather than non-anti-Semitic, the calamity might have been averted. But when Jews are less than completely anti-anti-Semitic, what can we expect of gentiles?

"The moral obligation to be intelligent" means that imprudence can be downright immoral. It is imprudent to leave your car door unlocked and your key in the ignition. Your insurance company will not like it, and it may be illegal. At the very least, imprudence is an error. Some years ago a Barnard student was raped in New York's Morningside Park. Afterward she said, "It's my fault. I was stupid. I should never have gone into the park. Everyone knows it's a dangerous place." It was as if she thought of the rapist as a wild beast—certain to pounce on anyone imprudent (stupid) enough to venture close—rather than as a man with free will. We are not supposed to blame the victim, but this victim blamed herself.

IN POLITICAL MATTERS, too, the imprudent victim can come to be blamed. An American Jewish Committee survey on the 1978 NBC-TV drama *Holocaust* concluded that the program "stressed the failure of some German Jews . . . to act in the face of the ominous German reality. The survey asked: 'Do you think the persecution of the Jews was . . . their own fault?' Some respondents took 'fault' to mean failure of perception. In the words of one respondent: 'At first [Jews] didn't understand what was going on.' Contrary to what might have been expected, viewers were somewhat more inclined than non-viewers (25 per cent as against 17 per cent) to put the blame for what happened primarily on the Jews." (There were more Jews among the viewers than among the non-viewers.)

If American Jews were prudent, they would swing massively from Democratic to Republican voting, at least this time. Let the Democrats learn that there is a cost to bending the knee before a politician who cannot bring himself to repudiate a Farrakhan. Let them see that a party cannot with impunity stop being anti-anti-Semitic.

But will Jews be prudent? Of course not. When Dukakis picked Senator Bentsen as his vice-presidential candidate, Mayor Koch pleaded to be allowed to campaign for them. Other Jews, too, will do anything to avoid subjecting themselves to the discomfort of reconsidering their attachment to Jackson's party—Jackson's in the sense that now he belongs to it, and soon it will belong to him.

When my grandmother heard about good advice that one person was giving to another, she would often pronounce a Yiddish formula: "Needless or useless"—meaning that the advice was so obvious that nobody should have needed it in the first place; and that if it had to be given at all, it would probably not be heeded. I will not try to persuade myself that her formula does not apply here. In-

(Continues on page 78)

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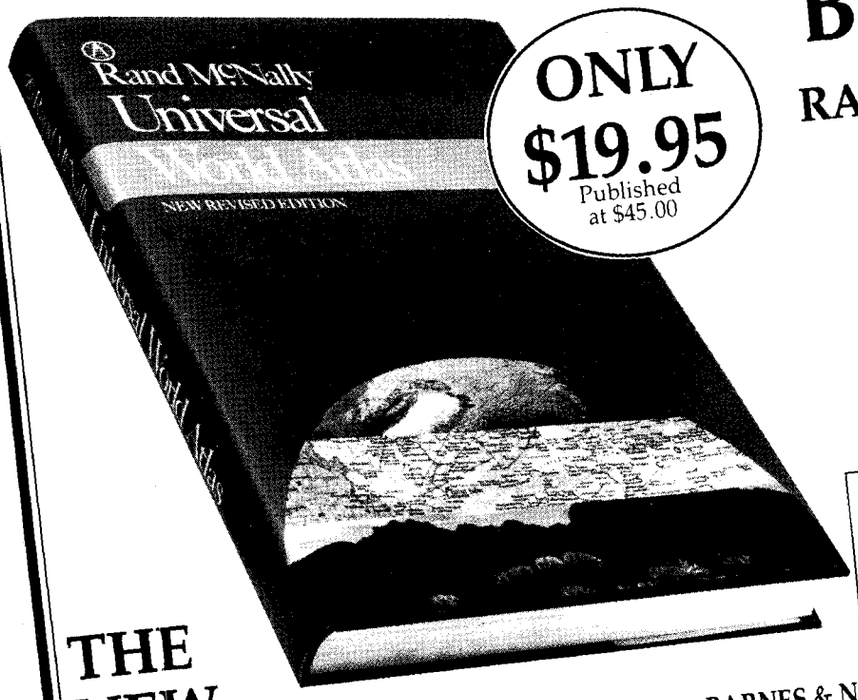

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GORBACHEV'S LITTLE SECRET

THE SOVIET UNION has put a great deal of effort into trying to stop the development of an American SDI. Its main argument is that such development will escalate the arms race, and many in the West accept that argument. The Soviet Union stated that it would be forced to initiate its own strategic-defense system and space-based weapons if America went forward. With becoming modesty, Mr. Gorbachev neglected to mention that the Soviet strategic-defense system was developed long ago—it was an official branch of the Soviet armed forces in the Sixties. One can argue about the effectiveness of the Soviet system in a full-scale nuclear war, but as long as it is capable of reasonably protecting the vital areas of the country—and is being continually upgraded—that counts for a great deal. And there is no doubt that it is effective against an accidentally launched missile. Of course, many warn that SDI would accelerate the arms race. Khrushchev and Brezhnev did not, however, find themselves accused of accelerating the arms race by developing and deploying the Soviet SDI. Nor does Mr. Gorbachev see anything wrong with the Soviet Union's currently possessing and even modernizing it.

After substantial research, the Soviet Union decided to implement its strategic-defense system in phases, as the technology was developed. The Politburo reasoned that it was better to have a system of limited effectiveness than none at all. Furthermore, it saw that a head start in the development would probably give the USSR the strategic, political, and technological edge in the future.

What the Politburo wants, the Politburo gets. It devoted a huge amount of resources to the enterprises developing the system. The task of coordinating its research and development was given to the Scientific Research Institute #2 (NII-2) of the Ministry of Defense. The Institute serves as a powerful think-tank of the air-defense and strategic-defense enterprises. Its scientists have military rank, and it has a state-of-the-art computer center at its disposal.

The initial phase of the Soviet SDI was a ground-based missile system covering the most important geographical points. By the end of the 1960s the system had become so large and complicated that it was given independent status, and the PVO (air defense) branch of Soviet military forces was reorganized into the PVO/PRO (air defense/strategic defense) branch. This move was also intended to underline the importance of the new system.

When the laser was developed by Nobel Prize-winners Dr. Basov and Dr. Prokhorov, it attracted the attention of the military. Full-speed research and development of laser-based weapons started right away and has not slowed down since. Missile defense was the top priority for laser-based weapons.

The Soviet strategic-defense system has been in existence for more than a quarter of a century and is constantly being modernized and expanded. The Soviet Union was also the first nation to develop and to test weapons systems for spacecraft orbiting the earth. This puts Soviet suggestions that space be kept free from weapons in a dubious light. Indeed from the very beginning, the Soviet space program has been an exclusively military one, directly under the Strategic Missile forces of the Soviet military. The first civilian space research center, which even now hardly accounts for a tiny percentage of the total and is wholly uninfluential, was established twenty years after the beginning of the space program, mainly from motives of international public relations.

Started under the Strategic Missile Forces ICBM development program, the Soviet space forces had by the mid Sixties gained more independent status with the creation of the Chief Directorate of Space Warfare (GUCOS) of the Ministry of Defense. A vast network of research, development, and manufacturing enterprises was assigned to fulfill its needs with the Central Scientific Research Institute #50 (TsNII-50) of the Defense Ministry as its brain center. The sole purpose of GUCOS was space warfare—placing weapons in space. The USSR did not lose much time. By 1968 the basic design of the first two weapons systems for Soviet spacecraft was complete.

ONE SHOULD NOT be misled by the sad state of the Soviet economy or its general technological backwardness into assuming that it is backward in military technology as well. Comparing average technological performance just does not work when priorities are clearly defined. Despite some embarrassments, Soviet technology has had several triumphs: the first satellite was launched by the USSR, the laser was independently developed there, and the first artificial diamond was made there.

Yet the West is consistently prepared to overlook the essentially military nature of the Soviet space program. This point was characteristically demonstrated during the "great success of peaceful cooperation in space": the docking of the *Apollo* and the *Soyuz* in 1975. On that occasion, American astronauts were hosted by their Soviet counterparts in the Soviet Flight Control Center near Moscow. The hospitality of the Soviets was outstanding. What the Americans did not know was that, in the same compound, TsNII-50 scientists, all with military ranks, were actively preparing for the flight testing of the "Shield" system—in between toasts to friendship and peace. □

Mr. Orlov is a former Soviet official granted political asylum in the United States.

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THE NEW P/E RATIO

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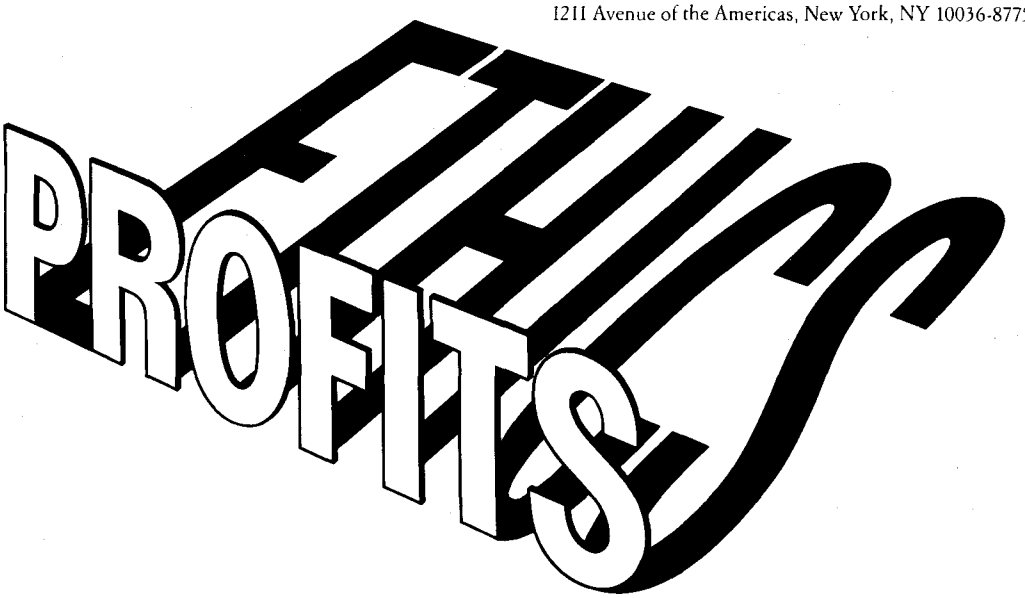

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THE BIG TWO

If Mr. Dukakis is to have a chance
he must win one of the two largest states.
But both are leaning toward Bush,
as the Vice President shows he's learned

HOW TO START A LANDSLIDE

Texas. Can George Bush at last beat Lloyd Bentsen? He couldn't 18 years ago, in a race for the U.S. Senate. But now Texas's two most puissant politicians have squared off for a second, and probably final, shoot-out on November 8. The stakes are immensely higher than in 1970. This time I predict a different outcome.

Unless before election day the Gulf of Mexico floods the Texas Panhandle, the Bush-Quayle ticket should carry Texas fairly strongly against Bentsen and that other fellow—the short one who went to Harvard. The victory margin in Texas will not approach Ronald Reagan's margin over Walter Mondale—1.5 million votes—but don't expect anybody in the Bush campaign to give a damn. Texas's 29 electoral votes, a prize exceeded only by the votes of California and New York, will be theirs just the same.

That wasn't at all the way it was figured back in Atlanta, when Bentsen signed on as Michael Dukakis's running-mate. No Democrat in this century has been elected President without carrying Texas, and Texas hasn't voted for a Democratic presidential ticket since 1976. Furthermore, Dukakis didn't look like much of a bet to reverse that trend, with his funny ethnic name, liberal track record, Massachusetts voting address, and similar encumbrances. Hence the choice of Uncle Lloyd, who—serious, soft-voiced, with a semi-conservative voting record—would offset all that.

Someone, it seems, overestimated Bentsen's influence and force of personality. True, Bentsen has been around a long time and has achieved some eminence on Capitol Hill, where he now chairs the Senate Finance Committee. The Texas business community, knowing Bentsen for one of their own (millions in the insurance business), have cheerfully bankrolled his successful re-election campaigns against under-financed, barely known Republicans. But money and prestige do not make Bentsen a charismatic politician.

The Democrats know that Dukakis-Bentsen, without even trying, will pick up the liberal/gay/feminist/whale-saving vote. But what the Democrats need is the "Bubba" vote—pick-up driving, blue-jean-wearing, flag-waving, Commie-detesting. "Lord Bentsen," as his detractors sometimes call him, is lots of things, but he sure ain't Bubba.

With the Texas economy regaining its breath, if not quite leaping tall buildings at a single bound, joblessness is not a big issue with Texans. The unemployment rate is under 7 per cent, and 47 per cent of Texans said in a recent survey that business will be better in 1989.

Bubba knows that if things could be better right now, they could also be a lot worse. Hence he is leaning to Reagan's heir, Bush, more enthusiastically as Bush kicks tail and takes names over the Pledge, crime, national defense, and gun control. Bush in the White House, if he gets there, may totally ignore the social issues, but out on the hustings he has been wielding these issues like a bullwhip.

When Ronald Reagan campaigned in late September at Baylor University, in Baptist, blue-collar Waco, he used the word "liberal"—in the pejorative sense, naturally—22 times. By contrast, the word "Republican" never crossed his lips. The President was talking to Bubba.

Bentsen's corporate friends haven't had great success at drumming up enthusiasm over the campaign—the vice-presidential campaign, I mean. Under a 1959 state law passed to further Lyndon Johnson's presidential aspirations, Bentsen is running both for the Vice Presidency and for re-election as senator.

The truth is, businessmen generally would rather see Bentsen running the Finance Committee than dozing off on the Senate podium, or even sitting at the conference table while Dukakis pontificates. Indeed, I have recently seen a fund-raising letter sent by a business executive in behalf of Bentsen's *Senate* candidacy. The word "Senate," wherever it occurs, is underscored; exquisite care is taken to point out that the money would go to re-elect Bentsen as senator, not elect him Vice President.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATS, when they campaign in Texas, must walk a fine line—just enough liberalism to keep their own natural constituents happy, but not enough to send Bubba packing to the GOP. This helps create an imprecise and certainly unenlivening political image. Even when Dukakis comes here and criticizes Bush for "McCarthyism," there is a lack of focus. Who's McCarthy? latter-day Bubbas want to know, and what's he got to do with the price of eggs in Longview?

And then there is the large minority population in Texas, by no means all of it liberal. Hispanics, who are 25 per cent of the population, may not be committed to Chicago School economics, but a broad streak of social conservatism informs their outlook. Their ears prick up when the topic is God or family; they are Spanish-speaking Bubbas. The majority of Mexi-

Mr. Murchison is a columnist for the Dallas Morning News.

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can-American immigrants, in my judgment, have come not to get on welfare, but to work. Such folk are Democrats more from habit or peer pressure than from conviction. Dukakis and Bentsen speak Spanish, but many Hispanics express irritation at the assumption that what they want to hear from a politician is *¡Voten por mi!*

It is, oddly enough, George Bush who may succeed best of all at coalition-building. Bush is peddling what some feverish speechwriter might call conservatism with a heart. Day care, SDI, and no tax increase: Bush is trying to fuse defense, sound economics, and social compassion. I say nothing of the feasibility or desirability of the enterprise; I merely note the attempt.

Bush has long turned off conservatives through the seeming softness of his commitment to conservative principles. (I myself voted for Bentsen in 1970.) This softness, I suggest, stems from the fact that Bush cherishes both mental good works. The Bush who says, No more taxes, and the Bush who proposes a government day-care program are one and the same.

Bush has resolved within himself the tension between the two positions. Whether such tension can be resolved in the political process is another matter, but for now it seems to be playing well on the campaign trail. Frankly, I don't see what Dukakis is going to do, short of buying a hound dog and marrying Ann Richards, to win Bubba's vote. —WILLIAM MURCHISON

California. Republicans have carried California in every presidential contest since 1968; and George Bush will make it six in a row. There are almost as many reasons for this as there are electoral votes (47) in this state, the top prize of presidential politics. But the biggest reason centers on the fact that Bush and Dukakis are locked in just the sort of tight race that has characterized recent gubernatorial contests in the state—contests that a Republican, George Deukmejian, has won.

All of which is good for Bush, and ominous for Dukakis. Dukakis needs California more than Bush does, in part because the Duke a) has lost his chance in the other big electoral prizes like Texas and Florida, b) has conceded most of the South to the Republicans, and c) enjoys only an even chance of capturing the big industrial states in the Northeast and Midwest. A California victory might, therefore, be gravy for Bush—but one that would make his victory over the Democrats even more savory.

Savory because a California victory would be a victory for the substance of the Vice President's appeal. Bush has criss-crossed the country, attempting to paint Dukakis into the liberal's corner by reminding voters that ideology matters. Since the early stages of the campaign, his handlers have asserted that a Bush victory would have to fly in the face of conventional political doctrine, coming on the strength of his policies, not his personality.

So far, it hasn't worked that way. Dukakis has shown himself to have the charisma of cardboard, and Bush's ascent in the polls seems to be not-so-curiously tied to the country's general good spirits and Ronald Reagan's soaring popularity. As amazing as it may sound, the big reason Bush is winning the presidential race is because Bush is winning the personality contest.

Except, perhaps, in California. Here, it is the issues that have dominated—the personalities long ago put everyone to sleep. And those issues—crime, the death penalty, gun control, and taxes—are all winners for Bush, just as they have been (twice) for Deukmejian.

Earlier this year, Deukmejian told Bush to run for President in California as if he were running for governor. That is exactly what he has done, forcing tax and crime issues to the top of the agenda, and dominating the airways with can-do optimism and, for those who fear the possibility of a Quayle Presidency, youthful vigor.

"You don't think it's an accident that we had Bush out jogging the morning after the Quayle debate, do you?" asks one Bush operative.

No, it wasn't. And neither is the fact that the Bush campaign has been running its Boston Harbor spot up and

"I'll have the Caesar salad without the bravado and dazzling display of dexterity."

Mr. Osterlund is a Washington-based political reporter.

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down the state for weeks. The environment is important in California, important to rock-ribbed conservatives and granola-headed liberals alike. And Bush is vulnerable on the environment; his support of offshore drilling, a touchy subject among Californians, could be his Achilles' heel.

On the other hand, Boston Harbor may be Dukakis's broken ankle. The fact that Boston Harbor is the most polluted in America—Dukakis twice petitioned for exemption from EPA requirements to clean it up then tried to have Boston's raw sewage dumped off the New Jersey coast—has not sat well with California voters. The Dukakis campaign has begun to run environmental ads produced explicitly for the state, but that may not be enough. The situation is curiously reminiscent of the way Deukmejian used the pollution in Santa Monica Bay against his Democratic rival, Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, in their 1986 contest.

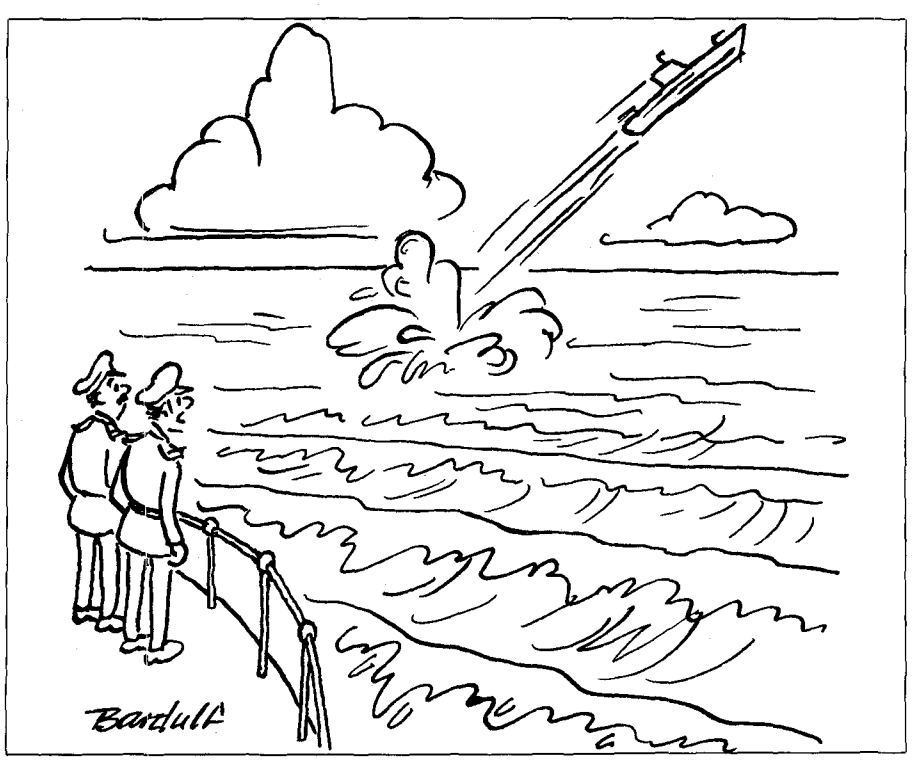
California environmentalism knows no ideology, as demonstrated by a post-debate Bush appearance at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in La Jolla. The crowd had been carefully screened ahead of time; needless to say, it was friendly. Bush's stated support for offshore drilling drew loud boos, however. Only when he pledged to consider restrictions did those boos give way to polite applause.

Dukakis, by contrast, seems to have the worst of both worlds. His promise to ban offshore drilling for all eternity from large swaths of the California coastline is not enough to overcome his reputation among conservative environmentalists as Tax Hike Mike; Bush has done enough to win their support. Meanwhile, erstwhile Dukakis supporters in the liberal environmentalist camp are apathetic about his candidacy and may sit out the election.

"Obviously, we're not happy with Bush, but we can't get that enthusiastic about Dukakis," says Dorothy Darden, an environmental activist in San Francisco. "I think a fair number of environmentally active people may just sit out this election."

That leaves the middle of the spectrum. Here, too, Bush is better positioned than Dukakis to make hay in the final weeks of the campaign. Polling by Democrats in the San Joaquin Valley showed that Bush's attacks on Dukakis over gun control and the Pledge of Allegiance were so effective that, by mid September, his identity as a conservative was firmly fixed in voters' minds. With his conservative base established, he has been free to concentrate on the ideological center. And he has, by talking up "quality of life" issues—the environment, for example.

Bush also has in his possession a very powerful weapon not to be found in the Dukakis arsenal: Deukmejian. The governor is popular, and a tireless campaigner for the Vice President. As the candidate's surrogate, he has plunged into the small towns of California, places where visits by political celebrities are rare and virtually certain to make the evening news, places like Butte County and Eureka, where Deukmejian topped Bradley despite majority Democratic registration.



"Must be a malfunction on the missile-release mechanism."

THEN THERE IS the second debate. A *Los Angeles Times* poll of 522 registered California voters gave it to Bush, 47 per cent to 26 per cent, with 27 per cent undecided. The race was a virtual dead heat before that debate; post-debate polls have shown Bush slowly pulling ahead. If the debate constituted Dukakis's last opportunity to humanize his message—to undercut the charge that he is soft on crime by personalizing it, pointing out, for example, that his brother was killed by a hit-and-run driver—then the Democratic nominee seems doomed to continue playing the roll of the android candidate.

That works out well for Bush. But what does all this do for the Republican Party? Party regulars have been licking their chops over the possibility that a Bush victory in California may have coattails, sweeping a Republican majority into both houses of the state legislature, or at least preparing the way for such a majority after the 1990 elections. The stakes are particularly high since congressional districts are slated to be redrawn in 1991, and Republicans are eager to see those boundaries altered in such a way as to bring more Republicans into the heavily Democratic U.S. House of Representatives.

Party regulars better stop licking, lest their chops become chapped. A draw seems to be in the works for 1988: the Republicans will continue to control the state senate while the Democrats control the assembly. Nineteen-ninety doesn't look much different—indeed, it could be worse if Deukmejian decides not to run for a third term and a Democrat takes his place. That redistricting, at best, may not affect the balance of Republicans and Democrats in the U.S. House. And George Bush will face another hungry Democratic Congress.

—PETER OSTERLUND

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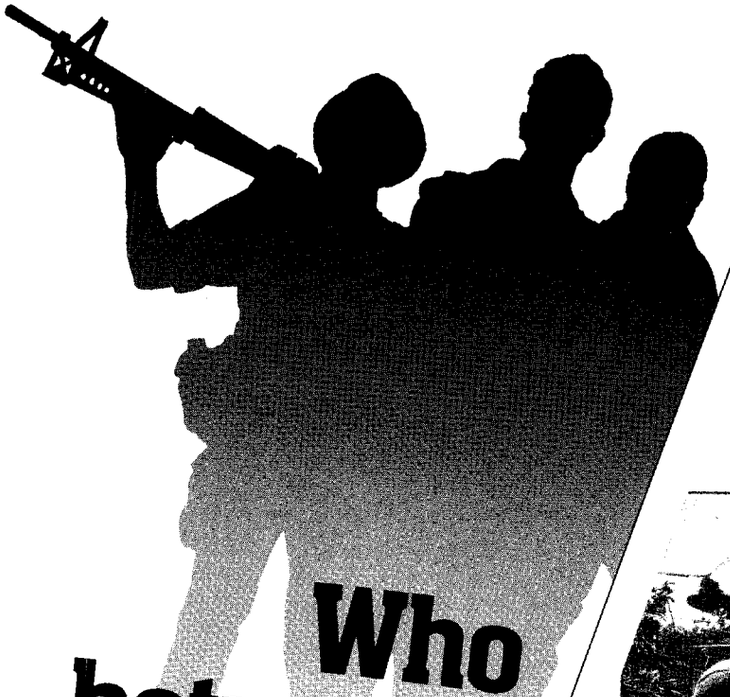
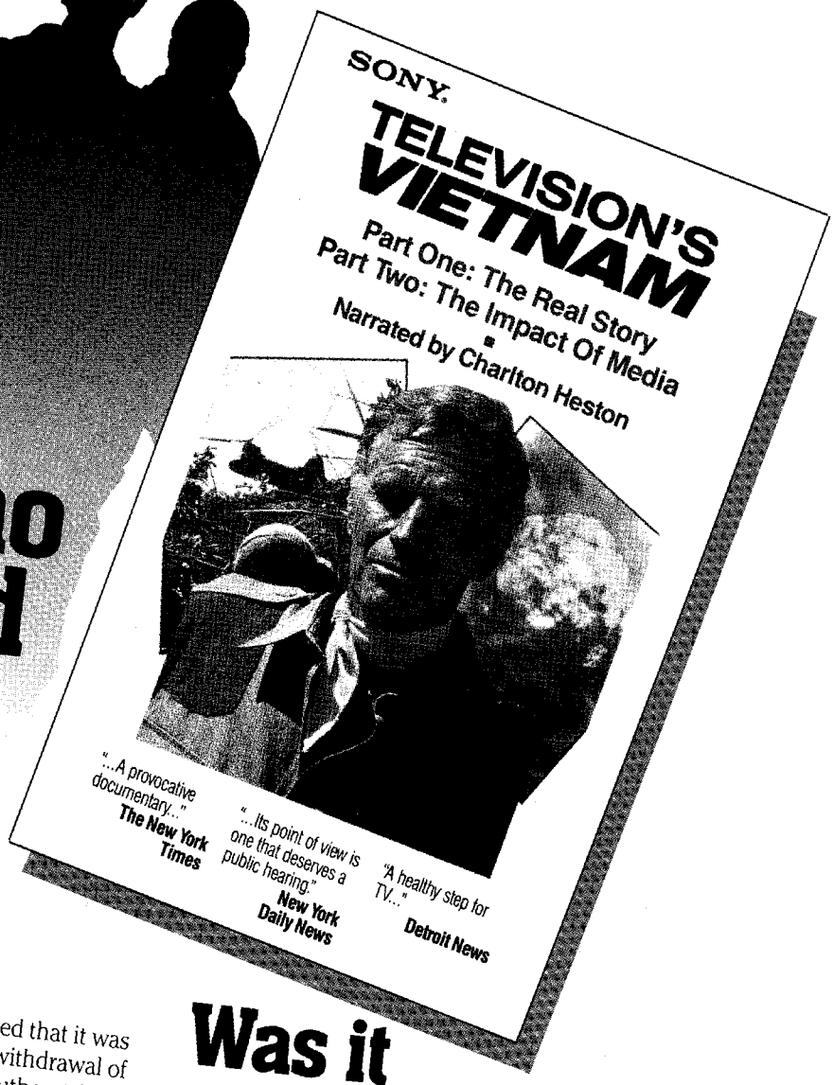


Who betrayed those who died in Vietnam?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WHY RAMBO'S NOT RIGHT

"WHO ARE YOU?" the evil Russian colonel shouts into a gunship's radio. "Your worst nightmare," barks John Rambo into a walkie-talkie he's just captured from the Soviet commandoes.

That was my second-favorite line. Earlier the Russian asks his prisoner, a friend of Rambo's: "Who do you think this man is? God?" "God would show you mercy," goes the reply. "*He* won't." I now believe that Mr. Sylvester Stallone is indeed himself the author of the screenplay for *Rambo III.*

Rambo is in Afghanistan to rescue the friend, his old colonel. This provides the excuse for a predictable succession of brilliant special effects. The awesome power of the Mi-24 helicopter gunship is particularly well portrayed. I can confirm that when an Mi-24 suspends itself above a village, the earth, and one's own body, really shakes from the blast of the rotors. And, with its 120 rockets, the machine really can destroy everything in its path. However, the rockets do not produce huge splashes of fire across which a dauntless hero may ride on a steed. They burst less spectacularly, but the shrapnel would surely have killed Rambo many times over. There are other hitches.

Russians do *not* wear Siberian hats or jungle camouflage clothing in the desert. The standard-issue rifle in the Soviet army is the new AK-74 *kalakov*, easily recognizable by its cylindrical steel tip at the end of the barrel, not the AK-47 *kalashnikov*, which is the Afghan army's and the guerrillas' basic weapon. No Afghan would shoot at the gunships with his *kalashnikov*. The *kalashnikov* bullet cannot penetrate the helicopter's armor. A well-organized unit would always keep a few rocket-propelled grenades; at a distance of up to three hundred meters, a steadily held RPG can bring down a gunship.

Inshallah does not mean "Good luck," and is not used as a greeting or parting. *Khoda Hafez*—"God protect"—is customary on such occasions. *Inshallah* means "God willing": *inshallah*, we shall get horses in the next village, would be correct. (There's an old donkey.) On a $65-million budget the research should have been better.

The pictures of the Russians are wrong: hardened cutthroats, or scoundrels foaming at the mouth, to a man reveling in crude torture. Perhaps it's too much to expect the film to hint at the tragedy of many of the soldiers—perhaps the majority—being teenage Soviet conscripts who found themselves reluctantly killing and being killed in a war they did not understand. The picture of the Afghans is worse: tough but savage halfwits. They play *buzkachi*—the Afghan polo—only to allow the gunships to decimate them effortlessly. In the final scene, the Afghans charge on horseback against Soviet tanks, armored personnel carriers, and helicopters. Only Rambo saves the day, capturing a tank and destroying the gunship, impaling it on the tank's barrel.

On the point of fact: I myself rode with a cavalry unit in Afghanistan for several weeks. This was not because we wanted to look romantic in the saddle, but because using horses for transport made excellent sense in the rough, mountain terrain. Carrying two Stingers for protection from the air, we moved across valleys and passes unimpeded by the Soviets. But nobody would have been stupid enough to expose precious horses to the machine-gun fire in a cavalry charge.

What would one do if one wanted to disguise one's blatant use of a *current* tragedy for commercial purposes? One would dedicate the enterprise to the very people whose suffering one is exploiting. *Rambo III* is duly devoted to the gallant Afghan nation. We are not told whether the profits from it will be donated to, say, buying the Afghans the artificial limbs Rambo surveys with such compassion in a shop in Peshawar. Hence, I can't help asking whether the film renders a favor or a disservice to the Afghans.

It tacitly affirms the false notion that the Soviet defeat in Afghanistan is largely due to pressure from the West. The fact of the matter is that when the Afghans began their war nobody thought they would last more than a few months. The American aid may have *tipped* the military balance in their favor, but the main weight on the scale against the Soviet might was the astonishing resistance of the Afghans themselves. The Soviet Union has finally understood the language of *kalashnikovs* and Stingers, but it was the Afghans who did the fighting and the dying.

I'VE LONG WONDERED why the Afghan war never attracted the sort of enthusiasm that the Spanish Civil War did in the 1930s. Charity appeals for the refugees brought in pitiful sums. *Rambo III* sanctions the impression that the Afghan cause was one shared only by subscribers to *Soldier of Fortune.*

When Rambo disinfects a wound by burning gunpower inside his muscles, the audience in my cinema burst into laughter. The film was being taken for what it is, a moving comic-book. As that, it is hugely enjoyable. But a war in which more than a million people were killed by a country that wants to appear civilized surely deserves a more thoughtful film. Channeled to the best fighters inside Afghanistan, the millions spent on making this film could almost win the war. Instead it will do harm by endorsing the sillier stereotypes about the fighters. □

Mr. Sikorski is NR*'s correspondent-at-large. His book,* The Dust of the Saints, *will be published next year by Chatto & Windus.*

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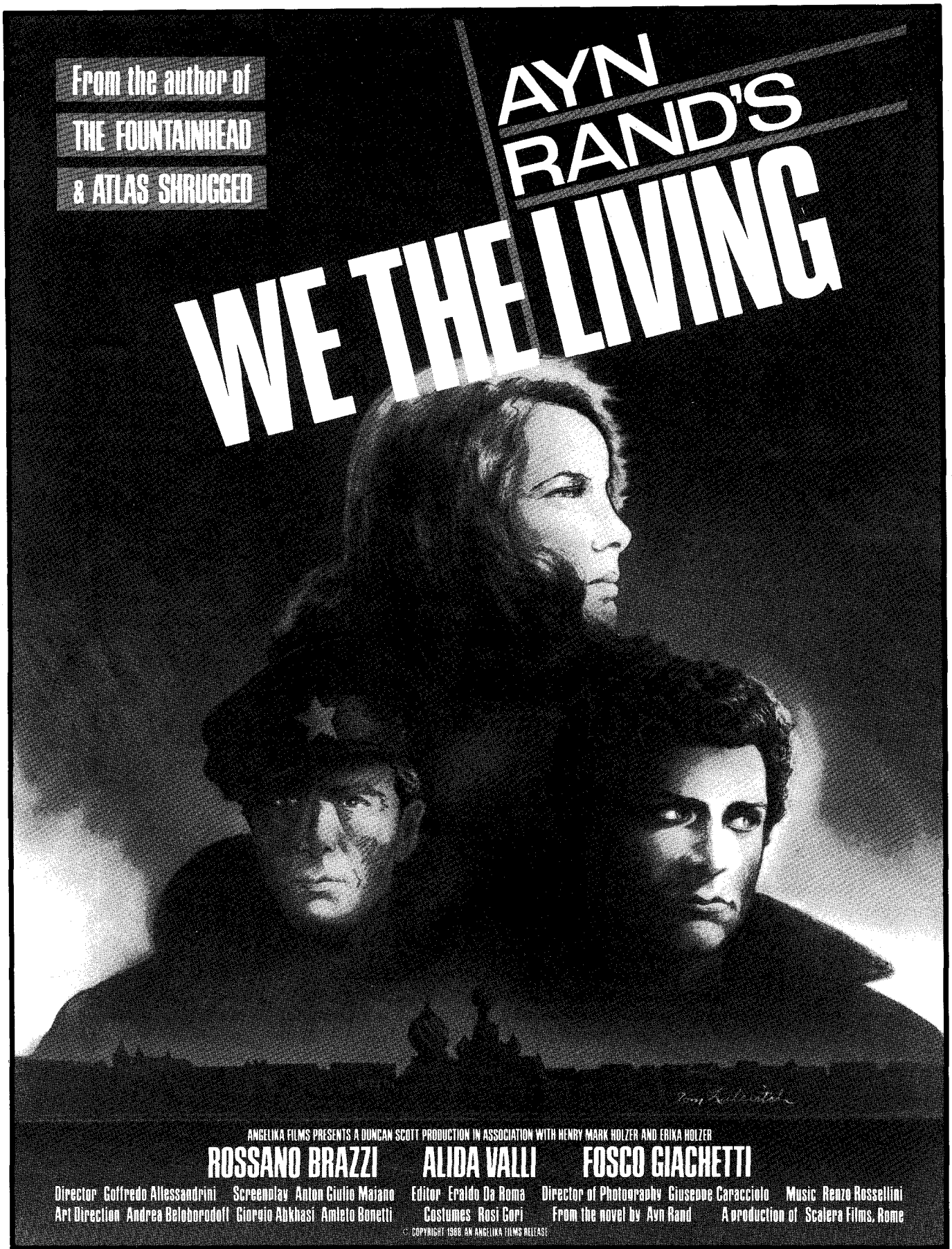
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CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE
Volume 3•Number 14 Box 29•Hampton, Iowa•50441 April 6, 1988

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Double-talk on Civil Rights Act

MARCH 24 — The logic of the new Civil Rights Restoration Act is not easily confined. We tend to forget not so much where the quarrel began (people are dimly aware of something called Grove City College), but what was the origin of the quarrel between that college and the Justice Department. The Justice Department said to Grove City: Proceed to execute forms A through ZZZ to satisfy us that you are not discriminating against women. *"Us discriminate against women?! You must be nuts!"* was the essence of Grove City's response. Not only did the college not discriminate against women, it had been a pioneer in matriculating women before the civil rights acts were a gleam in Hubert Humphrey's eye.

The college said it would not go to the infinite pains of executing an infinite number of forms in order to document its manifest innocence. It was as if every time you pulled out your credit card, you were required to fill out a financial statement. The Justice Department retaliated by threatening to withdraw federal financial aid to individual students attending Grove City.

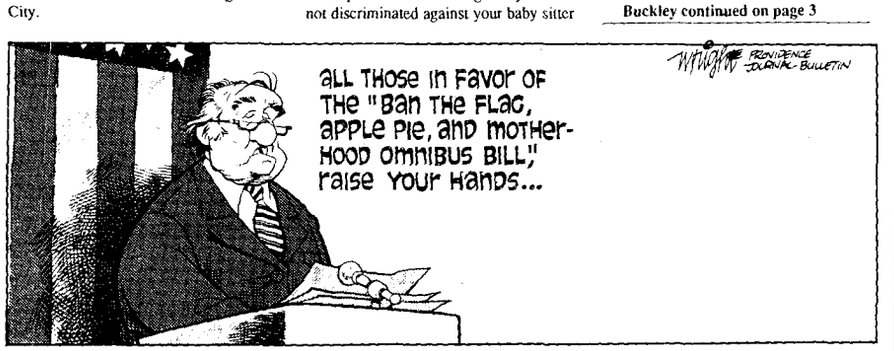
FOR YEARS the case made its way through the courts, and by the time it reached the Supreme Court, the framing of the issue had narrowed to the question: Do the formalities authorized under the Civil Rights Act apply to non-specified branches of a particular institution if the specified branch is a recipient of any form of federal aid? If a woman (or homosexual, or Hispanic, or someone handicapped) issues a complaint alleging discrimination by the basketball team (five of its members are receiving federal college loans), is the machinery of the civil rights juggernaut invocable against the chemistry department? The new law now says yes, it is.

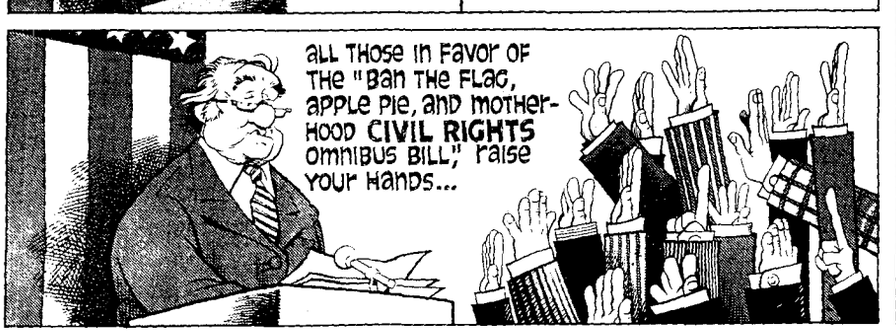
Now, the logic that extends the coverage of the law to an entire institutional metropolis upon the lodging of a complaint against one newsstand operator isn't, as noted, easily contained. The post office runs a deficit, and therefore anyone posting a letter can be said to be a recipient of federal aid. Why then isn't every household in America subject to the civil rights laws? Why are you not asked, tomorrow, to fill out copious forms averring that you have not discriminated against your baby sitter on grounds of sex, ethnic origin or physical condition? The people who want to die at the stake to protect privacy, which has undergone an Orwellian transmogrification to define the right of a mother to kill her fetus, suddenly loses its appeal when the civil rights lobby goes into action.

THE *NEW YORK TIMES* editorial greeted the overriding of the president's veto of the Restoration Act as though the nation's hygiene had just now been confirmed by the new act. The editorial, reflecting much of the oratory in Congress, wept bitter tears contemplating the four long years that had gone by since the Supreme Court ruled on the Grove City College case — with, however, a strange and awkward failure to list the victims of the Grove City College decision. Where are they? Who are they?

And then the same editorial writer, reproaching George Bush for backing the president's veto, deplored the vice president's loyalty. "He might have gained more stature among Americans had he

Buckley continued on page 3


MAUGHAN PROVIDENCE JOURNAL-BULLETIN
ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF THE "BAN THE FLAG, APPLE PIE, AND MOTHER-HOOD OMNIBUS BILL," RAISE YOUR HANDS...



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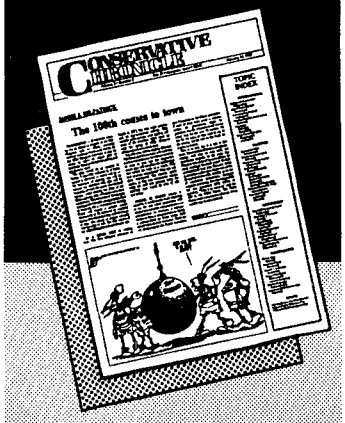

Patrick Buchanan
George Will
Jeane Kirkpatrick
Herb Schmertz
William F. Buckley Jr.
Joseph Sobran
Charlie Reese
Norman Podhoretz
Gen. Henry Mohr
Don Feder
Anthony Lejeune
R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.
Walter Williams
Jeffery Hart
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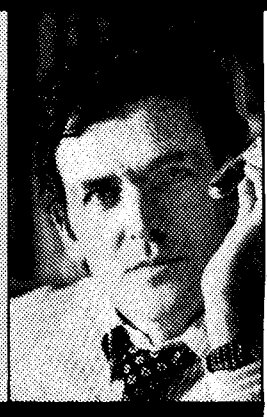

Time magazine refers to his work as "some of the liveliest prose since the passing of H.L. Mencken." Tyrrell plays no favorites. The pompus, the idiotic, the lazy, and the ignorant are all fair game no matter where they are found. He pokes holes in liberal trial balloons, while puncturing left-wing egos. And he shares these thoughts every week in the Conservative Chronicle.

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CAMELOT'S CHILDREN

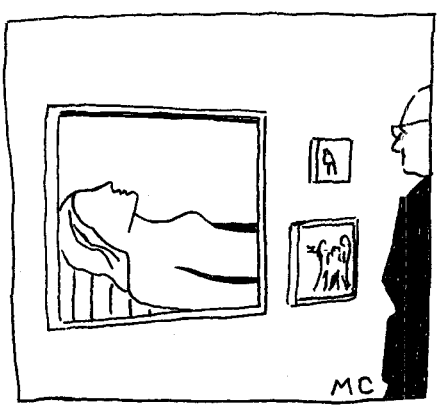
Samuel Francis

Remembering America: A Voice from the Sixties, by Richard N. Goodwin (Little, Brown, 552 pp., $19.95)

RICHARD N. GOODWIN was one of the chief munchkins in the real-life American analogue of the Lollipop Guild, better known as the White House of the New Frontier and Great Society, in the merry old land of 1960s liberalism. He worked closely with the chief wizards of the era—John and Robert Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, and Eugene McCarthy—though not so closely as to be able to tell us in his inordinately long memoir very much that is terribly new or important about them. He has little to say about the details of foreign and domestic policy, and he is often forced to round out his book with personal details about himself and a running sermon about what went wrong in the Sixties and why. The former are of no conceivable interest to anyone save the author's friends and children, while his sermon has been preached before and grows more tedious each time we are obliged to endure it.

Mr. Goodwin believes that what went wrong in the 1960s issued from the Vietnam War and Lyndon Johnson's obsession with it, and his book has already attracted considerable notice because of his allegation that Johnson suffered from a kind of paranoia about the war and those who questioned his conduct of it. Mr. Goodwin, as the President's chief speechwriter and, for a time, a fairly close confidant, was perhaps in a position to know—though others, who knew Johnson at least as well, say his diagnosis is full of beans. Certainly Mr. Goodwin's case is less than compelling.

He acknowledges that even as an amateur psychologist his qualifications are slim, and that the headshrinkers he secretly consulted about the President's mental condition never actually met the President. His interpretation is based not on hindsight but on his own diary entries at the time, and the anecdotes he recounts center on the President's personal belief that what he called "Communists" were running the anti-war movement. Mr. Goodwin is one of those who tend to believe that any mention of Communists running anything is ipso facto proof of mental instability, and those who remember the 1960s will recall that the word and concept of "paranoia" were just then coming into currency, mainly with application to anti-Communists. Moreover, Johnson, in Mr. Goodwin's view, was only selectively paranoid. He was perfectly normal when he presided over the enactment of the Great Society, which Mr. Goodwin adores; only when the President turned his attention to the Vietcong and North Vietnamese, and their allies and dupes in the United States, does Mr. Goodwin think he lost his marbles. His assessment of Johnson's mental state, then, is not very persuasive, and it appears that he has taken refuge in pop psychology to explain such utterances as his remarkably narrow-minded ideology cannot comprehend.



But he may well be correct that the dominant political figure of the decade became irrationally (not necessarily pathologically) fixated on the Vietnam War. If so, Johnson's irrationality is less an excuse for the failure of liberalism in those years—which is how Mr. Goodwin wishes to see it—than a flaw that proceeded from liberalism itself. Mr. Goodwin simply cannot accept the view that the ideas that drove the Kennedy-Johnson Administration were themselves at fault for Vietnam and the other disasters of the era. The decade's liberalism, in Mr. Goodwin's mind, failed mainly because of the Kennedy assassinations and Lyndon Johnson's personal aberration.

Yet, from his own account of the animating myths of liberalism, that ideology's flaws become apparent. His purpose in writing, he tells us, is "to

Samuel Francis is a deputy editorial-page editor at the Washington Times.

James Gardner writes frequently on the arts for Commentary *and* Arts Magazine.

James Hitchcock teaches history at St. Louis University. His most recent book is Years of Crisis, 1970-1983 (*Ignatius*).

J. O. Tate teaches English at Dowling College, in Oakdale, N.Y.

Terry Teachout is a member of the editorial board of the New York Daily News. *He is the editor of* Ghosts on the Roof: Selected Journalism of Whittaker Chambers, 1931-1959, *to be published next year by Regnery Gateway.*

James Tuttleton teaches English at New York University.

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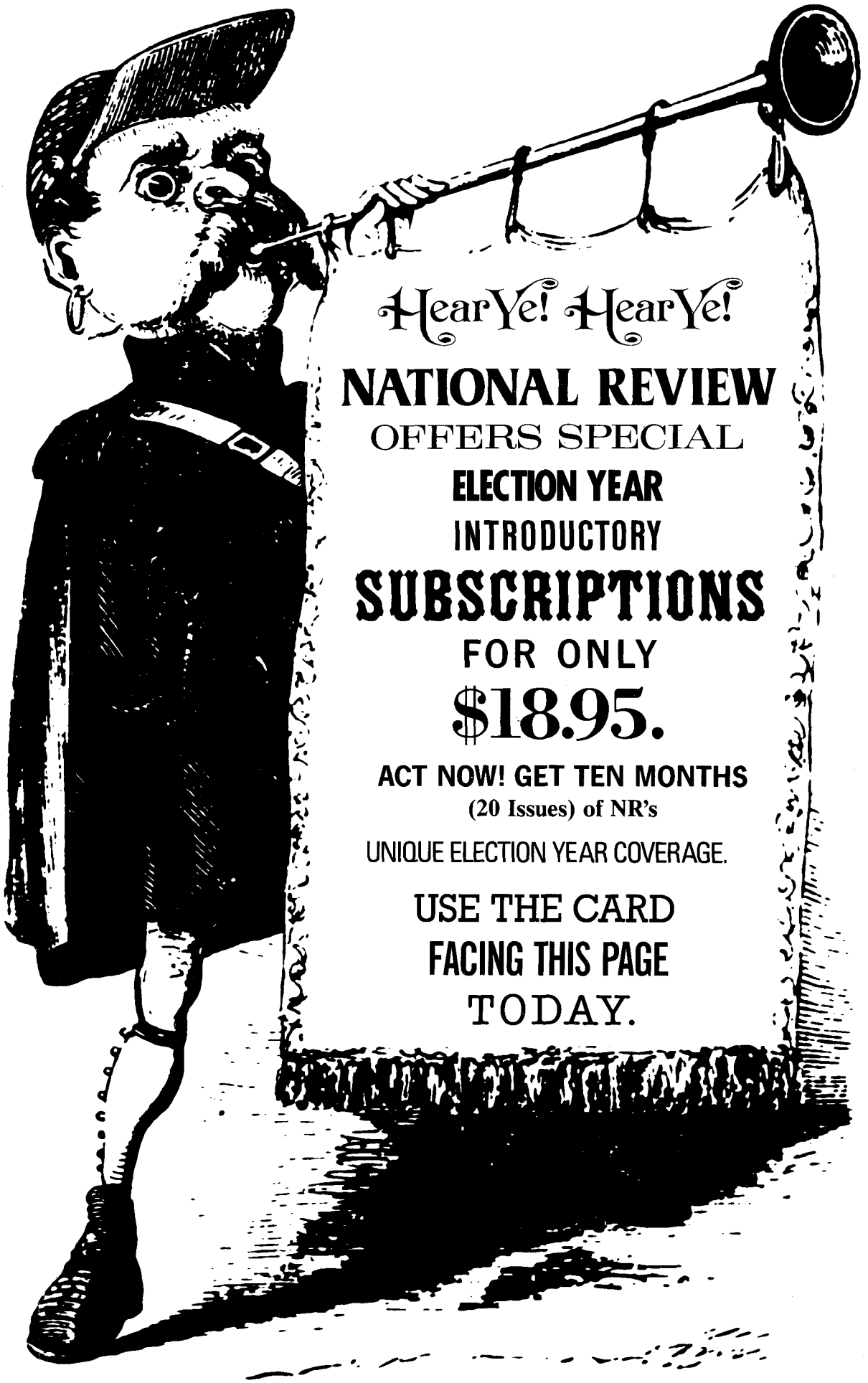

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM OCTOBER: In *The Shield of Faith: The Hidden Struggle for Strategic Defense* (Simon & Schuster, $22.95), B. Bruce-Briggs provides a history of strategic-defense policy from the first days of air power to the contemporary debate over the Strategic Defense Initiative. As the author notes, "Much of this book about the defense is about the offense—inevitably so, because offense and defense entwine like two lovers embraced in death."

☐ MORE NOVEMBER TITLES: *Limits to Friendship: The United States and Mexico* (Knopf, $24.95), by Robert A. Pastor and Jorge G. Castañeda, is composed of alternating chapters written by Pastor, formerly director of Latin American affairs at the National Security Council, and Castañeda, a syndicated columnist with the *Los Angeles Times*, concerning Mexico's and the U.S.'s perceptions of each other in such areas as economic relations, foreign policy, and mutual social pressures.

In *A Free and Ordered Space: The Real World of the University* (Norton, $19.95), A. Bartlett Giamatti, former president of Yale University, stresses "civility" in the give-and-take of liberal education and argument; the essays that go to make up this volume are reworked versions of addresses delivered at Yale over the past decade. . . . *At Home: Essays, 1982-1988* (Random House, $18.95), by Gore Vidal, is a collection of 24 pieces by this anti-radical, anti-conservative debunker who is at the same time not really a liberal either, on an array of topics stretching from the "Sino-Japanese axis" and what to do about it to the malign effects of the American pro-Israel lobby, and from Henry James as a literary critic to the ordeals of a journey by the author to Mongolia.

In *Tocqueville* (Farrar, Straus, $35), André Jardin, who is general editor of the Frenchman's collected works, has produced a fine biography of one of the greatest social observers and political theorists (of a sort) in recent times—an aristocrat who believed that democracy at the highest level can only be attained through the spiritualization of the masses. —CW

remind that men and women can live as if their world was malleable to their grasp; and that, true or false, to live in this belief is to be most authentically alive." The new generation "can pick up the discarded instruments and resume the great experiment which is America. There is no question of capacity, only of will." He makes much of Robert Kennedy's preoccupation with *Man of la Mancha* and Don Quixote's "impossible dream," and he repeatedly cites Lyndon Johnson's affirmation (spoken presumably in a lucid interval) that "we have the power to shape civilization," a "chance never before afforded to any people in any age . . . to help build a society where the demands of morality and the needs of the spirit can be realized in the life of the nation."

Such passages make clear that the ruling myth of the era was a vision of man made new through power, and it is no accident that the Arthurian and Quixotic models of the Kennedy brothers were superhuman and fictional. Nor were the implications of pursuing the impossible dream hidden from the dreamers. Mr. Goodwin notes in passing Robert Kennedy's remark after being mobbed by Communist students in Chile: "We want to change the same things, but I don't believe the Communist way is going to do it. Still, we're not so far apart as they think." Michael Oakeshott has written that the conjunction of dreaming and ruling generates tyranny, and so it does if the rulers have sufficient power. In the 1960s neither the Kennedys nor Lyndon Johnson had enough power to become real tyrants, but Johnson had more than enough to generate in himself a condition resembling madness when the world—the cities, the poor, minorities, the economy, the students, and the Communists themselves—refused to fit his dream.

What emerges clearly from Mr. Goodwin's account is the continuity of the dreams of that era with those of George McGovern, Walter Mondale, and Michael Dukakis. It is now fashionable in some quarters to separate them, to make out that there is a fundamental break between Johnson and McGovern, Hubert Humphrey and Walter Mondale, Martin Luther King and Jesse Jackson. Mr. Goodwin doesn't believe it, and his own evolution from New Frontiersman to an entirely conventional fount of more recent liberal clichés substantiates his belief. Indeed, he sees in the major figures of the 1960s the companions and precursors of the dissident movements of the era, with which "the government of John Kennedy was not at war," and which the President "had helped stimulate."

Those movements—for "civil rights," against "war," for "change," "peace," "democracy," and "liberation"—also collided head-on with the rock walls of human reality, and, like Lyndon Johnson, generated in themselves and in the country a reasonable facsimile of psychosis. Mr. Goodwin, having learned nothing from the failures of the 1960s, pines for their revival and believes that "the animating spirit of that time is not dead." In this at least he is probably correct, and the illusion, embraced even by some who call themselves conservatives, that John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson offer suitable models for leadership may prevent the serious damage these two inflicted on this country from ever being repaired. ☐

WHERE WAS TEDDY?

Jeffrey Hart

Senatorial Privilege: The Chappaquiddick Cover-Up, by Leo Damore (Regnery Gateway, 524 pp., $19.95)

IT IS TOO early to break out the champagne, but have you noticed how many books of welcome tendency have been on the best-seller list lately? Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities* has been up there for what seems like years; Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind* has made him and his publisher rich, while inducing cardiac arrest throughout the leftist academic establishment. You can also add Alison Lurie's new novel, *The Truth about Lorin Jones*, a telling spoof of faddish feminism, among other things.

And now comes *Senatorial Privilege*. At last we seem to have the whole truth about what happened at Chappaquiddick and in Edgartown on the night of July 18-19, 1969, and it's as ghastly as you always surmised. This book has been on the best-seller list for about nine weeks, but it didn't

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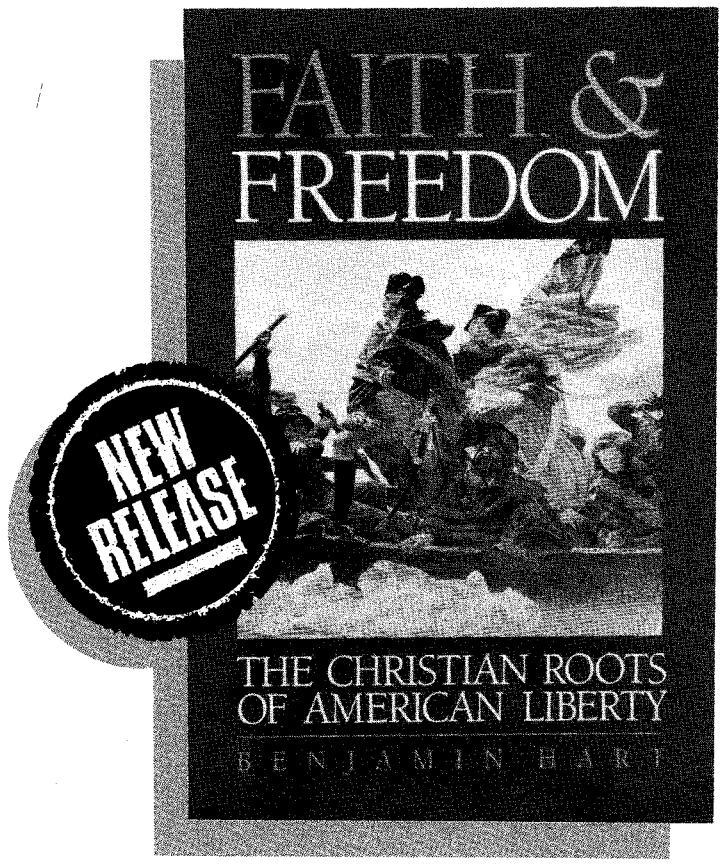
You've never read a book like this- because it's never been written.



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have a lot of help getting there. Leo Damore received a large advance, reportedly $150,000, from Random House. When he turned in his manuscript—an exciting and meticulously researched job of investigative reporting—Random House rejected it and sued to recover the advance. In the end, Regnery Gateway brought out the book, and has already grossed $1 million on it. However, as of this writing, *Senatorial Privilege* has yet to be reviewed by the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Boston Globe*, *Time*, or *Newsweek*. But it is one helluva book, exciting as the fastest-paced mystery novel, but at the same time utterly responsible, thorough, and convincing.

Mr. Damore interviewed everyone connected with the case, but the core of his book is the testimony of Joseph Gargan, who finally decided to stop covering up for the senator and spilled the beans to Damore. Like many others, I had the impression that Gargan was just another Kennedy gofer, one of the many parasites hanging around Camelot. I was wrong. Gargan is an intelligent man and a successful lawyer. He was a childhood friend of Teddy Kennedy's and had "looked after him" ever since Teddy was an inept child, whom Gargan had to keep picking up and dusting off. In later years Gargan helped out as a volunteer in various Kennedy political campaigns, meanwhile establishing himself as an attorney. After Chappaquiddick, where he had refused to perjure himself to protect Teddy, he was treated atrociously. Even so, he smoldered for years, before talking to Damore. As Damore reconstructs it, here's what happened: Kennedy, probably drunk, drove the car off the bridge into Poucha Pond. The impact apparently sprang the door open on the driver's side—Kennedy could not have fitted his considerable bulk through the window—and he floated free. Then the water pressure slammed the door shut again. Mary Jo Kopechne was trapped in the car, which landed upside down in the mud. The indications are very strong that she remained alive for an indeterminable length of time, breathing in an air bubble. Expert diver John Farrar, the first to reach her, says the posture of her corpse indicated exactly that. Furthermore, she died of asphyxiation, not of drowning; there was very little water in her lungs.

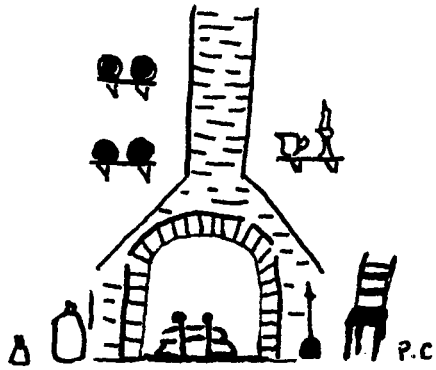
Kennedy, however, didn't stick around to find this out. Instead, he hurried back to the party cottage. He ignored houses near the scene of the accident, even though lights were on, and made no attempt to phone for help. Farrar thinks the young woman might have been saved, but Kennedy seems to have been thinking of saving his presidential aspirations first.

At the cottage, he told Gargan and another lawyer, Paul Markham, what had happened, and explained that his cover story would be that Mary Jo had been driving the car alone. Gargan and Markham refused to go along with this fragile alibi. It might well have involved them in perjury, and cost them their licenses as attorneys. And it might have been exploded anyway. Indeed, a local sheriff had seen Kennedy's car, with a man and a woman in it, turn onto the road to the bridge.

But Kennedy seems to have thought the two lawyers would come around and protect him. He swam back to Edgartown, conspicuously established his presence at the hotel where he was supposed to be staying, only to be amazed the next morning when the lawyers remained obdurate. Nine hours after the accident, he turned himself in at the Edgartown police headquarters.

Whereupon the vast Kennedy apparatus of legal maneuvering, public-relations manipulation, and political intimidation went into operation. Kennedy was to be protected at any cost. Local law-enforcement people were in awe of the prospect of investigating and prosecuting him. Ted Sorensen crafted his deceptive TV presentation. Kennedy at length pleaded guilty to "leaving the scene of an accident," and got away with it, even though, under Massachusetts law, he should have been indicted for manslaughter, a felony.

Most recently, this gem of a human being had the monumental chutzpah at the Atlanta convention to chant "Where was George?" To which the obvious answer was given from coast to coast: "George was sober, and home with his wife." □



WISE BLOOD

Terry Teachout

The IQ Controversy: The Media and Public Policy, by Mark Snyderman and Stanley Rothman (Transaction, 310 pp., $24.95)

In 1969, Arthur Jensen, a professor of educational psychology at Berkeley, published an essay in the *Harvard Educational Review* titled "How Much Can We Boost IQ and Scholastic Achievement?" Jensen reviewed the history of compensatory-education programs like Head Start and concluded that they weren't working. He cited ample evidence indicating that these programs did not work because human intelligence is largely heritable in nature. Then, at the specific request of the *Harvard Educational Review*'s editors, he reviewed the literature on group differences in intelligence and tentatively suggested that the persistent 15-point IQ gap between the black and white populations of the United States might be due in part to genetic factors.

Jensen's hypothesis about the possible existence of a genetic component in the black IQ deficit was not central to his larger arguments about the heritability of IQ. Unlike William Shockley, with whom he was henceforth to be yoked in the public consciousness, Jensen never argued that blacks were genetically "inferior." He always acknowledged the importance of environmental factors in determining intelligence. But Jensen had nonetheless been lured by his editors into taking an irreversible rhetorical step, and the cautionary tale of what happened next is retold in this important new book by Mark Snyderman and Stanley Rothman.

To begin with, Jensen immediately became the victim of a feeding frenzy that made what happened to Dan Quayle look like a tea party at a convent. The Berkeley chapter of SDS went after Jensen so viciously and systematically that the campus police

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ELECTRICITY—ACUTE NEED FOR NEW SUPPLY

Long after the searing summer heat has passed, 1988 will be remembered as the year many of America's utilities recorded electricity demand they hadn't expected until the 1990s. That may make 1988 the year that America awakens to the pressing need to build new electric generating capacity.

Hot weather is only part of the story. Even without the record summer heat, the U.S. is quickly approaching the time when electric utilities will not be able to meet normal growth in electricity demand. In some regions, they already can't.

Higher Than Forecast

Since 1982, when the U.S. economy emerged from recession, growth in electricity sales has been much higher than most experts had forecast. If this rate of growth persists—and, without a recession, it will—electricity demand will overtake reliable, cost-effective supply as early as 1990.

Electricity use is growing faster than expected because the U.S. economy is becoming more electricity-intensive, continuing a long-term trend. America's use of nonelectric forms of energy has declined about 10 percent since the 1973 Arab oil embargo, but electricity use has increased about 50 percent, with almost all the increase provided by coal and nuclear energy. Electric power has been the engine driving our economic growth. The 50 percent increase in electric use since 1973 has given us about a 45 percent increase in GNP. Electrification also increases our energy efficiency, reducing the amount of energy required per unit of GNP.

The Oil Problem

New baseload electric power plants can also help avert another looming crisis—this nation's growing addiction to imported oil. This dependence is a direct threat to our national security and worsens our trade deficit.

The problem with oil is that most of the world's supply belongs to other countries. The U.S. has less than 5 percent of the world's oil reserves and our production is declining, yet we use more than 25 percent of the world's production and our consumption is rising. America's oil imports are rising, rapidly approaching 50 percent of all the oil we use. Last year, the U.S. paid about $40 billion for imported oil, one-fourth of our record trade deficit.

The solution to our growing foreign oil dependence is the same today as it was after the 1973–74 oil embargo—to use energy more efficiently and to turn to more electricity generated from fuels like nuclear energy and coal that America has in abundance.

The Benefits of Nuclear Energy

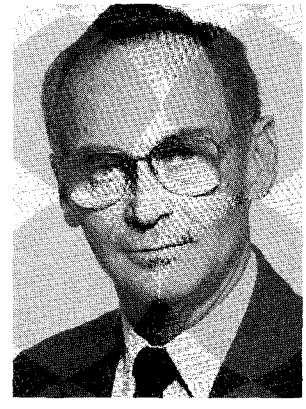
Nuclear energy is now America's second largest source of electricity, after coal. We have 109 nuclear electric plants licensed to operate in 33 states. Since 1973, our nuclear electric plants have helped us cut the use of foreign oil by 3½ billion barrels and reduced our payments to foreign oil producers by $105 billion. And these plants have operated only for about one-quarter of their useful lives, so their benefits—already large—will continue to grow.

Nuclear energy also has environmental benefits and does not contribute to the "greenhouse effect." Since 1973, the 412 nuclear electric plants around the world have cut the world's coal use by over 2.5 billion tons and its oil use by about 16 billion barrels, with resulting reductions in "greenhouse" gases.

Despite our growing need, regulatory, political and financial uncertainties prevent electric utilities from planning the new baseload power plants—coal or nuclear—that are required. Our economic growth and national security depend on removing those obstacles.

Otherwise, electric utilities will be forced to turn back to oil-fired plants that were relegated to limited service by the coal and nuclear electric plants built over the last 15 years. This means more expensive electricity and even greater dependence on imported oil from the unstable Middle East.

Nuclear electric power plants, by themselves, cannot solve the tensions in the Persian Gulf or our other oil-related problems. But they helped America and the rest of the world overcome the energy crises of the 1970s. They are fueling our economic growth. And they can help cushion us against economic and military shocks in the 1990s and beyond.



Harold B. Finger
President and Chief Executive Officer
U.S. Council For Energy Awareness

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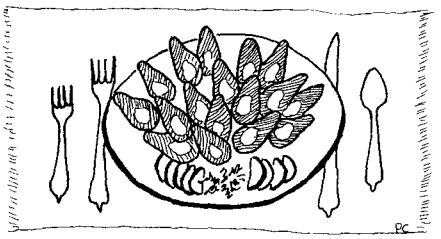
assigned him two bodyguards. The American Psychological Association and the American Anthropological Association attacked him in print. The news media promptly began ladling out generous helpings of inflammatory innuendo. (*Newsweek*'s story on Jensen, for example, was titled "Born Dumb?")

What began as a scholarly debate on the heritability of intelligence quickly degenerated into a wholesale assault on intelligence testing. Thoughtful critics of Jensen, Thomas Sowell in particular, were able to make a compelling case for the role of cultural deprivation in the black and minority IQ deficit without falling into the trap of discounting all intelligence tests as meaningless. But other dissenting scholars like Leon Kamin and Stephen Jay Gould, ignoring overwhelming scientific evidence to the contrary, claimed that there is no heritable component of intelligence whatsoever; that intelligence tests measure nothing but the ability to do well on intelligence tests; that any test that uncovers group differences in intelligence is at best culturally biased, at worst a tool of racism.



With a litle help from the elite media, these profoundly radical arguments muscled their way into the consciousness of well-intentioned liberals. The results were astonishingly swift. The use of intelligence and aptitude tests in U.S. public schools dropped about 70 per cent between 1964 and 1977. The National Education Association, confronted with a long-term decline in SAT scores, argued that the tests themselves were at fault and called for a complete moratorium on the use of standardized tests in public schools. The Association of Black Psychologists, in collaboration with the NAACP and the Urban League, mounted a court challenge that resulted in the banning in California of the administration of intelligence tests to any black student being considered for placement in special-education courses.

The rapid emergence of an anti-testing consensus in the United States, according to Snyderman and Rothman, can be traced in large part to the efforts of the mass media. Richard Hernstein, another prominent victim of the IQ witch hunt, pointed out as early as 1982 that "every review of a book concerning intelligence testing in the *New York Times Book Review* between 1975 and 1981 [was] critical of testing and none of the reviewers [was] a trained psychometrician." But Snyderman and Rothman have shed important new light on the role of the media in shaping public opinion on the subject of intelligence testing by conducting a content analysis of the way in which the IQ controversy has been covered in the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Post*, the three major news magazines, and the three major television networks:

> Journalists have emphasized controversy; they have reported scientific discussions of technical issues erroneously, and they have clearly misreported the views of the relevant scientific community. . . . One would be forced to conclude [from such coverage] that only a few maverick "experts" support the view that genetic variation plays a significant role in individual or group differences, while the vast majority of experts believe that such differences are purely the result of environmental factors.

In order to provide a clearer perspective on media coverage of the IQ controversy, Snyderman and Rothman polled 661 experts in the field of intelligence drawn from the ranks of the American Psychological Association, the American Sociological Association, the American Educational Research Association, the National Council on Measurement in Education, and other relevant professional organizations. These experts have also reached a rough consensus on the significance of intelligence testing, but it bears little resemblance to the one held by the media:

> . . . whatever the conventional wisdom holds, most experts continue to believe that intelligence can be measured, and that genetic endowment plays an important role in individual differences in IQ. While experts believe that IQ tests are somewhat biased, they do not believe that the bias is serious enough to discredit such tests, and they believe that measured IQ is an important determinant of success in American society.

In the end, of course, the battle over intelligence testing is a story of ideologies in conflict. Some people believe that mankind is infinitely malleable, others believe that it is extraordinarily resistant to change. From these two visions spring the liberal and conservative philosophies. A growing number of scientists, swayed by the results of their own research, have begun to come down, however reluctantly, on the side of the conservatives. Their colleagues, having concluded that such heresies must be ruthlessly quashed, are enlisting the mass media in their effort.

Indeed, the destruction of Arthur Jensen's professional reputation is but

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a single chapter in the long history of the corruption of free scientific inquiry. What can be done about it? On that subject Mark Snyderman and Stanley Rothman, for all the studied neutrality of their prose, are understandably pessimistic:

> . . . one suspects that it will be a long time before the question of a possible genetic contribution to measured intelligence—either between individuals or groups—can be discussed in a radical and open manner. . . . In the meantime, as the new environmentalist conventional wisdom continues to dominate the views of the informed public and policy-makers, one can only hope for the increasing appearance of accurate information in the public sphere. □

ALL ABOUT EVE

James Hitchcock

Adam, Eve, and the Serpent, by Elaine Pagels (Random House, 189 pp., $17.95)

THOSE WHO have wished to show that the teachings of Jesus were at some point seriously distorted by his followers, a charge that has been made repeatedly since the early centuries of the Church, have over the years been forced to push the date of the initial distortion further and further back into the reaches of Church history. Martin Luther thought it began under Pope Gregory the Great (c. 600). Others—both Protestant and Catholic—have blamed the Emperor Constantine (c. 300). More logically, some of Christianity's severest critics have made Paul himself not the greatest apostle but the greatest betrayer of his master's teachings.

Elaine Pagels, a professor of religion at Princeton, admits she had present-day concerns in mind when she first undertook her study of the early Church's understanding of Genesis 1-3, the story of man's fall. The resulting book, *Adam, Eve, and the Serpent*, argues that the earliest Christian ideas about sexuality, freedom, and sin have come down to us today only by way of a fair amount of manhandling, most notably at the hands of St. Augustine. The new, improved versions of these ideas represented distortions of their predecessors; they were accepted by the Church, however, because of what might be called their institutional convenience. Twice Mrs. Pagels notes that even friendly colleagues have wondered if her approach to religion is reductionistic. She is sensitive to the charge, and yet insists that to claim that abstract doctrine may include a practical agenda is not the same as to say that theology is merely a rationale for such an agenda.

Mrs. Pagels argues, for example, that the early Christians' reverence for virginity was less a matter of moral principle than of hard-headed pragmatism. At one point she compares their situation to that of a thoughtful adolescent today who might hesitate before taking on the life-long responsibilities of family and career. The early Christians, she says, saw how corrupt and personally confining conventional social life was, including membership in a family. Rather like 1960s "dropouts" (she does not make the comparison), they chose the celibate life because it gave them greater freedom.

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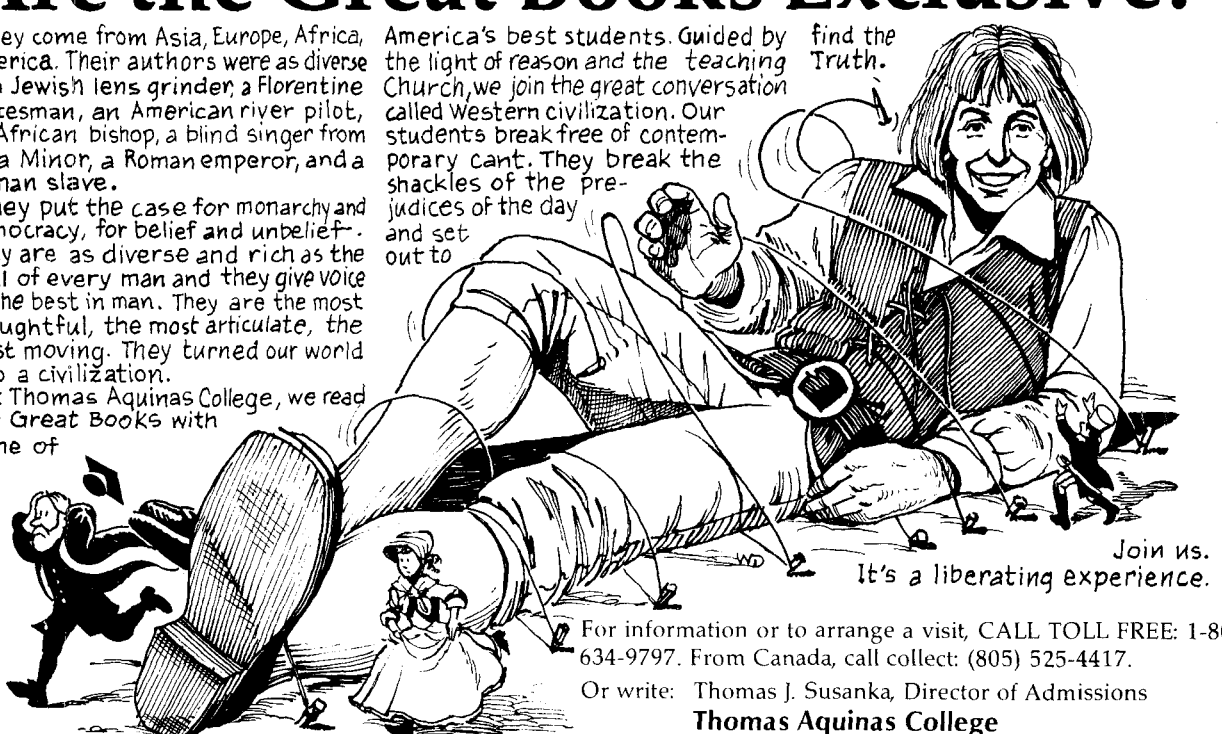

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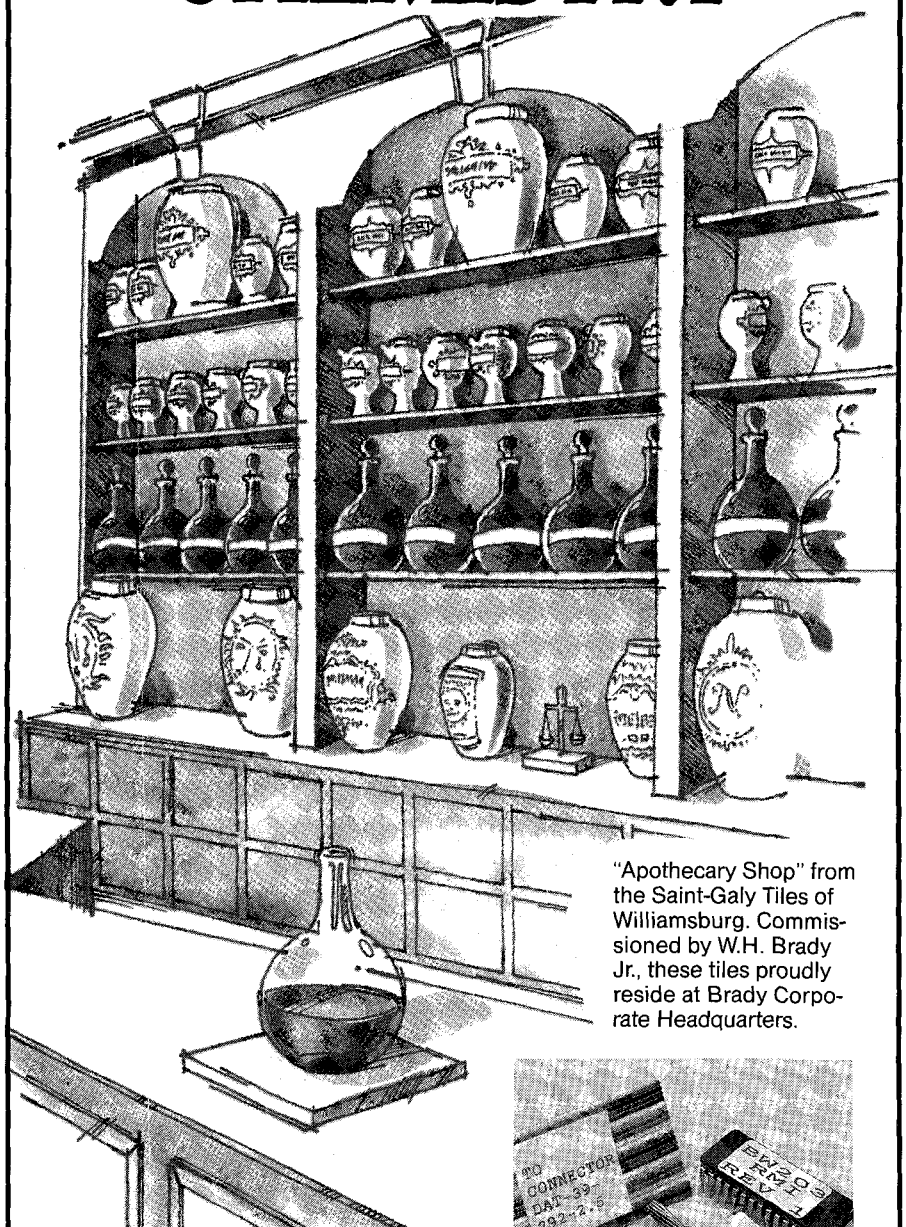

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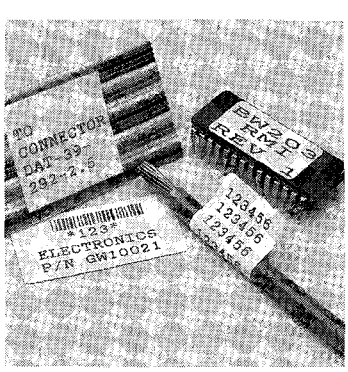

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Mrs. Pagels does acknowledge that the members of the young Church sought freedom ultimately as a means to the end of adhering more fully to Christ's teachings. But she also comes uncomfortably close to saying that virginity was merely a discipline for, as it were, husbanding one's time and energy, and that Christians saw no value in it for its own sake.

Thus "freedom" was at the heart of the early Christian message, meaning liberation from all the bonds of society and state, for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven. Here the convert philosopher Justin Martyr and the theologian and patriarch of Constantinople, John Chrysostom, are her prize exhibits. But, just as the idyll of the Garden was ruined by the intrusive serpent, the essentially positive view of humanity taken by the early Fathers was wrecked by the intrusion of Augustine, bishop of Hippo. Like most previous interpreters, Mrs. Pagels thinks Augustine's own history of unbridled sexual passion, which in reaction led him at one point to join the ranks of the flesh-denying Manichees, affected his whole understanding of the Gospel.

Indeed, it was Augustine who first comprehensively formulated the doctrine of Original Sin—the idea that in Adam all men sinned, and that sin is transmitted to later generations through semen, the act of sexual intercourse being the most powerful testimony to the dominance of disordered passions in human lives.

Augustine's theology was challenged during the fifth century by the British monk Pelagius, who taught the essential goodness of human nature and man's freedom to choose good over evil. On these issues, Mrs. Pagels argues that Pelagius and his followers, who were declared heretics in 431 by the Council of Ephesus, actually adhered strictly to the original Christian message, while Augustine was the real distorter, innovator, and heretic. Moreover, she says, Augustine had a barely hidden political agenda: if human beings are slaves to sin, as he believed, they can't be capable of self-government, and hence an authoritarian state is called for. Pagels notes that Augustine justified the use of force against heretics.

When parts of this book were given advance publication in *The New York Review of Books*, it looked as though Mrs. Pagels was going to attempt the

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astonishing feat of discussing the whole subject without reference to Paul. He did, though, make a belated appearance in that excerpt, and is more fully discussed here. The key text is Romans 7:15-18, the famous passage in which the apostle laments that "I do not do what I will, but I do the very thing that I hate." The claim that Augustine distorted the Gospel would seem to founder on this text, and certain others. Mrs. Pagels handles the problem almost offhandedly, without seeming to realize the implications of her own position. She notes that "optimistic" writers like Chrysostom thought Paul was talking only about the unbaptized, while Christians have been given true freedom.

But if this is in fact what Paul meant, it hardly negates Augustine's support for the use of coercive authority against unregenerate heretics. Moreover, applied to the modern world it would lead to a system of government that even the most extreme Moral Majoritarian would not advocate—one in which Church members would enjoy essential freedom from the law, while non-believers would feel its full force. It is astonishing that Mrs. Pagels regards this interpretation as the solution to her problem of how to separate Paul from Augustine, and it also reveals that the latter's "pessimism" about human nature is in its way even democratic—all men, including Christians, are equal in sin.

Mrs. Pagels does not attempt to argue that Augustine proposed a theory of the state more repressive than those held by most other political theorists; she merely insinuates that his negative view of sex necessarily leads to oppressive politics. But thoughtful people have long realized that the democratic system need not rest on a theory of essential human goodness, that in fact such theories have a way of backfiring on those who hold them.

Mrs. Pagels also exaggerates the completeness of Augustine's victory. While Pelagianism was condemned, Augustine's own view that humanity is wholly evil was never officially adopted. Instead, the mainstream of the Church professed what came to be called "semi-Pelagianism" (best formulated by Thomas Aquinas), in which human nature is damaged by sin but not destroyed by it. Ironically, it was this "moderation" that brought down on the Church the full force of the wrath of Martin Luther, John Calvin, and other early-modern reformers. Had the Church adopted Augustine's ideas without reservation, many of the sixteenth century controversies would never have occurred, but the Church would be twice as vulnerable today to critics like Mrs. Pagels. □

ELIOT'S VITA NUOVA

James W. Tuttleton

Eliot's New Life, by Lyndall Gordon (Farrar, Straus, 356 pp., $19.95)

IN ACCOUNTING for Charles Baudelaire's "constant vituperations of the female," T. S. Eliot once observed that the French poet "arrived at the perception that a woman must be to some extent a symbol; he did not arrive at the point of harmonizing his experience with his ideal needs." Whether any male artist of great imagination can find a real woman capable of fulfilling his ideal is a question for NOW. But it goes without saying that Eliot, like Baudelaire, also transfigured the female for symbolic purposes. Grishkin, the perfumed and rapacious sexual animal of "Whispers of Immortality"; the foxy Princess Volupine of "Burbank with a Baedeker"; the sinister nightingales like Rachel *née* Rabinovitch plotting Sweeney's death; and the sexually limp and affectless typist, come home at teatime for her carbuncular young man in *The Waste Land* —all are manifestations of a misogyny that bears inspection. Without doubt the illicit sexual availability of such women tempted the flesh and thus the soul to its damnation.

But against these women are counterposed allegories of the feminine ideal like Marina, the symbol of daughterly innocence in the poem of her name, and the Lady of Silences in *Ash Wednesday*. This last figure—who is both a real woman and the idealization of what it means to be a woman, who suggests even the Blessed Virgin Mary herself—is the figure to whom Eliot (after some youthful cruising in Parisian red-light districts and a catastrophic marriage) finally and penitentially turned: "Blessed sister, holy mother, spirit of the fountain, spirit of the garden . . . let my cry come unto Thee."

The appropriation of the real wom-

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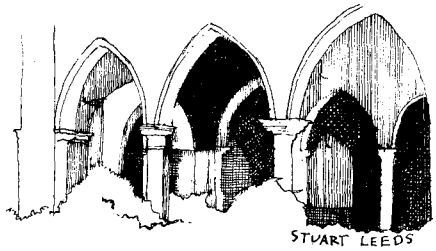
an for the symbolic purpose is, for many modern feminists, one of the most offensive maneuvers of the male artistic imagination. But it has taken a woman critic and biographer, Lyndall Gordon, to provide the most sympathetic and elaborate analysis of T. S. Eliot's symbolization of the feminine in his poetry and drama. It is a pleasure to report that, in *Eliot's New Life*, Miss Gordon has provided a masterly sequel to her first biographical volume, *Eliot's Early Years* (Oxford, 1977). In that earlier volume she traced Eliot's development up to the period of his conversion in 1927—to Anglicanism in religion, royalism in politics, and classicism in literature.

In the present volume she begins with Eliot's new life—the life of the man reborn in his religious, political, and literary affiliations. Others—for example, Peter Ackroyd—have recounted this story before her, but Miss Gordon is the first to reinterpret the life, the verse, and the drama in the light of Eliot's relation to the four women in his life. The first of these was of course Vivienne Haigh-Wood, whom Eliot married in 1915. A brilliant but unstable girl whose neurotic disorder deepened into drug addiction and psychosis, Vivienne figures in *The Waste Land* as the hysterical wife whose " 'nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me. / Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.' " Miss Gordon documents a marriage for which ghastliness and horror are the only appropriate words. Vivienne was mad to start with; Eliot himself cracked up in 1922 and was sent by his doctors to Switzerland to recuperate. In that "decayed hole among the mountains" he gave final form to *The Waste Land*, a poem thematizing his psychic disintegration as much as the fragmentation of Western culture itself. To save his own sanity Eliot separated from Vivienne a decade later, but the separation was an ordeal nearly as bad as the marriage. Vivienne followed him about, harassed him at his office, showed up at his poetry readings to embarrass him, and finally drove him underground. Frequently institutionalized, Vivienne died in 1947.

The ghastliness of this marriage was compounded by Eliot's knowledge that he ought to have married Emily Hale, a Boston girl of good family he had known in youth. A lifelong correspondent, she visited Eliot each summer in the mid 1930s. Her charm and intelligence, her poise and personality, and her love for Eliot brought home to him the poignance of the "might have been" that haunts "Burnt Norton": "Footfalls echo in the memory / Down the passage which we did not take / Towards the door we never opened / Into the rose-garden." But as Miss Gordon observes, Eliot's sense of sin and guilt at the disaster of his marriage was so great that only a monastic celibacy, he felt, could redeem him. What Tom and Emily felt for each other and how she took his turning away from her for the spiritual pursuit of his own soul's perfection we cannot fully know. Her letters to him appear to have been destroyed, and his nearly one thousand letters to her, housed at Princeton's Firestone Library, cannot be inspected until the year 2019. But there is no doubt that it is Emily Hale who reappears as the ideal of woman in *Ash Wednesday* and *Four Quartets*.

The third woman in Eliot's life was Mary Trevelyan, an Englishwoman whose friendship and companionship sustained Eliot through the years of his separation and after Vivienne's death. Her unpublished memoir of Eliot's account of that marriage and of his state of mind during these years forms an indispensable part of Lyndall Gordon's biography.

Whether he attained the absolution he sought, there is no doubt that his unexpected and unannounced marriage to his secretary Valerie Fletcher in 1957—he was 68 and she thirty—brought him (brought them both) a love that approached, in his mind, the beatitude that Beatrice had conferred on Dante. To her he owed, as he wrote in "A Dedication to My Wife," "the leaping delight / That quickens my senses in our wakingtime." Nothing could wither "The roses in the rose-garden which is ours and ours only." One will not find in *Eliot's New Life* the day-to-day record of Eliot's post-conversion life—an account of editorial meetings at Faber & Faber, the evenings at the opera, the weekends in the country, the complex relationships with other writers and friends. But Miss Gordon has given us an inner life of the poet, for her a resolutely *American* poet of Puritan origins and sensibility, whose spiritual odyssey would be unintelligible without an understanding of the symbolic uses to which he put the real women in his life. □



IN MEDIAS RES, AS USUAL

J. O. Tate

Uncle Target, by Gavin Lyall (Viking, 256 pp., $16.95)

GRABBING HOLD of Gavin Lyall's latest book is a practice as addictive as it is rewarding. After all, England produces many fine writers of mysteries, thrillers, and adventure stories, but somebody has to be the best. I've thought Lyall to be the best for a long time.

While upsetting some of my expectations, *Uncle Target* has sustained that conviction. This volume is the fourth in Lyall's Major Maxim series, the 11th of his "novels of risk." In his initial seven first-person narratives, and in the three third-person Major Maxims before this one, Lyall constructed his expositions around a retrospective awareness of a conundrum or tangle, itself embedded in an ongoing present action. But this time the emphasis is almost exclusively on the unfolding of events, on Harry Maxim's adjustments to challenges, and on the revelation of character in action.

In *Uncle Target*, Major Maxim is confronted by a terrorist crisis that leads from a London hotel to the Jordanian desert and involves the prototype of a new tank, the MBT90. Major Maxim is a British infantry officer who learns to become a "tankie" the hard way. The story of his ordeal in the desert is an examination of values and assumptions, the test of an ethos, even an inquisition of pride.

The symbiosis Maxim establishes with that alien weapons system, the tank, as well as the relationships he builds with various soldiers and one civilian, is an expression of the technological and military culture with which Lyall's books are imbued. The strenuously earned identity of man and ma-

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chine is asserted by Major Maxim himself:

"He now sensed in the tank not an inflexible strength but an animal strength in depth, that could be injured without being destroyed, work well without having to work perfectly.

"Like myself, he thought wryly."

The culture of machines and the celebration of the very practical magic of weaponry have set man apart from the animals since prehistory, and are essential parts of epic poetry from the *Iliad* to *Beowulf* and the *Chanson de Roland* to medieval romance. Lyall's extensions of heroic values into the twentieth century have sometimes reminded me of the glorious arming of Achilles and of his ekphrasistic shield; of the magical weapon with which Beowulf slew Grendel's mom (her blood melted the blade); and of that unbreakable sword, Durandal, which Roland apostrophized in his last moments.

I suppose that the MBT90 is the most extensively portrayed of all the Hegelian "total objects" that Lyall has given us over the years. And I think furthermore that the action of *Uncle Target* constitutes the most developed of Lyall's familiar "private wars." True, Maxim is on assignment for his government, but he handles things his way, with the distinctive flair, military efficiency, and tough chivalry we have come to expect from him.

We have also come to expect Lyall's casually encoded values to register in cultural and historical references as well as in Major Maxim's conduct. In a story about tank combat in the desert, we notice the name of a military ship: the HMAV *Alamein*. And on that ship, there's a worn-out John Wayne video that may stand for something more than entertainment. Major Maxim crosses the old railroad about which T. E. Lawrence waxed eloquent when he recalled the trains he had blown up. But the author of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is dismissed as a "flamboyant amateur." Similarly, when we hear of a mysterious clue—"*Der Verfechter bei der Zweiwindburg*" ("the master in the house of the two winds")—Lyall beats us to the punch by having someone say quickly, "It sounds like a John Buchan title." Lyall has always been quick to preempt the reader that way.

Of course, *Uncle Target* has a lot to tell us also about Agnes Algar, her

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professional instincts so different from Maxim's, with her woman's point of view. When we remember George Harbinger's excessive drinking, we remember to worry about that—and so does Agnes.

But perhaps the core of *Uncle Target* lies in the jaded inquiry of a sleek bureaucrat: "Hello, Harry. *In medias res*, as usual?" The question points not only to the questioner's public-school background but also to a Horatian formula for epic composition. The historical background is symbolized in a display at the house of the Foreign Secretary emblematic of the authority and power necessary to keep chaos—and terrorism—at bay:

> . . . Maxim had stopped to stare around. The high ceiling and walls were almost covered with flintlock rifles and pistols; not a true collection but an armory of the same types, arranged in sprays, concentric circles, and echelons, enough to equip a regiment. As indeed they had, one long-ago disbanded but originally raised and equipped by the family of the house.

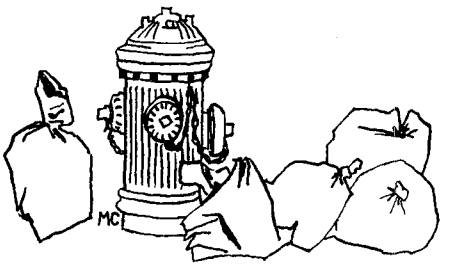
From that ancestral center out toward the scene of adventure ("A desert fort, for God's sake, did he just dream that into existence from his childhood reading?"), Major Harry Maxim takes his values and knowledge with him as he goes. As he makes command decisions in the dark, we learn not only what "discarding sabot" means, but also to attribute new meaning to an old Shakespearean phrase: "a little touch of Harry in the night." Learning that means knowing just what a high-impact thriller *Uncle Target* is—a roller-coaster ride for grown-ups. Gavin Lyall has done it again. □

FILM

SWEET BIRD OF UNTRUTH

John Simon

PERHAPS I AM not the right person to review *Bird*, Clint Eastwood's biographical film about Charlie "Bird" Parker. With the exception of rock and other pop forms of today, nothing leaves me colder than bebop. I rather like jazz, but bop strikes me as an unfortunate hybrid: a popular art form



flirting with a highbrow one and falling between two schools. Classical composers could make use of jazz because of its unspoiled folk quality; I cannot imagine another Ravel, Stravinsky, or Martinů incorporating bop in his music.

I say this by way of laying my cards on the table. I would guess that upward of half of Eastwood's two-hour-forty-minute film is taken up with Bird blowing his alto sax: in a couple of early sequences, as he is growing up, by himself; later, in various groups. The music has been carefully recreated for the film: Lennie Niehaus, himself a noted alto saxophonist, "cleaned up the original recordings electronically and isolated Parker's solos," Eastwood explains. Then some top jazz musicians were hired and offered the "unique opportunity [of playing] with Charlie Parker thirty or so years after his death." Since some of the tapes used were from the private collection of Charlie's last (common-law) wife, Chan Richardson, and such previously unreleased material must thrill the aficionados, the movie, for them, must be bathed in a sacred glow lost on me.

But Charlie Parker the man arouses my curiosity: not because he changed the face of jazz forever, but because, to adapt Whitman, "he was the man, he suffered, he was there." Yet, highly touted though *Bird* was at Cannes, then at its release in France, and now here, it doesn't tell me anything about how Parker got to be the musician he was (was he completely self-taught?), about how he got hooked on heroin and drink (yes, I know about jazz musicians in general, but I'd like to know more about *this* one), about how his renowned appeal for women functioned, chubby and undistinguished-looking as he was. What about his three other marriages and countless flings? The film, based mostly on Chan's memoir, *Life in E Flat*, gets properly going only when Charlie meets Chan (no puns about Chinese detectives, please!).

Eastwood says that when he bought Joel Oliansky's screenplay, which had been lying around Columbia Pictures for years, he wanted to do a movie about "the mysteries of [Bird], his strengths and weaknesses, gals and booze and drugs and stuff, but at the same time his genius." Sure enough, it is a movie about the mysteries, preserved intact with not a single veil lifted. Even the death of a daughter that apparently causes Bird's suicide attempt with which the film swings into action is not shown; we have to take everything in the movie on faith. The story, what there is of it, proceeds by a dotted line whose interstices we can fill ad libitum. Call it a do-it-yourself biography.

To be sure, there were genuine obstacles. The filmmakers clearly did not want to spell out details of this interracial affair, especially since Bird is not one of your dashing Poitierish blacks but, especially as incarnated by Forest Whitaker, a heavy-set, almost obese man who (someone must have thought—perhaps rightly) would not go over well as an attractive white woman's lover. So we see one kiss between Chan and Charlie and one getting-dressed sequence—the late phase at that!—and no more. Oh, occasionally we see him being gazed at intensely by another white woman. But how is that going to tell us about Bird and his "gals," to say nothing of his "stuff"?

Nor are there any serious discussions of music between him and Dizzy Gillespie or other musicians who figure in the movie, from which we might learn about the genesis of bebop. The music is just there. Or not there, as in an early Kansas City sequence where young Charlie tries to qualify to play with a band, but elicits only ridicule and the drummer's pitching his cymbal at him. True, in a later scene, the crapulous Charlie offers "getting inside the music" as his method, but that is pitifully, or laughably, insufficient. It is also true that it is very hard to convey what bebop is by filmable events or words. Still, Bertrand Tavernier got much closer to it in *'Round Midnight* by smartly engaging a real jazz ace to play his jazzman hero and then letting the camera linger on his playing. An actor's simulated fingering won't do the trick.

A serious drawback indeed is the Cannes-prize-winning central performance. A fine actor in supporting parts,

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Whitaker has proved himself in *Platoon*, *Good Morning Vietnam*, and especially in a stunning bit in *The Color of Money*. But he cannot as yet carry a whole long movie, or at least one in which he has to encompass such extremes as irresistible charm and tormenting tormentedness. Bird's dark, destructive side come through even less, as written and acted, than does his hinted-at charm.

Darkness of another kind, however, is all over the place. Almost the entire film takes place at night, in dimly lit spaces; or, when outdoors, nearly always in both night and torrential rain. Often you cannot truly see the actors; quite often you cannot understand them either, what with opaque speech and naturalistic sound recording. I would say that roughly 30 per cent of the film is invisible, and some 40 to 50 inaudible. I cannot remember when—in moviegoing or life—I so longed for an honest bit of daylight as I did while groping my way through *Bird*. Of course, we get the symbolic-didactic value of this murk with a vengeance, as we do that of the recurring shot of the Kansas City drummer tossing his cymbal at Parker, complete with visual and sonorous special effects—talk about the clash of symbols! But although the stygian dark may convey the mood of this life, it does not, so to speak, shed any light on it.

The sparse social details, though accurate, are not sufficiently helpful either. When Bird and his quintet tour the South, the white trumpeter, Red Rodney, is billed as an albino to enable them all to stay in black hotels. This is fine, as is showing the segregation of black and white audiences during the concerts. But it hardly begins to show how society affected Bird's psyche and his interracial marriage.

Similarly, we get a sequence where Parker, driven around nocturnal Los Angeles, asks that the car stop outside the Stravinsky residence, at whose outer gate he rings the bell. The far-off front door opens and two puzzled silhouettes, Igor's and Vera's, peer into the night, then shut the door again. Bird just stares, awe-struck. Now, it's interesting to learn that he revered Stravinsky. But just how did he discover him, how well did he know his works, and what did they do for him—such questions aren't even raised, let alone answered.

The best thing about *Bird* (other than the music, for those who fancy it) is Diane Venora's performance as Chan. Cocky in the flashback sequences, where she is a dancer and free spirit, she announces: "I've had my sweet sixteen at the Cotton Club. It's always been musicians." The way she speaks the line to Charlie, you don't know whether it's a boast, a promise, or a putdown. You are kept guessing, and it enriches the moment: perhaps it is all three. Venora gives us a Chan hot-blooded yet elusive, proud yet earthy. And when finally committed to Bird, devoted yet steely. The actress makes something full-bodied out of snatches, something fresh out of clichés. She lights up the film's darkness.

The atmosphere, the visual details may be authentic, but that does not guard against stereotypes in the telling. Bird's relations with a drug pusher, with a Javert-like policeman, with a fictitious jazzman representing the various ways of selling out are all staples of such bio-pics. And what, for example, is the function of that baroness to whom Chan introduces Bird and in

DAVID F. PRINDLE
—who is quoted extensively by David Brooks in his September 30 article in the *National Review*, "More Kafka than Capra"—is the author of **THE POLITICS OF GLAMOUR** which will be in bookstores in November.
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whose Boston house he dies? And the famous line of the coroner who describes the dead Bird as aged about 65 (so in the film; elsewhere I have encountered figures between fifty and sixty), only to be told that he was 34, is not built up to. We do not see, for all the ulcers and addictions and hospital scenes, Charlie aging and deteriorating. But perhaps it merely gets lost in cinematographer Jack Green's chiaroless oscuro.

The film queers itself at the very beginning by sporting for its epigraph the well-known and well-worn Fitzgeraldian dictum, "There are no second acts in American lives." Yet we don't see Dizzy Gillespie or Red Rodney go down the tubes. But, then, the Diz tells Bird, "I'm a leader . . . a reformer. You're a martyr." Well, no. There are self-made men, but there are no self-made martyrs. It takes a higher cause to make a martyr; if there is one in *Bird*, it does not come across.

CROSSING DELANCEY is a film that proves you can be *small* and pretentious. Ostensibly showing its 34-year-old Jewish heroine torn between the genteel, artistic uptown life and her Lower East Side real-*mensh* roots, it cheats in both directions. The fancy literary lotus eaters are poised on the cusp between the sublime and the ridiculous—you can read them either way; the ghetto lox eaters are basically sensitive, educated, even refined. Why, the pickle merchant whom the marriage broker instructs to wear Armani when he goes a-wooing, previously wore his own going-out clothes which were rather more understatedly elegant. Joan Micklin Silver, the perennially amateur director, wants to have it both ways, which is no way to treat a lovely actress such as Amy Irving, who gets lost in the shifty shuffle. □

ART

PAUL GAUGUIN IN THE VANGUARD

James Gardner

PAUL GAUGUIN incarnates in its purest form what so many people have been faking for the past three generations. Here was the first, and perhaps the grandest, of the Great Refusers. In this creature of Gargantuan appetites and legendary cussedness, who turned his back on Western bourgeois culture, we may plausibly discern the spiritual father and grandfather of everyone from Duchamp and Pollock to Julian Schnabel and Joseph Beuys. When so many of the vanguardists of his day had settled down into a comfortable middle-class existence, Gauguin was traveling to the ends of the earth in search of a sunny place to die.

It should perhaps be pointed out that this was long before snottiness had become a lucrative option, if not a precondition for success on the international art scene. Yet Gauguin's particular brand of snottiness proceeded from a personal condition that was far removed from his actual artistic practice. If anything, the noble serenity of his art, as revealed in a stunning retrospective that I saw at Washington's National Gallery (it has now moved to Chicago), must have been the antidote to a hard and unenviable life.

Born in 1848, the year of cataclysms, Gauguin as a young man appeared large-hearted and slightly stupid. To everyone's surprise, he made a small fortune in the stock market, and with this he managed to support a wife and several children. He took up art comparatively late, and he was well into his thirties before he resolved to make a career of it. In no time at all he was creating some of the most advanced and beautiful landscapes and narrative compositions of his day. In this period of his creativity, however, to which the present show devotes the least attention, he is not yet his own man: his unabashed imitation of other Impressionists, like Pissaro and Cézanne, caused him to be largely overlooked by contemporary critics. But already he must have recognized that he could not remain among the Impressionists much longer. Already he was something of an anomaly to these relatively well-adjusted and slightly older confrères. Filled with more illusions than he knew what to do with, he determined to get as far from the mainstream as possible.

In his search for a style and a life that were distinctly his own, Gauguin moved from Paris to Brittany in 1886. Though this may not sound all that radical today, to his contemporaries Brittany was a land of myths, of unadulterated Celtic peasants tenaciously

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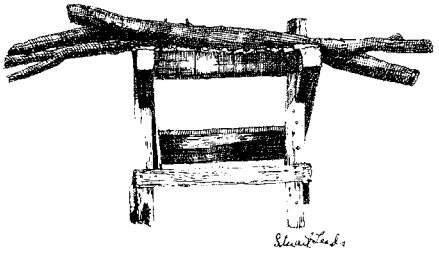
clinging to their primitive form of Christianity. And in his four years there, Gauguin would produce some of the most radically innovative art that the West had ever seen. The Impressionists imposed upon reality a wholly new painterly process, but underneath their splodges and jabs the real world endured unmolested. Gauguin is one of the first to sever that fragile ligament that remained between the artist and the world around him. In his paintings, people and places begin to assume the absurd colors and shapes of a fever dream. The current exhibition features the famous *Self-Portrait with a Halo*, in which the hook-nosed head of the artist floats amid completely illogical fields of yellow and red. Nearby, in a depiction of *The Beach at Pouldu*, an unstable shoreline oozes like liquid fire, while the storm-tossed sea is immobilized into malachite.

Even Brittany, though, was too close to home at this point, and Gauguin was ready to move on. If it had been possible to fall off the earth, he would have embraced the opportunity. Instead he moved to Tahiti in 1891, and, after returning to Paris for two years in 1893, he passed from Tahiti to Hiva Oa where he died in 1903.

In his first Tahitian period, he produced stunning landscapes of elegant sinuosity, quilted patterns of primary colors brought into shocking contiguity. As in the music of Strauss or Mahler, thousands of little surprises bloom all at once, overwhelming the viewer with the vertiginous superabundance of nature's gifts. In his numerous portraits of Tahitian women, naked and seminaked, fully pagan or posed like the Virgin Mary, Gauguin reinvests with a new vigor all those myths of the noble savage that have haunted the French imagination for more than two centuries. So fully did Gauguin take to the life of the Pacific that he felt out of place during his brief return to France, and, to judge from the current show, he produced little of enduring interest while there. But his Paris years were not without effect, and when he returned to the islands for good in 1895, he succeeded in depicting the natives no longer as exotic specimens, but as human types set into ever more classical compositions.



To see these 280 paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures is to be swept up in reverie and nostalgia. But what one really longs for is not those desert islands of romantic myth that Gauguin immortalized in his paintings. Rather, the object of our desires is that vanished era when vanguardism still had a point, when crass careerism had not, by assuming its name, yet robbed it of its last vestiges of integrity and purpose. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Two Lives, One Russia, by Nicholas Daniloff (Houghton Mifflin, 307 pp., $19.95)

WHILE PERFORMING his duties as a reporter for the Moscow bureau of *U.S. News & World Report*, Nicholas Daniloff was also exploring his family's Russian roots. Inspired by a nineteenth-century heirloom, an iron ring his father had inherited, he compiled a tremendous story about his great-great-grandfather, Alexander Frolov. The results of his research would have made an interesting book—for Russian-history buffs and Daniloff's relatives. But then, one day in the fall of 1986, a Russian—and a supposed friend—met Daniloff outside a Moscow subway station and handed him a sealed package; minutes later Daniloff was seated in the back of a van between two KGB thugs on his way to Lefortovo Prison, where he spent 14 days on suspicion of being an agent of the CIA. (He wasn't.) The book he wrote when he got out, *Two Lives, One Russia*, weaves together the story of his search for a not-so-famous nineteenth-century relative (sent to do time in Siberia for his alleged involvement in a revolt in which he did not participate) with an account of the author's own run-in with the KGB (his arrest, or rather kidnapping, was in retaliation for the arrest of a Soviet, Gennadi Zakharov, in the U.S., who *was* a spy). But Daniloff writes, "My troubles with the Soviet authorities did not begin [the day of my arrest], or even the week before. . . . My troubles

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flowed . . . from an antique iron ring, lined with gold, which my father wore on the fourth finger of his left hand." His point is that, in a country where "the weather can be classified . . . and information sought by Western journalists is often considered secret," his zealous search raised suspicions, thereby making him a likely candidate when the KGB found it needed an American "spy" to arrest. Daniloff offers tremendous insight into the workings of the KGB, the reality of Soviet justice (if those two words can be used in such close proximity), and a brief history of other Americans who also wound up in his unfortunate position (Professor Frederick Barghoorn, for example, was held for 16 days in 1963, on similarly trumped-up charges). But this is not a spy story. This is a book about two men experiencing the same Russia 150 years apart. Two men who loved their Russian homeland, but who ended up innocent victims of ruthless, frustrated, and failing regimes. GEOFFREY MORRIS

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IT IS DISCOURAGING that a man who has spent over thirty years as a member of what is—or used to be—thought of as the temple of American rhetoric apparently felt himself inadequate to the task of writing his memoirs without the aid of a tape recorder and an acknowledged ghost-writer. Still, *Goldwater* (Doubleday, $21.95), by Barry M. Goldwater with Jack Casserly, is an amusing as well as an interesting book, engagingly unselfconscious at a personal level. (Ignore the anachronism long enough to imagine John C. Calhoun rigging his toilet seat with a voice-recording that plays, "Hi, honey, how ya doin'? Can I be of any help?" when a young lady seats herself—*and writing about it.*) At the public level, it is considerably less self-conscious; we are aware of the author's overriding desire to convince us that he is not only a serious political figure but a flesh-and-blood human being, and a genuinely good man. His need after all these years is pathetic, but his argument—despite the strain he puts on it—is convincing. Barry Goldwater, as David Broder has finally conceded, is indeed "a monumental figure in American politics—beyond philosophy and ideology. He is an authentic American." He is also an essentially simple man, whose intuitive conservatism—conservative "ideas" being for Goldwater "as much a part of life as walking down the street or watering your horse"—made him "right from the start." From his first hours in the U.S. Senate in 1953, his aim was always "to reduce the size of government. Not to pass laws but to repeal them. Not to institute new programs but to eliminate old ones."

"Right from the start" had its disadvantage, of course. Goldwater, to this day, sees himself as conservatism's fall guy, the fellow who is inevitably floored only to bounce back onto his feet—and get floored again. Before the assassination he had been keen to run against John Kennedy on the Republican ticket in 1964: the campaign, he believed, would be a true test of opposed philosophies. But, with Johnson in the White House, Goldwater lost all interest in a quest for the Presidency. "The overwhelming reason for the decision [not to run]," he explains, "was my personal and political contempt for Lyndon Johnson. . . . If conservatives were to plead their case before the American people, the air had to be clear and clean. There had to be a line of battle where principles and beliefs clashed openly for the public to see. Johnson was the epitome of the unprincipled politician. He would assume the Kennedy legacy and be consumed by the sorrow of Jack's martyrdom. I couldn't and wouldn't run against a man like that." When, under the pressure of subsequent events, Goldwater finally agreed to run, it was, he claims, in full expectation that "we'd lose the election but win the party." Today he writes, "If I could accomplish three things with the rest of my life, repealing the War Powers Resolution would be one of them. It would be on a par with balancing the national budget. If allowed a third wish, I would abolish the U.S. Department of Education." At 79, Barry Goldwater remains the American avatar of the positive power of negativism.

Goldwater is also concerned that "today our two major political parties still have little confidence in one another's policies. . . . The Democrats, who control both houses, want to substitute the judgment of Congress for that of the President. . . . Though the liberals will not admit it, they effectively want to change the Constitution. . . . The real issue is how to establish the understanding and trust that is essential if both the elective and legislative branches of government are to fulfill their distinct duties under the Constitution."

At this point, I found myself wondering whether even Barry Goldwater fully perceives how wide the ideological division in this country has become. What we have been enduring, really, since 1964 is the first quarter-century of the Second American Civil War, fought in ways that can only be called peaceful because they have not included outright violence. Increasingly, liberals appear barely human to conservatives, and vice versa. In such circumstances, the Democratic and Republican Parties can no more be expected to enjoy "confidence in one another's policies" than could Free Soilers in those of Southern Democrats. And Goldwater's underestimation of the breadth of the ideological fissure directly affects his understanding of the disunion within the GOP itself.

Barry Goldwater is unhappy with the New Right, the Moral Majority, and the anti-abortionists, whom he criticizes for trying to force their moral beliefs and "religious absolutes" on the rest of the country, in the process dividing and weakening the Republican coalition. "If either side insists on legislating morality in absolute terms, then the challenge to democratic society is too great. It's simply unworkable." But how can a matter of human life and death be seen as anything *but* absolute? The problem with Goldwater's thinking is that he still believes in an America united in its concept of a traditional moral order above and beyond politics, when in fact that unity has simply ceased to exist. At one point he writes, "I cannot sufficiently stress that principle is the rock-bottom formulation of any great movement." And of course he is correct. Political parties exist for principle, not the other way around. □

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LARRY D. WELCH:

Logic and the Debate

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QUAYLE O.K.

NEW YORK, OCT. 7

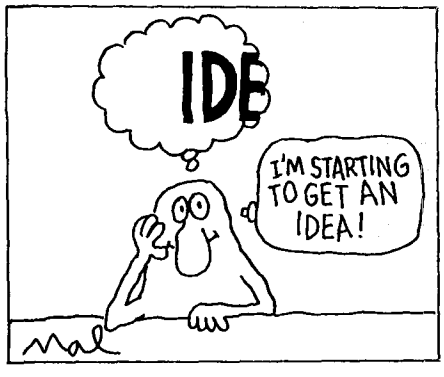
THE DEBATE absolutely disposed of the question, Can Dan Quayle speak and think in public? The moat built around him by the Bush people during the past two months was largely responsible for giving out the impression that he was a basket case of illiteracy, and one or two comments caught from him during that period did much to excite suspicion that that was the case. But for ninety minutes he spoke well, trenchantly, and with a mature sense of priorities. Oh, he did the irritating things—if he reminds us one more time that he wrote the Joint Training Partnership Act, he will succeed in giving the impression that he believes Americans are incapable of remembering the Fourth of July. Obviously some sentences were, as with Senator Bentsen, prepared and memorized. So? Charles de Gaulle not only memorized the answers he gave at press conferences, but required questioners to memorize the questions he gave them to ask him. (I knew Charles de Gaulle, Dan. You're no Charles de Gaulle.)

There were two extra-political points of special interest. The first was the dumbfounding question put to him, not once but thrice: What would you do if you found yourself President of the United States? Now to be asked a question like that in public is to require that one rehearse the appropriate pieties. One needs to go through the business about how tragic it was that the duly elected President has vanished from the scene, and then a little mood-setting, so we pray for help from Providence, for ourselves, and for our country—and then what? The best Dan Quayle could do was to say that he would call in his predecessor's Cabinet and advisors and seek their counsel, etc., etc.

It was a very silly question, but not so silly as to prevent Tom Brokaw from asking it yet again, demanding explicit answers. I rather wish Mr. Quayle had treated the question with the contempt it deserved. He might have said, "If I become President, the first thing I will do is repeal poverty, outlaw war, and declare a minimum wage of $25 per hour." *And no smiling.* That would have taken care of that question all right—except, of course, you can't engage in counter-laceration or even fondle a little sarcasm in these engagements because to do so runs the danger of giving the impression that you laughed in church. Raymond Moley explained the unexpected upset of Adlai Stevenson by Estes Kefauver in Minnesota in the 1956 primary by remarking, simply, "Did you ever try to tell a joke in Minneapolis?"

So Senator Quayle pretty much mumbled the same old business once again, about taking counsel from the advisors to the former President, etc. He could have said that no one knew precisely what Theodore Roosevelt would do, probably not even Teddy himself, when suddenly he found himself President. Harry Truman didn't even know the atom bomb existed when he became President, and the first executive order he gave was to have matchboxes made bearing the label, "Stolen from President Harry Truman at the White House." It would have been enough to say that he accepted the premises of the Bush Administration, which is why he was running for the number-two spot, and thus frozen the question dead in its fetid tracks.

But the other stunner was the vicious turn given by Mr. Bentsen to the question of Quayle-Kennedy. Quayle was asked (for the 13th time) about his qualifications and he said they equaled in terms of service in the House and Senate, and indeed did more than equal, those of John F. Kennedy. Bentsen replied that he knew John Kennedy, turned to Quayle and said, "Jack Kennedy was a friend of mine. Senator, you're no Jack Kennedy." This venture in polemical opportunism tells us a lot about Mr. Bentsen, none of it charitable. If an actor were to say that he had spent as many years on the stage and writing plays as Shakespeare had done, he would not be comparing himself to Shakespeare. Quayle's simple point was a matter of technical specifications. And if Bentsen thinks that JFK's qualities were so outstanding at the time he won the nomination, he should remind himself that JFK was very nearly beaten by Richard Nixon, for whom Bentsen has always expressed contempt. Quayle's gentle reprimand—"That was uncalled for"—had a quick, sobering effect on an audience clearly partisan to Bentsen. The Democratic vice-presidential candidate will suffer for this act of historical one-upmanship. And there are those few, most of us in the closet, who hope that Mr. Quayle, as President, would be an improvement on Mr. Kennedy, as President. The myth of Kennedy as the third constellation in a line that began with Julius Caesar, went on to Napoleon, and from there to Hyannis Port, is pop-magazine history. But that is the kind of history Mr. Bentsen appears to thrive on. Not so the Republic. □



ON CRIMINALIZING ABORTION

NEW YORK, SEPT. 28

THE SHOW-STOPPER, in the opinion of many rhetorical technicians, was when Governor Dukakis asked Vice President Bush whether he was prepared to make "criminal" every woman who had had an abortion. It was clear to everyone who watched the program that George Bush was trapped. Here exactly is how it went:

Question [from the reporter to Mr. Bush]: "If abortions were to become illegal again, do you think that the women who defy the law and have them anyway, as they did before it was okayed by the Supreme Court, and the doctors who perform them, should go to jail?"

Bush: "I haven't sorted out the penalties, but I do know that I oppose abortion and I favor adoption."

Dukakis: "Well, I think what the Vice President is saying is that he's prepared to brand a woman a criminal for making this decision. It's as simple as that."

In a way, Dukakis is right, it's as simple as that. Put in the form of a logical diagram, here is how it reads:

1. In a democracy, the legislature makes the laws.

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2. In the United States, the legislature can make any law so long as it does not violate the Constitution.

3. If the Supreme Court rules that it does not violate the Constitution to forbid the practice of abortion, then,

4. Anyone who practices abortion violates the law and is subject to a criminal penalty.

Now to use the word "criminal" in the way Mr. Dukakis used it is to stir a witch's brew of murder, incest, treason, and maybe regicide. Mr. Dukakis is saying to Mr. Bush, in effect: "Is it your opinion that every woman who has had an abortion is to be likened to a murderer? Because if that is your opinion, George, I don't think that person is going to vote for you for President. People don't like it when you say they are murderers."

Poor Mr. Bush. Polemical opportunism of the kind Mr. Dukakis engaged in is hard to deal with because it requires a little lecture in the composition of law.

Mr. Bush might have said: "Mike, as you know, anything that is forbidden by a legislature, in a democracy, always assuming that the thing forbidden is not a constitutional right, is—a crime. Double parking is a crime. Do I consider double-parkers criminal? No, I do not, though technically they are. Mike, apropos of your war on drugs, are you aware that 94 million people, according to the estimate of a responsible foundation, have experimented with illegal drugs? Now, do I believe them to be criminals? I don't. But the law does. If the commission's report is to be believed, then it is true that there are at least 94 million criminals loose in America, but that isn't going to upset you any more than it upsets me.

"Now, Mike, the criminal law acknowledges two divisions. If you double park, you are a criminal. But since the penalty for double parking is less than one year in jail, you are guilty of a misdemeanor. If the penalty were more than one year in jail, the offense would be called a felony. The question that is tormenting a great many people, including a great many women who have had abortions, is: Does the annihilation of a fetus constitute the taking of human life? As long as the majority of the American people do not believe this to be the case, there won't be any anti-abortion laws. But if the majority of the American people did believe this to be the case, there would be such a law. The question then would arise: To what extent would the majority make provisions for the minority who disagreed on the matter? An indulgence might be in two forms. Perhaps the Congress might pass the formal law, as for instance there is a formal law against bringing in a Cuban cigar, but if you want to bring one in, do so; and don't worry about it.

"Or perhaps the understanding will be that women who honestly disagree will not be prosecuted, even as you fail to prosecute teachers in Massachusetts who decline to lead their classes in reciting the Pledge of Allegiance. Before *Griswold*, it was illegal in Connecticut to buy contraceptives, although almost anyone who wanted to buy them could do so. There are 24 states that forbid sodomy, and there are fifty states in which sodomy is regularly practiced.

"So, Mike, try to understand how laws acquire effective sanction. When the people think the practice is truly obnoxious, truly hurtful, they will impose effective penalties. That is a long way off, in the matter of abortion: almost certainly, after you and I are dead and buried. And when that time comes, Mike, may you rest in peace." □

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. IFSHIN

NEW YORK, OCT. 12

A FEW WEEKS ago I received a letter from a television viewer in Victoria, Texas, a paragraph of which read, "I believe the people of our country, especially Vietnam veterans, should be made aware of who is designated to head the Dukakis transition team, which gives further proof that Dukakis is farther to the left than most people realize."

The writer had seen a program on C-Span on the question of the "transition" to come, between November 8 and January 20, when a new President is inaugurated. "I was amazed to listen to Frank Fahrenkopf [the chairman of the GOP] when he introduced David Ifshin as the leader of the Democratic transition group."

I too was amazed, and wrote a column in which I detailed Ifshin's activity during the Vietnam War, passed along the word that he had repented these activities, but concluded that as head of the transition team of the Democratic Party, he ought to say a word or two in defense of the genteel maneuvering of Dan Quayle, in contrast to Mr. Ifshin's broadcast from Hanoi denouncing the American enterprise. I made two calls, one to Boston-Dukakis, one to Washington-Dukakis to verify that Ifshin was indeed the chief of Democratic transitional arrangements. In both cases, replies were evasive. But since Mr. Ifshin had served as general counsel to Walter Mondale in 1984, the story seemed plausible enough, and I published it.

I report that there has been much consternation—interestingly, on all sides. Ifshin and his friends were greatly pained by the whole redocumentation of his sorry record during the Vietnam War. And the Dukakis people were greatly concerned that the inner circle of Dukakis supporters should proceed on the mistaken impression that Dukakis had given Ifshin so heavy a responsibility, in the event Dukakis were elected President.

Conversations with Mr. Leslie Dach, communications director for Dukakis, and with Mr. Ifshin and others, confirm an interesting story with considerable ramifications.

Shortly after Ifshin's trip to Hanoi, he went to Israel to work in a kibbutz. While there, the Yom Kippur War broke out. He witnessed the role played by our huge cargo planes, the C-5As, in bringing vital war matériel to the beleaguered Israelis. He reflected, with some pain, that while at college he had scorned the building of these airplanes which he now saw as the proximate instruments of Israel's salvation. He began his long turn toward his present position: which is that of what they call a "Scoop Jackson Democrat."

Although Mr. Ifshin came close to Senator Mondale professionally during the 1984 electoral contest, he was even then on the side of a tougher rearmament position. He had collaborated with Professors Ralph Winter and Robert Bork in the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, which moved to challenge a provision in the electoral-spending law that got in the way of citizens seeking to advance the cause of national rearmament. He became the general counsel for the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. And he became a friend and associate of psephologist Ben Wattenberg, who is the tattered flagholder at Fort Scoop Jackson.

Mr. Ifshin tells us now that although he is still a Democrat formally, he foresees great difficulties whether Dukakis wins or loses. If he wins, Dukakis is going to need to acknowledge the responsibilities the prevailing party inherits if the United States is to continue to be the arbiter of Western peace. If he loses, the Democratic Party is going to have to face the alternative that the party cannot succeed in a national election so long as it is identified with the cause of American weakness. The voters will not be satisfied with a Democratic program that calls for effective disarmament in the style of George McGovern, who in 1972 proposed a 25 per cent reduction in Pentagon spending, counterbalanced by one picture of the Democratic candidate riding in a tank and trying to look like Blood and Guts Patton.

"I have agonized every day of my life," Mr. Ifshin says about his conduct in Vietnam. He has attempted to atone for it by pouring his considerable energy into the Institute for Democracy in Vietnam. Mr. Ifshin deserves forgiveness. One only wishes that he were indeed put in charge of transitional arrangements for Governor Dukakis. The Duke could spend a profitable few hours reading an account of the young life of David Ifshin. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

had the experience of being born or of teething only because of what I know about the human species.

The experience in this context is an event, and events in our lives have effects on our personalities even if they are not felt events or consciously apprehended. The mystery of consciousness is neither clarified nor dissipated by our knowledge of the conditions under which it arises, or can be modified, any more than the mysteries of color, sound, and fragrance, which as qualia, are irreducible to each other, evaporate with our knowledge of the electromagnetic variations that give rise to them when they strike our sense organs. Whether we can ever develop living organisms out of inorganic matter or generate consciousness in sensate life apparently devoid of it, is an empirical question. Philosophical analysis by itself will not carry us a whit further in answering the question

Sidney Hook
Wardsboro, Vt.

BOZELL

(Continued from page 26)

erage to the Republicans. In fact, the press launched a ruthless attack on the Reagan legacy and the Republican ticket. They raised the Bitburg visit (twice), Beirut (twice), Noriega (three times), Iran/Contra (12 times), and the Republican "sleaze factor" (13 times). In all, these controversies were highlighted 32 times, fully 8 times as often as Democratic controversies.

And then there was the Quayle factor. Of the total number of questions (898) posed over the four nights in New Orleans, almost half (438) dealt with Senator Dan Quayle. Incredibly, the media raised the National Guard controversy 140 times. Add to that the 18 mentions of the discredited Paula Parkinson episode, and the totals boggle the mind: 190 Republican controversies, 4 Democratic controversies.

Predictably, the media will explain they were extremely bored at the uneventful Republican National Convention until the "surprise" Quayle selection, and when the National Guard story broke, it had to be explored thoroughly. But if this level of media scrutiny is necessary, does it not follow that these same reporters should have applied as much time and energy to their coverage of the multiple and ongoing investigations concerning the possibly illegal, probably unethical, and certainly more serious activities of Jim Wright, speaker of the House, third most powerful man in America, and co-chairman of the Democratic National Convention? And if the National Guard controversy coverage was justified because it was a "new" story, how can the media justify focusing on the decade-old, Paula Parkinson episode?

In fact, this is not why the media focused such attention on Dan Quayle. An obviously unprepared Quayle was confronted with the National Guard question during his press interview with CNN's Bernie Shaw and Mary Alice Williams. He fidgeted, sweated, and stumbled through a disastrous performance—and the media pounced. They grilled him and his supporters relentlessly; fed his adversaries softball questions; and even offered one another analyses based on misleading—and often inaccurate—information. In just two days, Dan Quayle was transformed from a young, well-respected U.S. senator into a moronic, cowardly, womanizing liability. The media had, in essence, picked up a story, created an issue, molded it with repeated blows into a controversy, and fine-tuned it into a scandal.

Five days of unceasing attacks—on the Reagan legacy in general and the Bush/Quayle ticket in particular—backfired. A post-convention Gallup survey showed fully 69 per cent of the American public felt the media had overdone the Quayle story; 55 per cent believed the media were unfair to Quayle in their coverage; fully one half of the people polled now believe that press stories and reports are often inaccurate; 50 per cent of those surveyed believe that the press tend to favor one side. And George Bush had surged into the lead.

The double standard applied by the networks in their coverage of the 1988 Democratic and Republican conventions clearly demonstrates the biases of the media elite. Both parties accurately recognize their convention audiences are not in the halls, but watching television at home. The Democrats know they can freely play to the sympathetic ears of the networks, while the Republicans must contend with an antagonistic press. □

HIMMELFARB

(Continued from page 44)

telligent people should not need to be advised to honor their moral obligation to act intelligently.

It is important to emphasize both the stakes in this election and the role that Jewish voters may play in deciding it. In 1976 the Jewish vote in New York state gave the White House to Carter. In 1988, will the Jewish vote, in whatever state, give Jesse Jackson unquestioned entrée to the White House? Jackson is the friend of Israel's most implacable enemies. Will the Jewish vote give him a chance to approve State Department personnel and policy?

It consoles me hardly at all to think that sooner or later American Jews' attachment to the Democratic Party is bound to go the way of British Jews' attachment to the Labour Party. Between 1963 and 1988 the Labour percentage of Jewish members of Parliament fell from 95—95!—to 30, while the Conservative percentage rose from 5 to 70. British Jews have been abandoning Labour because Labour has been abandoning the Jews.

In the United States, unfortunately, "sooner or later" may be too late. I think of the remark of the great Jewish scholar Solomon Schechter: "Don't talk to me about Jews. You'll spoil my Sabbath." As it happens, Schechter was the founder of the Conservative movement within American Judaism. It is the obstinate, verging on suicidal, unwillingness of American Jews today to consider a strategic alliance with American political conservatism that is spoiling my Sabbaths, and my weekdays too. □

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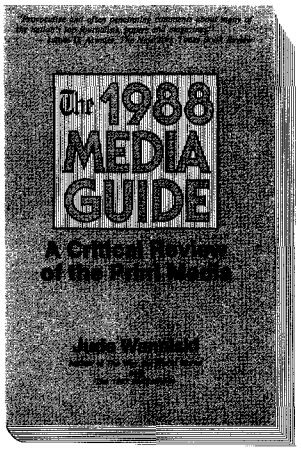
Media Guide reviews the leading business magazines.



BusinessWeek

We wrote last year that "there is no publication in American journalism that improved as much in 1986." In 1987, however, *BusinessWeek* slipped back, as it has from time to time, becoming once again a fast-food magazine. Readers could still get a good overview of what had gone on in the business world during the previous week, but would have to look elsewhere to make sense of the bigger trends. The magazine's weekly schedule, compared with biweekly for *Forbes* and *Fortune*, is both its greatest competitive strength and a possible source of weakness. There is a tendency to overreact to last week's news, and perhaps to tolerate some mediocre material simply to fill pages.

BusinessWeek's coverage of the ups and downs of the stock market illustrates a chronic tendency to exaggerate, and to extend the latest trends into the future. After the Dow Jones stock index dipped to 2254 in late April, *BusinessWeek*'s 5-11 issue was full of decidedly premature stories about the end of the bull market and imminent recession. Howard Gleckman and Blanca Riemer wrote that "the economy seems poised either to slide into recession or undergo a new round of inflation." Growth of real output instead averaged 3.6 percent for the first three quarters, inflation moderated, and the stock market surged another 500 points. *BusinessWeek* quickly changed its tune. "The Good Times Roll On," said the 7-6 issue; "on tap for th[illegible] of 1987[illegible]

Hot off the press is the 1988 edition of Jude Wanniski's annual critical review of print media in America—the *Guide Michelin* of periodicals.

Here are the opening paragraphs of Media Guide's penetrating comments about three major business publications. It's just a sample of what is available to readers and advertisers wanting objective evaluations and analyses of the major periodicals reporting on the world of business, politics and the economy today.

Advertisers and their agencies, who must make objective judgments about the relative merits of more editorial environments than they can personally evaluate, will find the 1988 Media Guide* an invaluable tool for making informed media decisions.

Forbes

Forbes continues to be one of the most informative, absorbing and integrated publications on our shelf, the very best business periodical for investors. The magazine distinguishes itself by going far beyond presenting isolated stories to its readership. Consistently, *Forbes* reveals the philosophical underpinnings of successful business in its people and idea-centered pieces. On a micro-scale, *Forbes* can analyze an event, the progress or failure of a company, or a trend in a particular market, inside out. The aggregate effect on a macro-level is to powerfully convey the energy of the American and world markets — something no other business publication has achieved at such a high level this year.

Editor James W. Michaels, one of the best in the business, is said to be a hard taskmaster, and the constant churning on the masthead suggests a lively effort and reward system. But the key to the kind of boldness we continue to see in *Forbes* is Michaels' courage. He has the fortitude to back his reporters by running with material no other publication would touch, as long as he's decided the material is solid, that all the questions have been asked, all the rigorous analysis completed. A perfect example of this, "Is Leslie Wexner Riding For a Fall," 4-6, by Steve Weiner, an audacious cover story that for all practical purposes predicts, correctly, the decline of the high-flying giant retailing chain, The Limited Inc. Again and again we see *Forbes*[illegible]

Fortune

The best we can say about Marshall Loeb's first full year as editor of *Fortune* is that we almost always find one rewarding piece somewhere in each issue. We're spending more time with it. After leaving a successful tenure as editor of *Money* in June of 1986, Loeb's step up to Time Inc.'s prestige flagship naturally invited speculation that he would convert the troubled *Fortune*, whose slip had been showing for years, into a slightly more sedate version of the magazine he'd left. He still might, but there continues to be so much to-ing and fro-ing under the Loeb aegis that it's not clear what kind of character it will have when matters crystallize.

Clearly it has become "the most painfully yuppie-oriented" of the business magazines, as one of our readers puts it. Another of our "news gourmets," a genuine Wall Street yuppie, had this line in his year-end summary: "Many of the articles are pleasant, pleasing stories that almost seem as if the *Fortune* writers are reporting on their fellow fraternity brothers, which most often strikes me that way when they're writing about *Fortune* 500 chiefs, RR, Secretary Baker, or Alan Greenspan." This isn't a hard-and-fast rule, by any means. Peter Nulty's sharp look at Allied-Signal's Edward Hennessy, 12-7, had the rough and tumble flavor we've come to expect in *Forbes*. We also appreciate Alex Taylor III, profiling Chrysler's Richard Dauch, 6-22, not Lee Iacocca. There is nothing wrong with admiring portraits of this pinnacle

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. NASA training device
164 94 17 76 82 170 142 24 29 53

B. Rendezvous
45 9 161 84 77 106 99 130 2 28 137

C. River in eastern Virginia
54 115 11 160 74 102 156 112 88 6 140 66

D. Congressional committees should be this
59 38 20 116 146 52 100 8 143

E. Overbearing Kareem (hyph.)?
138 144 1 128 155 109 39 69 18 154

F. Uneconomical
51 78 163 35 127 42 121 165 89 21 101

G. Overwhelming
71 150 168 61 15 85 103

H. Old
95 32 114 75 49 105 166 171 67 22

I. Second lieutenant
83 30 60 157 12 36 159 134 46

J. Feeling
136 72 151 122 56 10 98

K. Canadian province
93 149 63 104 34 123 132 55 153 111 3 26

L. A movie full of Def. J
90 47 31 162 13 158 124 96 65 108

M. Sequoia
14 57 169 73 141 43 113

N. Topsy-turvy (2 words)
152 119 92 129 135 4 33 147 16 48

O. Pleasant sounds
125 50 148 37 81 68 27 117 7

P. Produce
23 107 44 139 5 118 62 86

Q. Unyielding
19 131 79 120 58

R. Charged molecule
70 91 145

S. Bulgarian capital
133 126 80 97 40

T. Water closet
167 87 25 110 64 41

1 E	2 B	3 K	4 N	5 P	6 C	7 O	8 D		9 B	10 J	11 C	12 I		13 L	14 M		15 G	16 N	17 A
18 E	19 Q		20 D	21 F	22 H		23 P	24 A	25 T	26 K	27 O	28 B	29 A		30 I	31 L	32 H	33 N	
34 K	35 F		36 I	37 O	38 D		39 E	40 S	41 T	42 F	43 M	44 P	45 B	46 I		47 L	48 N	49 H	50 O
51 F	52 D	53 A	54 C		55 K	56 J	57 M	58 Q		59 D	60 I	61 G	62 P		63 K	64 T	65 L	66 C	67 H
68 O	69 E		70 R		71 G	72 J		73 M	74 C	75 H	76 A	77 B	78 F	79 Q		80 S	81 O	82 A	
83 I	84 B	85 G	86 P	87 T	88 C	89 F		90 L	91 R		92 N	93 K	94 A	95 H	96 L		97 S	98 J	99 B
100D		101F	102C	103G		104K	105H	106B	107P	108L	109E	110T		111K	112C	113M		114H	115C
116D	117O		118P		119N	120Q	121F	122J	123K	124L	125O		126S	127F		128E	129N	130B	
131Q	132K	133S	134I	135N	136J		137B	138E	139P		140C	141M	142A	143D	144E	145R		146D	147N
148O	149K		150G	151J	152N	153K	154E		155E	156C	157I	158L		159I	160C	161B	162L	163F	164A
165F	166H	167T	168G	169M		170A	171H												

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 74 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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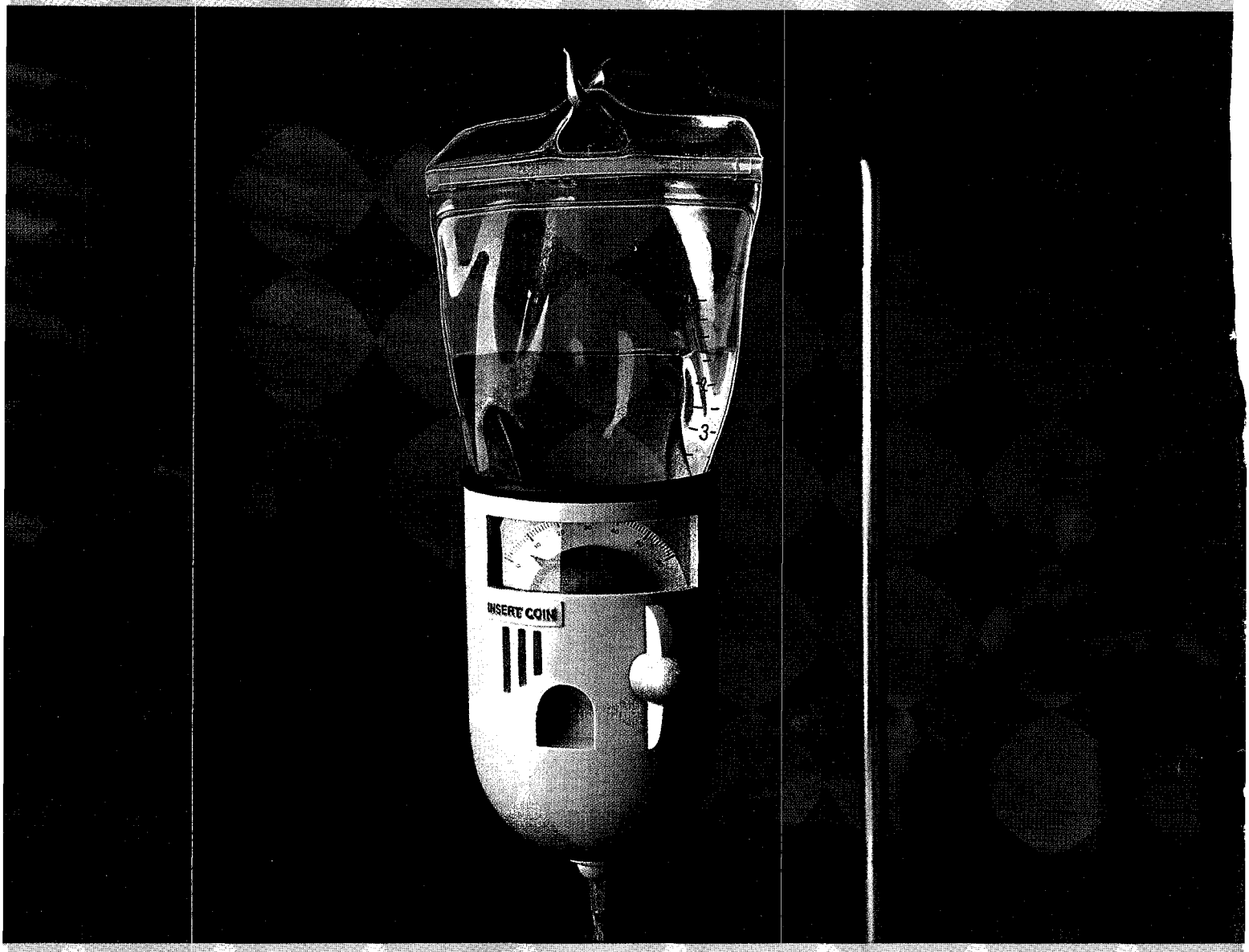

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